# CHOICE READINGS

# CHOICE READINGS FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS AND FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS COLLEGES AND PUBLIC READERS WITH ELOCUTIONARY ADVICE

EDITED BY

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NEW AND DEFINITIVE EDITION

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# PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION

The great wrong practiced upon our youth is that they are led to imitate an interpretation given to them by some person whom they admire, rather than to ascertain and apply the principles which govern the vocal expression of all sentiments and emotions that are conveyed by words.

The evil results of such a course of training might be averted, in a measure, if every teacher of Reading were an artist; but, unfortunately, few have the time or aptitude for such high attainments. The only safe course is to ascertain the principles of vocal expression by careful observation of nature in its best moods and manifestations, and to apply the rules thus obtained to such portions of our literature as may be easily classified with reference to the sentiment or passion they chiefly express.

In this book are contained selections from a very wide range of English authorship, such as are thought to be the best suited to the purposes of elocutionary training and public reading.

An endeavor has also been made to give such specific directions as will aid the intelligent student to acquire a just conception of their sentiment.

The variety of the selections, added to the fact that each has been chosen with reference to its effectiveness and availability, will furnish material for every possible exercise in the ordinary requirements of school life, as well as in the more formal exercise of public reading.

The elocutionary suggestions will appear as introductions to the various classes of selections in their respective orders:

*First.* — PATHOS.
*Second.* — SOLEMNITY.
*Third.* — SERENITY, BEAUTY, LOVE.
*Fourth.* — NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, AND DIDACTIC STYLES.
*Fifth.* — GAYETY.
*Sixth.* — HUMOR.



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*Seventh.*— Grand, Sublime, and Reverential Styles.
*Eighth.* — Oratorical Styles.
*Ninth.* — Abrupt and Startling Styles.
*Tenth.* — Miscellaneous Selections.

In each class of selections an endeavor has been made to secure just as pleasing and effective pieces as though the choice were unrestricted, and, at the same time, to choose pieces that would serve as types of the sentiment or passion they are intended to illustrate.

If, in some cases, selections do not sustain, from beginning to end, the sentiment that they are intended to illustrate, they are placed where the leading or most characteristic sentiment of the piece would require; and it is thought that, in most cases, the selections are nearly perfect specimens of the several classes in which they are placed.

## Later Revised Editions of Choice Readings, Including the Edition of 1923.

In the Revised Edition of 1898 over one hundred pages of original material was introduced, making the book a Manual or Text-Book of Elocution, as well as a Book of Selections. This important change arrested the attention of the leading teachers of public speaking and debate in our colleges, and at one of their annual conventions, the book was approved, as "The *Sanest* and most *Practical System* of *Elocutionary Training*." The present Revised Edition of 1923 is marked by the introduction of sixty or more pages of new selections, and the exclusion of a like number of pages of material that no longer command public attention. The author's chief object in this edition is to bring the book up to the demands of the present hour, and to furnish new material that has proved inspiring and popular during the past twenty years. He has also endeavored, in the introduction of new selections, to keep in mind the high literary standards the book has hitherto maintained, and for which it has been publicly commended. My deep indebtedness to personal friends, and chiefly to the Faculty of the School of Speech of Northwestern University for their help in securing the new material for the present revision, is gratefully acknowledged.

R. McL. C.

Evanston, July 13th, 1923.

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"Out There Somewhere" from *Songs of the Trail.*— HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS.

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# CHOICE READINGS

## ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION

A correct and refined pronunciation of words is one of the foundation stones upon which all elocutionary excellence must be built. However much we may deride the mechanics of speech, we shall be brought, as we grow older and wiser, to acknowledge their great impo rtance. All speaking, however melodious or expressive, that is marred by a careless or provincial pronunciation, must lose a large share of its effectiveness by offending an educated and refined taste. Nothing is truer than the following statement of Alfred Ayres:

"The manner in which one speaks his mother-tongue is looked upon as showing more clearly than any other one thing what his culture is, and what his associations have been."

Perhaps on no subject in the whole range of educational work is there so much variance and uncertainty as on the subject of English vowel sounds. This fault is not to be laid at the door of the student altogether, but rather should be charged up to the halting and conflicting opinions of the dictionaries. A large share of the mischief has arisen from the use of the word *obscure*. This word, as used by orthoëpists, is an extremely unfortunate one, because it destroys all standards of ascertainable truth in pronunciation. What is obscure to one may not be so obscure to another; and hence all standards which should define the sound to be given to the vowel, are completely broken down. We see no higher motive in the use of the word obscure than an easy and comfortable way to get rid of difficulties.

In the presentation of the subject of English phonation, two things are important. First: Simplicity and clearness of statement. Second: A keen and discriminating appreciation of sound.

The following table is, in our opinion, the simplest form in which the vowel sounds of the English language can be presented.

## TABLE OF VOWEL SOUNDS

| SIMPLE | | | | DIPHTHONGAL | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | ạ as in all | 7 | ē as in term | 13 | ā as in ale=ā+ē |
| 2 | ä as in arm<br>à as in ask | 8 | ĭ as in pin | 14 | ī as in ice=ä+ē |
| 3 | ă as in at | 9 | o͞o as in ooze<br>o͝o as in look | 15 | ō as in old=ō+o͞o |
| 4 | â as in care | 10 | ŏ as in ox | 16 | oi as in oil=ạ+ē |
| 5 | ē as in eve | 11 | ŭ as in up | 17 | ou as in our=ä+o͞o |
| 6 | ĕ as in met | 12 | û as in urge | 18 | ū as in use=ĭ+o͞o or y+oo |

The student will see, by the table, that there are but twelve simple vowel sounds in the language, and six diphthongal sounds — the diphthongs being made by uniting two of the simple sounds. Long ā, however, number thirteen in the table, and long ō, are made by uniting the *name sound* of the letter with one of the simple sounds; thus long ā = ā (the name sound) plus long ē; also long ō = ō (the name sound) plus o͞o. In our dictionaries and School Readers the vowel sounds are taught as they appear to the *eye,* and not as they come to the *ear;* thus the u in bury is not a u sound, but a short ĕ as in bĕrry; also the e in pretty is not an e sound, but a short ĭ as prĭttў. Hence duplicate sounds enlarge the dictionary list of the vowels. The number of vowel sounds enumerated in dictionaries and School Readers varies from twenty to thirty-three.

By reducing the number of vowels to twelve, we simplify the task of the pupil. It is a much easier matter to get acquainted with twelve sounds than with thirty-three. The following lists of *equivalents* will show, to some extent, the double and triple use of the simple vowel sounds, and will account for the long list of vowel sounds found in our dictionaries.

Equivalents whose pronunciation is indicated without respelling:

ạ as in all is the same sound as ô in ôr and the ô in côugh.
â as in câre is the same sound as ê in thêre.
ē as in ēve is the same sound as ī in pīque and ee in eel.
ē as in fērn is the same sound as ī in sīr and ў in mўrrh.
ĭ as in ĭll is the same sound as ў in hўmn.

o͞o as in fo͞od is the same sound as o̤ in do̤ and ṳ in true.
o͝o as in fo͝ot is the same sound as o̤ in wo̤lf and ṳ in pṳll.
ŏ as in ŏdd is the same sound as ạ in whạt.
ŭ as in ŭp is the same sound as ȯ in sȯn.
ā as in āle is the same sound as e̱ in e̱ight.
ī as in īce is the same sound as ȳ in flȳ.

Words whose vowel sounds cannot be indicated without respelling:

any pronounced ĕnў.
beau pronounced bō.
boy pronounced boi.
breeches pronounced brĭtchĕz.
bury pronounced bĕrrў.
busy pronounced bĭzў.
says pronounced sĕz.
dew pronounced dū.
hautboy pronounced hō′boi.
pretty pronounced prĭttў.
quay pronounced kē.
saith pronounced sĕth.
owl pronounced oul.
sewing pronounced sō′–ĭng.
sergeant pronounced sär′–gĕnt.
word pronounced wûrd.
cough pronounced kạf.

In recent discussions of this subject, the larger share of attention has been directed to the *quantity* of vowels, and the *correct accentuation* of words, rather than to the subtle distinctions of vowel sound which form the basis of refined and elegant speech. The chief reason for this is the ease with which quantity and accentuation may be determined; while on the other hand the difficulty of making sensible and just discriminations, in the finer shades of vowel sound, has kept people from venturing an opinion in that direction.

We will now, as briefly as possible, discuss the vowel sounds, giving special consideration to those that are most frequently mispronounced. In class work, place on the blackboard twenty-five words to illustrate each of the vowel sounds in the table, and practice the pronunciation of these words in concert until the true sound of each vowel is fully appreciated. The first vowel is called

broad a; marked in the dictionaries with two dots below the letter thus a as in all. We have little difficulty with this sound. Avoid however, making broad a like short ŏ. Do not say wŏter for water dŏtter for daughter.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| all | bald | fought | balsam | lawyer | falconer |
| appall | balk | form | daughter | awful | albeit |
| almost | broad | orb | falchion | quarter | laudable |
| awe | brawl | torpid | gaudy | water | laudanum |
| awl | dawn | vault | wharf | warrior | laureate |

The second vowel in the table requires special attention. It is called the long Italian ä, and is marked with two dots above, thus ä as in ärm. This sound is correctly given when followed by r (as in fär, chärm); but there are forty or more words in our language in which the broad sound of a as in all, or the short sound of ă as in hăt, is frequently substituted for the sound of the long Italian ä. Do not say lăugh or laugh for läugh. Let the ear be trained to catch the correct vowel sound, as heard in ärm, and then secure the same sound in the list of words given below. The only way to secure accuracy in the pronunciation of these doubtful words is *frequent repetition,* until it becomes a *habit* to speak them correctly at all times.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| älms | fläunt | läunch | älmond | däunt | Neväda |
| äunt | gäpe | läva | läughter | psälm | Alabäma |
| cälf | gäunt | sälve | läundry | hälf | cantäta |
| cälm | täunt | suäve | säunter | pälm | promenäde |

The next vowel sound that suffers at the hands, or rather the tongues, of most people, even of those liberally educated, is the short Italian å. This vowel is the same sound in *quality* as the long Italian ä, but less in *quantity,* i. e., the vowel in åsk is sounded the same as the vowel in ärm; the only difference is that the former is shorter than the latter.

To acquire the correct vowel quality in the pronunciation of these words, a sustained sound of long Italian ä should be made until the ear catches the precise shade of sound, then a much

horter sound of the same quality should be made, and used in he pronunciation of the words. Strict attention to the quality f vowel sound used, and frequent comparisons with the long-rawn Italian ä sound, and frequent repetition of the list of vords given below are all the directions and cautions needed, to nable any one to pronounce these frequently used words orrectly.

Do not say ăsk or äsk for åsk. The short Italian å is found, hiefly, in monosyllabic words ending in ff, ss, sk, sp, st, ft, nce, nt.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ısk | fåst | åsp | åfter | båsket | advåntage |
| ståff | glånce | grånt | command | cåsket | advåncing |
| :åst | håsp | gråss | demånd | enhånce | commånder |
| :låss | quåff | pånt | måster | måsking | påssable |
| shåft | chånt | dråught | slånting | påstor | tåskmåster |

The third vowel in the table is short ă as in căt, băd. We occasionally hear this sound pronounced like short ĕ, thus, cĕt for căt. When short ă is followed by *rr* (as in arrow) or by r and a vowel (as in chărity), it is often incorrectly sounded like â, as in câre.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| băt | Hărry | păssion | jăsper | căricature |
| păd | mărry | romănce | păramount | aquătic |
| găs | lărynx | vălentine | căravan | barbăric |
| cănt | gămut | cărriage | căssimere | cărrion |
| thănk | ărid | căssock | clăssify | păssenger |
| săp | bărrel | dăstard | compărison | pălmistry |
| dăzzle | bărrow | hărass | chăracter | Măssachusetts |

The fourth vowel in the table is frequently mispronounced, and requires special attention. This vowel is marked with a caret over the letter, and is called by some orthöepists the caret â, by others the circumflex â, and by still others the medial â. In some of the northern sections of our country we hear the vowel pronounced like long ā, while the colored population of the South, with rare exceptions, give it the sound of Italian ä. Observe that it is neither pārent, nor pärent, but pârent; neither hāre nor här, but hâir.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| fâir | châir | teâr | scârce | fâre | âir |
| snâre | bâre | thêre | spâre | scâre | râre |
| stâre | fâiry | lâir | weâr | beâr | sweâr |
| shâre | pârent | hâir | squâre | dâre | mâre |
| pâir | gârish | declâre | prepâre | ensnâre | pârentag |

We seldom hear any error in the enunciation of the fiftl vowel in the table, long ē as in ēve. When followed by r (as i ēar, fēar) some careless speakers give the vowel a sound tha verges toward short ĭ, while others pronounce the vowel with sound resembling caret â.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ēke | nēar | beliēve | drēary | appēaring | expērience |
| fēēt | pēēr | recēive | antique | lēnient | infērior |
| fēar | quēēr | ravine | caprice | carēēring | matērial |
| glēam | rēar | quēry | machine | pēriod | Presbytēriar |
| hēar | tēar | wēary | marine | retrēating | supērior |

The sixth vowel in the table, short ĕ as in mĕt, is occasionall mispronounced like long ā in such words as mĕasure, plĕasure When short ĕ is followed by r, it is frequently given a sound lik caret â. Do not say pâril for pĕril nor mâry for mĕrry.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ĕbb | hĕdge | rĕnt | mĕasure | mĕrry | clĕrical |
| bĕck | kĕn | said | plĕasure | pĕril | celĕrity |
| dĕll | lĕss | saith | trĕasure | stĕrile | hĕrring |
| fĕd | mĕt | vĕst | bury | tĕrror | kĕr'osene |
| gĕm | wĕst | whĕn | fĕrry | vĕry | sevĕrity |

The seventh vowel in the table is called the *tilde* ẽ and ĩ, or, perhaps a better name, the waved ẽ and ĩ. It is the most delicate vowel sound in the language, and is frequently mispronounced. The error in the pronunciation of this vowel is in making it like the û in ûrge; thus, we are accustomed to pronounce tẽrm as though it were spelled tûrm. The not overdone difference between these two sets of words ẽarn fĩr ûrn fûr indicates the distinc-

tion between the correct and incorrect sound of the element. The ẽ in tẽrm is a more delicate and closer sound than the û in ûrge. The soft palate and root of the tongue are brought closer together, and the whole surface of the tongue is lifted nearer the roof of the mouth. Do not pronounce hẽr like the first syllable of the word hŭrry, nor the word sĩr like the first syllable of sŭrround.

This vowel is always followed by the consonant r, and is usually found in words where the r is not followed by another r, or where the r is not followed by a vowel. Verbs having this sound almost always retain it when inflected or suffixed, even though the r be doubled, as confẽr, confẽrring. Examples where we have short ĕ and ĭ when the r is followed by another r — fĕrry, Jĕrry, mĕrry, bĕrry, mĭrror. Examples where we have short ĕ and ĭ when the r is followed by a vowel — pĕril, spĭrit, mĕrit, vĕry, vĭrulent.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ẽarn | hẽard | nẽrve | sĩr | thĩrteen | altẽr′nately |
| bĩrd | jẽrk | pẽarl | vẽrge | cĩrcle | confẽrring |
| dĩrge | mĩrth | quĩrk | dĩrt | cẽrtain | detẽrring |
| gẽrm | lẽarn | sẽrge | bĩrch | ẽrmine | ẽarnestness |
| fẽrn | mўrrh | tẽrm | pẽrch | sĩrloin | vẽrsatile |
| bĩrth | vẽrse | gĩrd | fĩrst | kẽrnel | vĩrtuous |

The eighth vowel in the table, short ĭ as in pĭn, is usually pronounced correctly. It is sometimes, however, carelessly pronounced like long ē when followed by the sound of *sh,* as in dish, fish, wish.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| bĭb | jĭg | schĭsm | dĭvan | condĭtion | ĭrrĭtable |
| dĭd | kĭck | rhўthm | mĭrror | suffĭcient | gĭbberish |
| fĭg | lĭve | dĭsh | mĭnute | elўsium | vĭrulent |
| gĭll | mĭdge | fĭsh | ĭsthmus | dĭploma | lўrical |
| hĭm | nĭche | wĭsh | spĭrit | dĭdactic | penĭnsula |

The ninth vowel in the table is a source of trouble to most people. I find that many speakers are at fault in pronouncing a few words that take the long o͞o as their vowel; for example,

bo͞ot, ro͞ot, ho͞of. As a rule, we are apt to shorten the quantity of the long o͞o; and as a corrective the following words ought to be pronounced frequently.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ho͞of | ro͞ot | ro͞of | fo͞od | ro͞od | so͞on |
| rumor | rue | gruel | truce | croup | wo͞of |
| ruin | routine | true | bo͞ot | mo͞on | fo͞ol |
| rural | cruel | prune | brute | wo͞o | smo͞oth |
| ruthless | ro͞om | o͞oze | rule | bo͞om | sho͞ot |

What we have said about the long o͞o may be repeated with much more emphasis in the consideration of the short o͝o. In the case of the long o͞o there is a tendency in a few words, like ho͞of and ro͞of, to give the vowel the sound of short ŭ; but in words in which short o͝o is the vowel we more frequently hear the words pronounced with the sound of short ŭ than the proper vowel sound, thus, bŭk for bo͝ok, cŭk for co͝ok. Pronounce frequently the following words, and give to the vowels the shortened form of o͞o in fo͞od.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| bo͝ok | wolf | bro͝ok | pull | ho͝od | bullion |
| lo͝ok | sho͝ok | could | put | go͝od | bulwark |
| ho͝ok | to͝ok | would | full | sto͝od | butcher |
| co͝ok | wo͝ol | should | push | ro͝ok | forso͝ok |
| no͝ok | wo͝od | cro͝ok | bush | fo͝ot | willful |

The tenth vowel in the table, short ŏ as in ŏx, is pronounced by careless speakers like short ŭ in such words as frŏm, ŏf, was. When short ŏ is followed by rr, or by r and a vowel, there is a tendency to make it like the broad a. Avoid saying maurrow for mŏrrow, aurigin for ŏrigin.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ŏdd | frŏm | wash | clŏset | fŏrest | cŏrrect |
| ŏf | dŏll | prŏduct | tŏrrid | fŏreign | ŏrator |
| ŏff | gŏne | pŏssess | bŏrrow | mŏrals | ŏrigin |
| clŏth | was | ŏffice | mŏrrow | cŏlumn | cŏronet |

The eleventh vowel in the table, short ŭ as in ŭp, is usually pronounced correctly.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| id | hŭt | wont | onion | hŭrry | cŭrrent |
| ib | jŭg | ŭnder | sŭrrey | scŭrry | bŭrrow |
| n | mŭff | noŭrish | cŭrry | worry | fŭrrow |
| in | nŭmb | floŭrish | flŭrry | coŭrage | tŭrret |

The twelfth vowel in the table, caret û as in ûrge, is not an emental vowel sound, but simply a short ŭ sound followed by e consonant r. Occasionally we hear students straining for an er-nice pronunciation of this vowel, endeavoring to give it the und of waved ē, thus, ērge for ŭrge.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ìrr | ûrge | lûrch | word | bûrlesque | attorney |
| ìr | bûrn | sûrge | work | joûrnal | bifûrcate |
| ir | cûrd | tûrn | worm | pûrpose | colonel |
| ìrr | fûrl | dûrst | worst | pûrling | objûrgatory |
| rn | hûrt | cûrst | pûrse | tûrmoil | pûrsuivant |

## DIPHTHONGS

The long ā, No. 13 in the table, is made by uniting the orig- al element, or name sound of the letter, with long ē, thus =a+ē.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ābe | breāk | quāḳe | dāiry | fācial | ā′eronaut |
| āpe | lāde | rāge | Māry | pāthos | barbā′rian |
| āte | māin | sāfe | prāirie | heinous | canā′ry |
| āme | nāve | bāss | vāry | Sārah | vagā′ries |
| ght | plāgue | grimāce | wāry | wāylāy | pērorā′tion |

The long ī, No. 14 in the table, is made by uniting Italian ä with long ē, thus ī=ä+ē.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| īde | kīne | rhȳme | bīas | bīcȳcle | declīnable |
| lȳke | līfe | scȳthe | fīnīte | derīsive | deifȳ |
| īfe | mīre | gȳves | sē′-nīle | dȳnamite | dīadem |
| uīte | nīce | thrīve | sȳren | inquīrȳ | eȳing |
| ieīght | pīpe | wīle | cȳcle | īcicle | guīde |

The long ō, No. 15 in the table, is made by uniting the nam sound of the letter with o͝o, thus ō=ō+o͝o. The vanish into o͝ is slight.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| bōde | lōbe | bōard | lōre | bōvine | anchō′vy |
| cōke | nōte | cōurt | rōar | brōoch | histō′rian |
| dōle | trōw | dōor | shōre | glōry | encō′mium |
| fōam | wōn't | fōur | swōrd | Dōra | oppō′nent |
| hōse | yōre | hōard | tōward | Nōrah | zōölogy |

The diphthong oi is made by uniting broad ạ with ē, thu oi=ạ+ē.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| boy | join | buoyant | cloister | avoirdupois |
| buoy | Lloyd | alloy | poison | hoidenish |
| choice | moist | ointment | noisome | clairvoyanc |
| foil | poise | poignant | oyster | loyalty |
| hoist | void | royal | loiter | reconnoiter |

The diphthong ou is made by uniting Italian ä and o͞o, thu ou=ä+o͞o.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| bough | mount | tower | drowsy | counter | countersign |
| cowl | now | vouch | fountain | foundling | counselor |
| doubt | pout | hound | vowel | gouty | cowardice |
| fowl | rouse | blouse | rowdy | houseless | dowager |
| house | sour | drought | resound | mouthing | lowering |

The diphthong long ū has always been a stumbling block tc the most of our public speakers. According to the best orthoëpists, it is equivalent to the sound of the consonant y and oo; thus ū=y+oo. The only way to prove this is to make the sound of y and oo in rapid succession and blend them; or we may say that in pronunciation ū=you. Here the y forms the initial part of the diphthong and ou the oo part. When the long ū stands as a syllable by itself, we experience no difficulty in hearing the diphthongal sound; thus, ed-yoo-cate, yoo-nite, etc. In such cases we never think of dropping the y part of the diphthong, and saying

po-cate; also when long ū does not form a syllable by itself, but ound in combination with certain consonants, we always hear initial y and the sound of oo; thus, mūte — we never hear the y pressed and the word pronounced moot; we never hear beauty nounced booty, cūte pronounced coot, or pūre pronounced poor. e trouble in pronouncing this diphthong occurs when any of following consonants, d, t, l, n, s, or th happens to come before ong ū; thus, we are apt to pronounce dūty as though it were lled dooty — i. e. we make the long ū in such cases equal to oo; it is equal, as we have shown, to y+oo. The question then be answered in this, Why do we suppress the y part of the diph- ng whenever d, t, l, n, s, or th happens to come before a long ū? nply because d, t, l, n, s, and th are made in the fore part of the uth by the tip of the tongue and teeth, and the y part of the hthong is made by the palate. We see plainly that to pass from front part of the mouth to the palate is the greatest possible tance in the articulative machinery, hence it is easier to pass m d, t, l, n, s, and th to the oo sound than to take up the inter- diate y. The rule then in all cases where d, t, l, n, s, and th ecedes the long ū is this: always introduce the sound of y as the tial part of the diphthong, with this added caution that it be ven with as slight a sound as possible, to avoid affectation.

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRACTICE

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ike | thews | dūty | dūet | dūbious | indūbitable |
| ne | dew | tūmult | tūtor | tūberose | matūrity |
| te | tūbe | Lūcy | Tūesday | lubricate | illūminate |
| ide | Lūke | neūter | nūisance | numerous | innūmerable |
| it | new | Sūsan | Matthew | studious | enthūsiasm |
| ie | dūde | tūlip | sūpine | institūte | sūperiority |

The pupil must be impressed from the foregoing discussion at the vowels whose pronunciation requires the most careful tention are the long Italian ä and short Italian à No. 2, the ret â No. 4, the waved ẽ and ĩ No. 7, the long o͞o and short o͝o o. 9, and the diphthongal long ū No. 18. In order that the fe-long habits of mispronunciation may be amended, continuous ily practice of the lists of words, with special attention to the ve difficult vowel sounds mentioned, is recommended as abso-

lutely necessary. A knowledge of what is right does not alwa insure the practice of what is right.

Unless this rigid and continuous practice be kept up for long time, the student will find himself unconsciously slippir back to the old and incorrect pronunciation. The main thing to keep the subject constantly before the student. This can done in a very simple and practical way. Let each student procu a piece of cardboard 30x15 inches, and arrange the words f practice in vertical columns. It is not necessary to include all t lists of words in this *chart,* but simply those that illustrate the fi vowel sounds that are the most difficult. The chart should hung on the wall of the study room, and the words printed written large enough to be seen at a considerable distance. T words should be repeated several times a day until ease and acc racy in their pronunciation is attained. It will require patien and industry to break up long established habits of mispronunci tion, but the plan suggested is the simplest and surest method accomplish the task.

*Outline of Chart for the Vowel Sounds.*— Practice vow sounds to secure accuracy in pronunciation.

## TABLE OF VOWEL SOUNDS

| | SIMPLE | | | DIPHTHONGAL | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | a̤ as in all. | 7 | ẽ as in term. | 13 | ā as in ale=ā+ |
| 2 | ä as in arm. | 8 | ĭ as in pin. | 14 | ī as in ice=ä+ |
| | å as in ask. | 9 | &c. | 15 | &c. = |
| 3 | &c. | 10 | | 16 | = |
| 4 | | 11 | | 17 | = |
| 5 | | 12 | | 18 | = |
| 6 | | | | | |

Vowel sounds that give us the most trouble in pronunciatio

| Long Italian ä. | Short Italian å. | Caret â. | Waved ẽ and ĩ. | Long o͞o. | Short o͝o. | Long |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| älms | åsk | fâir | ẽarn | hō͞of | bo͝ok | dū |
| äunt | ståff | snâre | bĩrd | rō͞om | lo͝ok | tūn |
| cälf | cåst | stâre | dĩrge | o͞oze | ho͝ok | lūt |
| cälm | clåss | shâre | gẽrm | rumor | co͝ok | nūc |
| etc | etc | etc | etc | etc | etc | etc |

**The full table of vowel sounds should appear on the completed chart, a the vertical columns of words for practice should be filled out.**

Constant use of the table of vowel sounds is necessary in der that pupils may be trained to detect vowel sound as rapidly they read words.

## EXAMPLES FOR ILLUSTRATION

4 8 15 7 18 8 17 2 3 3 6 8 8 18 8 9 13
There is no virtue without a characteristic beauty to make
2 8 18 12 8 11 10 11 9 3 9 13 11 3 2 13
particularly loved of the good, and to make the bad ashamed
4 6 6 10 8
their neglect of it.

The diacritical marks may be used in this exercise, although prefer the numerals for two reasons. First: It is not necessary, using the numerals, to respell words like bury, any, etc. econd: Students, who are not sure of their knowledge of owel sound, can make diacritical marks so ingeniously that no acher can tell what they mean.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

Mark the vowels in the following sentences:

The mourners went home in the morning.

Honesty is the best policy.

Blood, says the pride of life, is more honorable than money.

In some of the recently published dictionaries, there is a rong tendency in the direction of current pronunciation. This to be commended, provided the movement does not become so adical as to interfere seriously with the standards of good taste pronunciation. We are yielding, I fear, too much to the *easy ay* of pronouncing words, and allowing ourselves to hold in light steem some of the delicate distinctions in vowel sound that have ven to cultivated speech its distinctive charm. The duty of he conscientious student of elocution is to conserve all that adds o the grace and finish of human speech, and, at the same time, o avoid the weakness of over-nicety and oddness. We have ndeavored in this discussion to present a *positive* and *working* stem of English phonation. We have given to each vowel sound definite existence, and have contended for a phonation clearly utlined and fixed in its quality and quantity.

We have not driven the short Italian à into obscurity, nor ave we seen our way clear to merge the pleasing sound of waved ē

and ĭ into the sound of caret û. We are content to allow t long ū and short ŏ a continuance of their honorable existen and, though strenuous for the nicest distinctions in phonation, have not thought it wise to disturb the relationship of the long a the short oo. Although aware that the positions taken are agreement with the majority of the ablest authorities, yet are on the anxious seat of improvement, and will welcome a innovation that promises reform, or any change that will insu progress.

It may be of service, in this connection, to offer a few wor of advice in the management of Pronunciation Matches. A lar proportion of the words that we have seen submitted for te in pronunciation, have been those seldom or never used. T exercise, to be of the highest educational value, should inclu only words in current use. We must seek to lift pronunciati from the low level of the puzzle to the higher ground of usef knowledge. It is worse than a waste of time to ask any one learn the pronunciation of words he never uses himself, and nev saw before they were presented for pronunciation. Again, gre care should be taken not to condemn a pronunciation because it not the pronunciation in your dictionary. Perhaps on inves gation you will find just as weighty authority approving it as y found condemning it. The only safe and useful thing that c be done in this matter is to prepare a list of common words usual mispronounced, and in the correct pronunciation of which t *authorities are substantially agreed.*

## LIST OF WORDS FOR PRONUNCIATION MATCH

| | |
|---|---|
| accent | ăk′-sĕnt (noun) |
| accent | ăk-sĕn′t (verb) |
| address | ăd-drĕs′ (both noun and verb) |
| aforesaid | ȧ-fōr′-sĕd |
| alias | ā′-lĭ-ăs |
| allege | ăl-lĕj′ |
| amenable | ȧ-mē′-na-bl |
| apparatus | ăp-pa-rā′-tŭs |
| ay or aye | ā (meaning always) |
| ay or aye | ī (meaning yes) |
| betrothal | be-trŏth′-al (th asp) |

| | |
|---|---|
| ıtant | blā′-tant |
| eeches | brĭtch′ĕz |
| gand | brĭg′-and |
| asten | chā′-s′n |
| astisement | chăs′-tĭz-mĕnt |
| anly | clēn′-lĭ (adverb) |
| anly | clĕn′-lĭ (adj.) |
| que | clēk |
| ndolence | cŏn-dō′-lĕns |
| mise | dē-mīz′ |
| signate | dĕs′-ĭg-nāt (hissing s) |
| course | dĭs-kōrs′ (noun and verb) |
| con | ḳak′n |
| ccid | flăk′-sĭd |
| ensic | fō-rĕn′-sĭk (hissing s) |
| pocrisy | hĭ-pŏk′-rĭ-sĭ |
| ea | ī-dē′-ȧ |
| pious | ĭm′-pĭ-ŭs |
| tegral | ĭn′-tē-gral |
| trinsic | ĭn-trĭn-sĭk (hissing s) |
| ventory | ĭn′-vĕn-tō-rĭ |
| velin | jăv′-lĭn |
| gislature | lej′-ĭs-lā-tūre |
| agazine | măg-a-zēn′ |
| triotism | pā′-trĭ-ot-ism |
| eface | prĕf′-ās (noun and verb) |
| esentiment | prē-sĕnt′-ĭ-mĕnt (hissing s) |
| imary | prī′ma-rĭ |
| ogram | prō′-grăm |
| osaic | prō-zā′-ĭk |
| otestation | prŏt-ĕs-tā′-shŭn |
| ickening | kwĭk′-nĭng |
| cess | rē-cĕs′ |
| source | rē-sōrs′ |
| dative | sĕd′-a-tĭv |
| ve | sĭv |
| ecure | sī′-nē-kūr |
| ectator | spĕk-tā′-tor |
| arthy | swarth′-ĭ (th asp) |
| ither | thĭth′-er (both subvocal th) |

| | |
|---|---|
| truths | truths (th. asp) |
| unfrequented | ŭn-frē-kwĕnt′-ĕd |
| version | vẽr′-shŭn |
| yours | ūrz |
| youths | ūths (th asp) |

# HOW CAN I BECOME A DISTINCT SPEAKER?

A satisfactory answer to this question must be of great practical value to every lover of good reading and good speaking.

As indistinctness is the prominent fault of public address, so the discovery of a remedy for indistinctness must be to the majority of speakers the most desirable and most useful knowledge. It is a very general belief that indistinctness is a personal disability which can be only partially removed, and that it will ever continue as a hindrance to the public success of the unfortunate individual. The truth is, however, that any person of even feeble and imperfect articulation may become a distinct speaker. A notable case came under my observation and care a few years since. A minister who had been relieved from work because of indistinctness, applied to me for instruction. I found that he had been tormented by his brethren with some such general advice as this: "Speak distinctly." "Do not run your words together," etc. The poor man was not able to profit by such indefinite criticism. He had never been trained to use his articulative organs, and, as is sometimes the case, had become more indistinct in his enunciation during the four years of his ministry. He was helpless, discouraged, broken-hearted; but at the end of two months' practice in the correct and vigorous use of his tongue, teeth, and lips, he went back to work a moderately distinct speaker. He continued to improve, and is now one of the most distinct speakers and one of the most successful ministers in his denomination. I cite this case for the encouragement of all who may be similarly afflicted, and to add emphasis to what follows.

It is not personal endowment that enables one man to speak more distinctly than another, but simply industry. Genius plays a very small part in the acquisition of a distinct utterance. It is work, intelligently directed and persistently pursued, that masters the difficulties and secures the desired results.

The distinct pronunciation of words depends entirely on a

nimble use of the tongue, teeth, lips, and palate. Sound is made in the glottis, and when it reaches the mouth, the tongue, teeth and lips form it into syllables and words. Now, any exercise which will give the pupil an energetic and rapid use of these organs of articulation will certainly insure distinctness.

Great care, time, and expense are lavished on the rudimentary training of the tyro in piano playing. Weeks, months, and years are given up to exercises to develop strength and dexterity in the use of the fingers, hands, and wrists of the young performer; and yet in ordinary articulation we use our tongue, teeth, and lips as rapidly as the pianist uses his fingers, and expect distinctness in speaking without any preliminary practice. Careful and continued practice in articulation by all public speakers is as necessary as the constant and laborious practice of the piano player to secure perfect technique in playing.

No one knows so well as the painstaking public speaker the truth of the above statement. The fear of indistinctness haunts him in every public effort, and keeps him keyed up to the most exacting demands of his audience. Since indistinctness may be overcome by industry, he can never forgive himself if he falls a victim to his own easy indifference. And it is well that this burden should be laid on all public speakers, for surely nothing is more irritating to an audience than a slipshod, mumbling utterance. Not only is the time of the hearers wasted while listening to such a speaker, but they are, through sympathy for the unfortunate man, subjected to a gratuitous persecution.

I wish to indicate a system of practice which, if diligently pursued, will give the pupil such strength and dexterity in the use of the articulative organs that indistinctness will be impossible.

TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS

Arranged with reference to the organs by which they are formed

| *Lips.* | *Lips and Teeth.* | *Teeth and Tongue* | *Tongue and Palate.* | *Teeth, Tongue, and Palate.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| b as in babe | f as in fife | th as in thin | ch as in church | r as in rap |
| m " " maim | v " " valve | th " " thine | d " " did | r " " war |
| p " " pipe | | | g " " gag | s " " cease |
| w " " woe | | | j " " judge | sh " " push |
| wh " " when | | | k " " cake | y " " yet |
| | | | l " " lull | z " " zone |
| | | | n " " nun | zh " " azur |
| | | | ng " " song | |
| | | | t " " tent | |

M, n, and ng are sometimes called nasal consonants.

The First Step in the practice is the mastery of the consonantal elements. The correct pronunciation of the vowel sounds secures elegance and refinement in speech, but distinctness in utterance depends entirely upon the rapid and energetic articulation of the consonants.

A definite knowledge of the position of the tongue, teeth and lips is essential to the accurate production of these consonantal sounds.

The subtonic *b* is made by a firm compression of the lips. The vocal resonance, which is heard in the interior of the head and mouth, reaches a maximum when the lips are suddenly opened. Pronounce the word *babe* and pronounce the final *b* until the sound of the consonant is distinctly apprehended.

The subtonic *m* is made by a gentle compression of the lips which forces the vocal resonance through the nostrils. Prolong the final consonant in the word *maim.*

The atonic *p* is formed with the organs in the same position as in making *b*. The lips are intensely compressed, and the maximum pressure is followed by an aspirated explosion. Pronounce the word *pipe* and execute with special force the final consonant.

The subtonic *w* is the sound of *oo,* with a slight breathing before the vowel. Let the lips be rounded as in pronouncing *oo,* and then draw the lips closer to the teeth, and contract the labial aperture as in whistling. The word *woe* is suggested for practice, *oe*=*w*+*o*. Make the sound of *w,* then of *o,* and then blend them.

The diagraph *wh* is regarded by Bell as a whispered form of *w.* In forming it, the lips are closely approximated, and then rapidly separated. Pronounce the word *when,* and endeavor to get the initial sound.

The subtonic *v* is made by placing the ridge of the under lip against the edges of the upper teeth, and forcing the vocalized breath between the teeth. Care should be taken to raise the upper lip in order to prevent its interfering with the upper front teeth. The word *valve* is suggested for practice.

The aspirate *f* is the cognate of *v,* and is made in the same manner, with this difference only, that the lip and teeth are more closely compressed and the unvocalized breath is more forcibly expelled. Pronounce the word *fife* with special force on the final *f.*

The subtonic *th,* which is the occasion of so much trouble to

foreigners learning our language, is in reality one of the easie consonants to produce. The tip of the tongue is pressed forcib under and against the upper front teeth, the lips are slightly parte and the vocalized breath is expelled between the teeth. The wo *thine* is suggested for practice. The atonic *th* is a forcible aspir tion executed with the organs in a similar position, the only diffe ence being the absence of vocality. Practice the word *thin* wi special reference to the initial sound.

The atonic *ch* has generally been considered as a compound *t* and *sh*. This analysis is questioned. The sound is made placing the tip of the tongue with energy against the interior rid of upper gum, with the teeth shut. The sudden break of this co tact of the organs permits the breath to escape in the sound of t explosive *ch*. Prolong the final *ch* in the word *church*.

The subtonic *d* is made by placing the tip of the tongue wi great energy against the interior ridge of gum over the upper fro teeth. The soft palate is raised to prevent the passage of through the nose. The vocal resonance is by these acts of closu arrested until the maximum of pressure results in the explosive Pronounce *did* until the sound of the final *d* is fully appreciated

The subtonic *g* is produced by carrying the tongue back in curved position against the palate, thereby compressing the voc ized breath, which issues in the explosive *g* when the organs rel Prolong for practice the final *g* in the word *gag*.

The subtonic *j* has generally been regarded as a compound *d* and *zh*. There is some doubt as to the accuracy of this analys The sound is made by arching the fore part of the tongue again the roof of the mouth, forming a temporary contact, which suddenly broken, allowing the sound to escape with a forcible e pulsion. Practice the word *judge* with special reference to t initial sound.

The atonic *k* is made by a movement and position of the tong and palate similar to that used in producing the subtonic *g*. T compression of breath, however, is much greater, and the con quent explosion more abrupt and forcible. Pronounce the wo *cake,* dwelling with special force upon the final consonant.

The subtonic *l* is made by raising the tongue toward the ro of the mouth with the tip against the interior ridge of gum ov the front teeth, allowing the vocalized breath to escape over t sides of the tongue. Prolong the final consonant in the word *l*

The subtonic *n* is produced by placing the tip of the tongue ainst the interior ridge of gum immediately above the upper nt teeth, thereby obstructing the oral passage, and forcing the calized sound through the nose. Prolong the final *n* in the rd *nun*.

The subtonic *ng* is made by bringing the root of the tongue o contact with the soft palate, compelling the sound to escape rough the nose. The nostrils are partially closed, so that a rked resonance is produced in the nasal cavities. Prolong the in *song*.

The atonic *t* is made in the same way as the letter *d*, with this fference; in the case of the *t* there is an absence of vocality, and e explosive *t* is heard when the forcible contact of the tip of the ngue with the interior ridge of upper gum is suddenly broken. onounce the word *tent* with special reference to the final conanant.

The vibrant *r* is made by placing the tongue with the slightest essure against the interior ridge of gum over the front teeth, and lowing the vocalized sound to pass over the extreme tip, thereby using it to vibrate. The trill should never be prolonged. The ord *rap* is suggested for practice.

The smooth *r* is made by a gentle vibration of the entire tongue, hich is slightly drawn back and lifted near the roof of the mouth. rolong the final consonant in the word *war*.

The atonic *s* is made by rounding up the tip of the tongue ainst the interior gum immediately over the front teeth, forming small aperture for the escape of the breath. The forcible aspiraon produced by this partial closure resembles the sound of water nder pressure as it escapes from the nozzle of a pipe. Prolong e final consonant in the word *cease* until the true sound of *s* is preciated.

The atonic *sh* is formed in a manner similar to the subtonic *zh*, e blade of the tongue being well rounded toward the roof of the outh, and the breath expelled with great force, giving a highly spirated sound. Prolong the final *sh* in the word *push*.

The consonant *y*, like the *w*, is a vowel with a breathing. The rgans are placed in very much the same position in making the *y* s in making long *e*. The palate and the root of the tongue, howver, are brought more closely together, so that the initial sound a mere buzz or breathing. The pressure of the tongue against

the teeth is also much greater than in the production of the vowe Let special attention be paid to the initial sound of the word *ye*

The subtonic *z* is made with the organs in the same gener position as in making the atonic *s*. The pressure, however, is ve much less, and the breath is vocalized, not aspirated, sound. Pr long the initial consonant sound in the word *zone*.

The subtonic *zh* is produced by raising the whole fore part the tongue close to the roof of the mouth, with the teeth near shut, and allowing a partially vocal sound to escape between tl tongue and the teeth. Prolong the final sound in the first syllab of the word *azure*.

To some the foregoing analysis may seem unnecessarily minut but exactness in articulation cannot be secured without the close attention to details in the formation and execution of these cons nantal elements. Practice these sounds until they can be made wi *precision, rapidity,* and *energy*.

**The Second Step** is the mastery of final combinations. Th is the most important step in the practice, for it is the final cons nants that we fail to articulate. The method of practice is follows: take for example the final combination *ld*.

(1) Articulate the *l*, then the *d*.

(2) Articulate the combination *ld*.

(3) Pronounce the word *bold*.

*The order of practice suggested above should be strictly pu sued, in order that accuracy may be secured, not only in the artic lation of each element, but also in the blending of two or mo consonants. The pronunciation of the word is also important practice, as it constantly calls attention to the measure of ener needed in uttering distinctly the closing sounds of words. Practi the final combinations below in the manner indicated above.*

ld — bold, hailed, tolled.
lf — elf, wolf, gulf, sylph.
lk — milk, silk, bulk, hulk.
lm — elm, helm, whelm, film.
lp — help, gulp, alp, scalp.
ls — falls, tells, toils, halls.
lt — fault, melt, bolt, hilt.
lve — elve, delve, revolve.
md — maim'd, claim'd, gloom'd.
ms — streams, gleams, climes.

nd — land, band, and, hand.
ns — dens, runs, gains, gleans.
nk — bank, dank, sank, link.
nce — dance, glance, hence.
nt — ant, want, gaunt, point.
sm — chasm, schism, prism.
sp — asp, clasp, grasp.
st — vast, mast, lest.
ct — act, fact, reject.
pn — op'n, rip'n, weap'n.
kn — tak'n, wak'n, tok'n.
tn — bright'n, tight'n, whit'n.
ble — able, Bible, double.
ple — ample, triple, topple.
bl'd — troubl'd, bubbl'd, doubl'd.
dl'd — cradl'd, saddl'd, idl'd.
mst — arm'st, charm'st.
lst — call'st, heal'st, till'st.
nst — canst, runn'st, gain'st.
dst — midst, call'dst, roll'dst.
rdst — heard'st, guard'st, reward'st.
ngdst — wrong'dst, throng'dst.
rmdst — arm'dst, form'dst.
rndst — learn'dst, scorn'dst.

**The Third Step** is the pronunciation of words of many syllables. The object of this step is to distribute the articulative energy so that all the syllables of a long word shall be brought out evenly. Frequently we apply so much force to the accented syllable that the syllables immediately preceding and following are imperfectly pronunciated. The final syllables also frequently suffer.

Method of practice: pronounce each of the following words five times in rapid succession and with vigorous force. It may be necessary to begin the pronunciation at a slow rate of utterance, and to increase the rate as the pupil gains in articulative energy.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| absolutely | antipathy | constitution | multiplication |
| accessory | apocrypha | lucubration | articulately |
| accurately | affability | colloquially | disinterestedly |
| agitated | chronological | indissolubly | congratulatory |
| adequately | annihilate | temporarily | circumlocution |
| angularly | apostatize | mythological | disingenuousness |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| antepenult | innumerable | appropriate | ecclesiastically |
| revolution | intolerable | assimilate | authoritatively |
| institution | dishonorable | acquiescence | superiority |
| deglutition | collaterally | momentarily | incalculable |
| lugubrious | apologetic | ambiguously | indisputable |
| necessarily | dietetically | atmospherical | immediately |
| generally | apocalyptic | allegorical | justificatory |
| abominably | coagulation | inexplicable | |

**The Fourth Step** is the mastery of difficult combinations in sentences. Rigid personal criticism is necessary at each step. Difficult words and combinations of words should not be passed over or avoided because of inability to master them. It is much better to slacken the speed of utterance and gradually acquire the power of conquering the difficulties. Pronounce the following sentences, increasing the rate of utterance as strength and facility in articulation are required.

Amos Ames, the amiable aëronaut, aided in an aërial enterprise at the age of eighty-eight.

Some shun sunshine. Do you shun sunshine?

Fine white wine vinegar with veal.

Bring a bit of buttered brown bran bread.

Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.

Eight gray geese in a green field grazing.

Six thick thistle sticks.

Lucy likes light literature.

A big black bug bit a big black bear.

Peter Prangle, the prickly prangly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly prangly pears from the prickly prangly pear tree on the pleasant prairies.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter!

She sells sea-shells. Shall Susan sell sea-shells?

What whim led White Whitney to whittle, whistle, whisper

nd whimper, near the wharf where a floundering whale might heel and whirl?

He sawed six, long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.

Swan swam over the sea. Swan swam back again. Well wam, swan.

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

**The Fifth Step** is reading.

Narrative, descriptive, and didactic styles are recommended or practice at first. Newspaper articles, essays, conversations, nd biographical sketches should be frequently read aloud, and at ight.

Pursue these directions with patience and diligence, and without a question of doubt your articulation will be improved, and vill finally become as distinct and perfect as public speaking and eading demand.

A chart may be made for the consonants similar in size to he one suggested on page 12 for the vowels. It should be hung n the wall of the study-room, and the various exercises in articuation should be practiced *frequently and persistently*.

## OUTLINE OF CHART FOR THE CONSONANTAL SOUNDS

First Step.—Master consonantal elements.

TABLE OF CONSONANTAL SOUNDS

| *Lips.* | *Lips and Teeth.* | *Teeth and Tongue.* | *Tongue and Palate.* | *Teeth, Tongue, and Palate* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| b as in babe | f as in fife | th as in thin | ch as in church | r as in rap |
| m " " maim | v " " valve | th " " thine | d " " did | r " " war |
| p " " pipe | | | g " " gag | s " " cease |
| w " " woe | | | j " " judge | sh " " push |
| wh " " when | | | k " " cake | y " " yet |
| | | | l " " lull | z " " zone |
| | | | n " " nun | zh " " azur |
| | | | ng " " song | |
| | | | t " " tent | |

SECOND STEP.— Master final combinations of consonants.

ld — bold, fold; lk — milk, silk; lp — help, gulp; nd — land, band.

lf — elf, wolf; lm — elm, helm; ls — falls, tells; nk — bank, dank, etc.

THIRD STEP.— Master the pronunciation of words of many syllables:

Absolutely, accessory, accurately, agitated, etc.

FOURTH STEP.— Master difficult combinations in sentences.

Some shun sunshine, etc.

FIFTH STEP.— Common reading.

Students in making this chart will fill in all vacant spaces under the several *steps* with material for practice.

# HOW CAN I BECOME A NATURAL SPEAKER?

Before we attempt to answer this question it would not be relevant to investigate certain charges of eccentric and unnatural peaking brought against the ministerial profession, and to enter a rotest against the unwise and ferocious methods of criticism revalent in our day.

There always has been a certain piquant pleasure in criticisig the clergy. No opportunity has been allowed to pass unimroved, and advice has been offered *ad nauseam*. If this advice, n all cases, had been discriminating and just, good results might ave followed; but alas! the criticism of the elocution of the ulpit has so frequently taken the form of ridicule or indisriminate condemnation, that nothing has come of it save a rejudiced notion in the public mind that ministers, as a class, are he poorest speakers we have. However general this belief may e, it is very certain that many of our best speakers are in the anks of the ministry, and must, of necessity, be there as long as he present order of things continues. The minister has altoether the best field for the cultivation of elegant and effective ublic address; the orderly audience, the church constructed with pecial reference to speaking, the wide range of topics to be disussed, the important interests involved in the discussion, furnish onditions that no other profession can offer. So far then from elieving ministers to be the poorest speakers, we are inclined to elieve that they are the best.

Whatever opinion may be entertained with reference to this natter, it is very evident that a fierce and dangerous spirit of ault-finding is prevalent and popular in our day. We live in an ge of such large freedom that nobody hesitates to criticise or ather to find fault, forgetting that the rarest and highest ability s required for useful and safe criticism. The true province of he critics is to construct and build up, not to destroy and pull lown. However beneficent and helpful constructive criticism night be to society, it is nevertheless true that modern criticism

has become essentially destructive. It is popular, in our day, t use the knife, to cut deep, to parade the weakness of public me rather than to construct better men out of what we have. An although ministers are the targets at which the public especiall delight to aim their shafts, it must be confessed that the clerg themselves are often as fierce and heartless in their criticism o one another as are the outsiders. It is not our purpose to stan sponsor for any of the eccentricities or improprieties of pulp address, nor do we think it wise to allow an indifferent standar of excellence to be set up and go unchallenged; we simply wish t condemn, as dangerous and wicked, the careless, jocose, and irr sponsible style of criticism that prevails.

This habit of fault-finding has grown to such an extent th ministers expect it, and indeed frequently invite it, and often a as though they were disappointed if they do not get more tha they deserve.

How often do we hear ministers using these inviting words – " Now do not spare me "—" Cut me to pieces "— not knowing th this is the worst kind of criticism. Is it ever helpful to beat a ma to pieces, and leave him in weakness to struggle back to h former health and strength? Is it ever cheering or strengthenin to tell a man that he is greatly at fault in his reading and speal ing, and that he ought to desist from public work until he ca acquire a better form, and then to leave him in his discouragemer to improve under the gracious and good advice he has received

To all such reformers we have but one word: never critici any man's reading or speaking unless you can suggest a bett method, and can outline a course of training that will lead to th end. Keeping this principle in view, we will endeavor to discu our theme: " How can I become a natural speaker? "

An unpleasant melody or intonation of voice has given rise the phrase — the " ministerial tone." So very few speakers use melody entirely free from unpleasant tones, that it would be ju as proper to speak of the actor's tone, or the lawyer's tone, as speak of the ministerial tone.

It must be remembered that a sentence may be written out musical form as well as a song or any other musical compositio the chief difference being this: in the melody of song everything arbitrary; in the melody of speech everything is voluntary. other words, when you sing a song you must sing the notes

ney are written on the musical staff; in reading an essay you nake your own music.

Now it must be very evident that those people who are unable o sing, because of their lack of appreciation of musical sound, nust be under great disadvantage in making good music when ney speak. It is not necessary, however, that a person should be good musician or singer in order to be a good speaker. It is nly necessary that the speaker should have such an appreciation f musical sound that the variety of intonation employed may be leasing to the ear. Let it not be imagined, however, that an greeable melody can be acquired by a few weeks' practice. It nay take months and years, and never be thoroughly mastered; ut any improvement in this direction is a substantial gain.

The attainment of a pleasing variety of intonation secures two nings that are essential to the successful public speaker: first, a vell modulated voice, which renders all speech agreeable; second, nflection, which renders all speech effective and intelligent. A areful and continuous study and practice of the following sugges- ions is recommended for the improvement of the melody of the oice.

**The First Step:** *Practice Colloquial Reading.*—A number f colloquial selections should be secured. The following are dmirable specimens of colloquial style:

### A SIMILAR CASE

Jack, I hear you 've gone and done it,—
  Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
  Though you see I 'm single still.
And you met her — did you tell me —
  Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
  At a soirée? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
  With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
  In the darkness of the night.

Well, you walked along together,
  Overhead the starlit sky;
And I 'll bet — old man, confess it —
  You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
  Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters,
  As they rippled on the shore,
Till at length you gathered courage,
  When you saw that none was nigh —
Did you draw her close and tell her
  That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I need n't ask you further,
  And I 'm sure I wish you joy.
Think I 'll wander down and see you
  When you 're married — eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
  And you 're settled down, we 'll try —
What? the deuce you say! Rejected —
  You rejected? So was I.

— *Anonymous.*

This selection and the following one should be read and re-read until the intonations seem as natural as though you were engaged in a conversation with an old friend.

## OLD CHUMS

Is it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
  I should n't have known you but that I was told
You might be expected; — pray, how do you do?
  But what, under heavens, has made you so old?

Your hair! why, you 've only a little gray fuzz!
  And your beard 's white! but that can be beautifully dyed;
And your legs are n't but just half as long as they was;
  And then — stars and garters! your vest is so wide.

this your hand? Lord, how I envied you that
In the time of our courting,— so soft, and so small,
ıd now it is callous inside, and so fat,—
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

ırn around! let me look at you! is n't it odd
How strange in a few years a fellow 's chum grows!
)ur eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

)ur back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plough;
hy, Jack, if we 'd happened to meet about town,
I would n't have known you from Adam, I vow!

)u 've had trouble, have you? I 'm sorry; but, John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
)w 's Billy, my namesake? You do n't say he 's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?

)or Katherine! so she has left you — ah me!
I thought she would live to be fifty, or more.
hat is it you tell me? She *was* fifty-three!
O no, Jack! she was n't so much by a score.

ell, there 's little Katy,— was that her name, John?
She 'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.
*hat* baby! good lord! is she married and gone?
With a Jack ten years old! and a Katy fourteen!

hen I give it up! Why, you 're younger than I
By ten or twelve years, and to think you 've come back
sober old greybeard, just ready to die!
I do n't understand how it is,— do you, Jack?

ve got all my faculties yet, sound and bright;
Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;
ıt still, with my spectacles on, and a light
'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing *is* dull, and my leg is more spare,
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair,—
But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little you see,
And lately I 've put on a broader-brimmed hat
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I 'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 't is true,
And my nose is n't quite on a straight line, they say;
For all that, I do n't think I 've changed much, do you?
And I do n't feel a day older, Jack — not a day.

— *Alice Cary.*

## THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in th distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window-pan the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenge reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wor dering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed abov the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes th brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says, " went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks fc more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," said he; "I do n't like to run on these branch roads ver much. I do n't often go to church, and when I do, I want to ru on the main line, where your run is regular, and you go o schedule time and do n't have to wait on connections. I do n like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I do n't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said; "all palace cars and two dolla extra for seat, fast time, and only stop at big stations. Nice lin but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train-men in uniforn

onductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train-boys lowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the onductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I could n't and the palace cars. Rich road, though. Do n't often hear of receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people avel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much compli-entary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor oes n't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag-stations, and on't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on ie train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train-ien do n't get along well with the passengers. No, I do n't go o the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that oad."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track. raight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than o around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their ckets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the ars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room n the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; ot to go straight through to the station you 're ticketed for, or ou can't get on at all. When the car is full, no extra coaches; ars built at the shop to hold just so many, and nobody else llowed on. But you do n't often hear of an accident on that road. t 's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" said I.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road-bed and no allast; no time-card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, nd every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke f you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-racks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switch-nan sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you lease and get off when you want to. Do n't have to show your ickets, and the conductor is n't expected to do anything but amuse he passengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I do n't like he line. I do n't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that oad run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him f the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he did n't

believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had h did n't know anything more about the road than the passenger I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he did n't tak orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I aske the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he 'd like to se anybody give him orders; he 'd run the train to suit himself, o he 'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I 'm a railroad man and I do n't care to run on a road that has no time, makes n connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may b all right, but I 've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too — on of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortabl cars. Well-managed road, too; directors do n't interfere witl division superintendents and train orders. Road 's mighty pop ular, but it 's pretty independent, too. Yes, did n't one of th division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldes stations on this line two or three years ago? But it 's a mighty pleasant road to travel on — always has such a pleasant class o passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you 're shouting!" he said with some enthusiasm "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engine carry a power of steam, and do n't you forget it; steam-gaug shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when th conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next sta tion. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over check are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the trai as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop or the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every pas senger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air breaks on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I did n't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman; "she 's a daisy; is n't she? River-road; beautiful curves, sweep around anything to keep close to the river; but it 's all steel rail and rock ballast; single track

the way; and not a side-track from the round-house to the minus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks every station, and there is n't an engine in the shops that can ll a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it ns through a lovely country; those river-roads always do; ver on one side and hills on the other, and it 's a steady climb the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-ad of the river begins. Yes, sir; I 'll take the river-road every ne for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good time, and no airie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the nductor came around for the tickets with a little basket-punch, did n't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the ssengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river-ad when you want —"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a ation, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! the train makes no stops between here and dianapolis!" — *Robert J. Burdette.*

Additional selections for practice: "The One-Horse Shay," liver Wendell Holmes; "Her Letter," Bret Harte.

The conversational character of these selections will assist the ader to a natural and melodious use of the voice. They will duce him to read as he talks, and will help him to acquire a riety that is free from false and affected intonations.

No instruction or advice is valuable just at this point, save at which inspires patient endeavor, constantly directs the atten-on of the pupil to the melody of simple conversation, and stimu-tes a desire for perfect freedom from all that is artificial. After fair degree of success is attained in reading these selections, a ore difficult list of pieces should be tried — those involving senti-ental and colloquial qualities.

**The Second Step:** *Colloquial Selections Involving Sentiment.*

## IN AN ATELIER

I pray you, do not turn your head; and let your hands l
folded — so.
It was a dress like this, blood-red, that Dante liked so, long ag
You do n't know Dante? Never mind. He loved a lady wo
drous fair —
His model? Something of the kind. I wonder if she had yo
hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek, and was not meek at all,— n
dear
I want that side-light on your cheek. He loved her, it is ve
clear,
And painted her, as I paint you; but rather better on the whol
Depress your chin, yes, that will do: he was a painter of the sou

And painted portraits, too, I think, in the Inferno — rather goo
I 'd make some certain critics blink if I 'd his method and h
mood.
Her name was — Jennie, let your glance rest there by th
Majolica tray —
Was Beatrice; they met by chance — they met by chance, t
usual way.

As you and I met, months ago, do you remember? How your fe
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow adown the long gas-lighte
street!
An instant in the drug store's glare you stood as in a golde
frame!
And then I swore it — then and there — to hand your sweetne
down to fame.

They met, and loved, and never wed — all this was long befo
our time;
And though they died, they are not dead — such endless you
gives 'mortal rhyme!
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien, great Dante, in h
soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine goes lovely in her blood-red dress.

ou do not understand at all? He was a poet; on his page
[e drew her; and though kingdoms fall, this lady lives from age to age:
. poet — that means painter too, for words are colors, rightly laid;
nd they outlast our brightest hue, for ochers crack and crimsons fade.

he poets — they are lucky ones! when we are thrust upon the shelves,
)ur works turn into skeletons almost as quickly as ourselves;
or our poor canvas peels at length, at length is prized when all is bare:
'What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!" when neither strength nor grace is there.

.h, Jennie, I am sick at heart, it is so little one can do,
Ve talk our jargon — live for art! I 'd much prefer to live for you.
Iow dull and lifeless colors are: you smile, and all my picture lies:
wish that I could crush a star to make a pigment for your eyes.

'es, child, I know I 'm out of tune; the light is bad; the sky is gray:
'll work no more this afternoon, so lay your royal robes away.
Besides, you 're dreamy — hand on chin — I know not what — not in the vein:
Vhile I would paint Anne Boleyn, you sit there looking like Elaine.

Tot like the youthful, radiant Queen, unconscious of the coming woe,
3ut rather as she might have been, preparing for the headsman's blow.
see! I 've put you in a miff — sitting bolt upright, wrist on wrist.
Iow should you look? Why, dear as if — somehow — as if you 'd just been kissed.

— *T. B. Aldrich.*

## AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,— cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around —
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows open wide,
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
O, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,

The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while! —
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.
Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship Commodore,—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 't is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—

Dead at the top,— just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day: —
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other a bird, held fast by the legs
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
But that 's no matter,— paint it so;
The eyes of our mother — (take good heed) —
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And O, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as thou
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,— the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, O, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I 'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

— *Alice Cary.*

## JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

Have you heard the story the gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown —
The only man who did n't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,—
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood;
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine —
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,

Thundered the battery's double bass —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air,
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron — but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons — size of a dollar —
With tails that country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village-green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quilting" long ago.

Close at his elbows, all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in —

Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore,
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire:*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head 's level!" and, "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy"— and begged he 'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeers and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off —
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair
The Past of the Nation in battle there.
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
Thus raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man,
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question 's whether
You 'll show a hat that 's white, or a feather.

— *Bret Harte.*

## HANNAH JANE

She is n't half so handsome as when twenty years agone,
At her old home in Piketon, Parson Avery made us one:
The great house crowded full of guests of every degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin as white as milk,
Her brown hair — what a mess it was! and soft and fine as sil
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace,
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meager schooling; her little notes to me,
Were full of crooked pothooks, and the worst orthography:
Her " dear " she spelled with double *e* and " kiss " with but one
But when one 's crazed with passion, what 's a letter more
less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spok
And every rule of syntax that old Murray made, she broke;
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I — well, I was young;
Her form and face o'erbalanced all the blunders of her tongu

I was but little better. True, I 'd longer been at school;
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a little more by rule;
But that was all. The neighbors round, who both of us w
knew,
Said — which I believed — she was the better of the two.

All 's changed; the light of seventeen 's no longer in her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone — that loss the coiffeur's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;
Her fingers once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little are we one;
The beauty rare, that more than hid that great defect, is gone.
My parvenu relations now deride my homely wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod for life.

know there is a difference; at reception and levee,
he brightest, wittiest, and most famed of women smile on me;
nd everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men;
nd sometimes sigh, with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it might have been."

Vhen they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant belles,
nd yield to me the homage that all great success compels,
)iscussing art and statecraft, and literature as well,
rom Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on "Hell."

can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed,
las never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed;
)f authors, actors, artists — why, she hardly knows the names;
he slept while I was speaking on the Alabama claims.

can't forget — just at this point another form appears —
he wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years;
travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side,
nd wonder what my share would be, if Justice should decide.

he had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate;
)n that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate.
wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than mine —
I was how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

t last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore,
n office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a score;
he had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill,
nd love for me, and faith in me, and back of that a *will*.

h! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was won,
Vhen our eclipse passed partly by, and we stood in the sun!
he fee was fifty dollars — 't was the work of half a year —
irst captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

well remember when my coat (the only one I had)
Vas seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact, most "shocking bad."

The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made:
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day;
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill to pay;
I got a coat and wore it; but, alas, poor Hannah Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture, till warm weather came agai

Our second season she refused a cloak of any sort,
That I might have a decent suit in which t' appear in court;
She made her last year's bonnet do, that I might have a hat;-
Talk of the old-time flame-enveloped martyrs after that!

No negro ever worked so hard; a servant's pay to save,
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slav
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress, coo

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored!
Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire devoured;
Her plump, soft, rounded arm, was once too fair to be conceale
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength congeale

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,
And, tearful, flung thereon — alas! I did not know it then
All that she was, and, more than that, all that she might ha
been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider parted;
I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl, where we started.
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength in eve
race;
I was far up the heights of life — she drudging at the base.

She made me take each fall the stump; she said 't was my care
The wild applause of list'ning crowds was music to my ear.
What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary solitude?
For me she lived on gladly, in unnatural widowhood.

could n't read my speech; but when the papers all agreed
was the best one of the session, those comments she could read;
d with a gush of pride thereat, which I had never felt,
sent them to me in a note with half the words misspelt.

twenty-eight the State-house; on the Bench at thirty-three;
forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.
ursed my powers and grew, and made my point in life; but
she —
uring such pack-horse weary loads, what could a woman be?

hat could she be! Oh, shame! I blush to think what she has
been —
e most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
, plain and homely now she is; she 's ignorant, 't is true;
me she rubbed herself quite out — I represent the two.

ll, I suppose that I might do as other men have done —
st break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her out alone.
e world would say 't was well, and more, would give great
praise to me,
having borne with " such a wife " so uncomplainingly.

I shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God, and me,
s not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.
matter what the world may think; I know, down in my
heart,
t, if either, I 'm delinquent; she has bravely done her part.
re 's another world beyond this; and, on the final day,
l intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion weigh?
en the great one, made of us two, is torn apart again,
yield the palm, for God is just, and He knows Hannah Jane.

— *D. R. Locke.*

In these selections an occasional passage of sentiment occurs requires a change from a conversational or staccato to an sive or flowing form of utterance. To preserve this smooth rance and, at the same time, secure perfect naturalness in the nations of the voice, demands a greater degree of skill than reading of the purely colloquial styles. The proximity of the

colloquial passage to the sentimental will serve as a guide and h to a natural melody.

**The Third Step:** *Common Reading.*— We are now p pared to enter upon the practice of narrative, descriptive, didactic styles, or what is generally called common reading. H the difficulties in securing pleasing variety are greatly increa The dignified diction and elaborate structure of the sente furnish opportunities for the display of great taste and skill the melodious management of the voice. Nothing is more to prized as an achievement in elocutionary work than a skillful melodious reading of a piece of common English. Such acquirement so thoroughly commends itself, because of its fulness, that many people wonder why we do not hear more it. But like all other good and desirable things it is not ea secured. It requires patient and laborious practice to acq perfect melody in the reading of an essay or a newspaper arti

So difficult is it, that all this preliminary practice of colloq selections is needful as a preparatory training. I cannot sug a better text-book for common reading than the New Testam

A few chapters are suggested for practice. The Sermon the Mount, Matt. v, vi, vii; The Parable of the Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii:9; The Parable of the Prodigal Son, L xv:11; Regeneration, John iii; The Blind Man Restored to Si John ix; Duties Enjoined, Rom. xii; Charity, 1st Cor. xiii; Resurrection, 1st Cor. xv; Faith, Heb. xi; Love, 1st John iv.

Some teachers (whose judgment I greatly respect) insist an elaborate system of rules for inflection and emphasis is surest way to lead to a natural and pleasing variety of intonat I admit that success has been secured by this system of training, I seriously question the propriety of beginning with rules be the pupil has been trained to a certain appreciation of mus variety. The teacher may find an occasional pupil who will y to no other treatment than the application of fixed rules; such are very rare exceptions. As a matter of fact, the cur melody of a sentence should not be subjected to rules; for, were, you would absolutely fix the intonations of every person, thereby destroy all individuality.

I much prefer that the pupil at first should secure a nat use of his voice, without thought of rules. After the ear has l

ained to a just appreciation of musical intonations, it will then time to assist and strengthen the reader by fixed rules for flection, cadence, and emphasis. You will by this method avoid peculiar mechanical stiffness, that frequently appears in those no train themselves by rules without any previously acquired wer to execute what the rule requires. Bear in mind constantly is general direction — *read the above chapters as though you re talking in the most direct way to your hearers, and endeavor impress the truth in as earnest and natural tones as you would e in uttering the same precepts to your personal friends.*

**The Fourth Step:** *Oratorical Expression.*— Oratory is nply elevated talk, and the same intonations that are used in mmon reading or conversation should be carried into this style address. The increase of force, or volume of voice, greatly ds to the difficulty of securing a pleasing variety. It is in this le of composition that speakers are chiefly found guilty of using tones" or "false notes" or more properly, bad melody. The fest and best advice we can offer to all those who have acquired fortunate habits of intonation in their public address is this pursue the system of practice outlined in this discussion until appreciation of natural melody such as is heard in the ordinary nversation of good speakers is established in your public speak-g. A study and practice of the simple and direct form of dress found in the orations of Wendell Phillips is recom-ended; then the more ornate and elaborate styles of Burke and ebster may be attempted.

**The Fifth Step:** *Grand, Sublime, and Reverential Read-gs.*— These are probably the most difficult styles in which secure good melody. In none of the foregoing selections have used, to any great extent, an effusive utterance; but here it essential to the expression of the sentiment. The deep orotund ice, rendered with a flowing utterance, offers such opportunities unpleasant intonations, that very few attain a perfectly musi-modulation. An easy way out of the difficulty would be to op the effusion; but if we do this we sacrifice the sentiment hich is the very life of the thought. The only way is to be tient and thorough in the preliminary practice, and to rely on the cultivated sense of musical sounds thus acquired. To

be sure, a less varied melody is required in these styles, but th need of suitable variety is just as imperative here as elsewher Because this style of reading is sometimes called monotone, c not conclude that the reader should be monotonous. The rea ing is made melodious and pleasing by a skillful use of the vani of the tones in the form of waves. The reading of a lar portion of the Old Testament, of the Revelation in the Ne Testament, the reading of most hymns and of the Liturgy fal under this division.

I have often thought that many of the bad tones used b ministers in the delivery of their sermons could be traced to th frequent use of the reverential style. The remedy for all this to begin with the simplest forms of reading and lead up to th most difficult; not to reverse the order.

# XERCISES FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF VOCAL PURITY

As the body is the instrument used for the production of ınd, it is necessary that those parts or muscles of the body ıich are employed for that purpose should be carefully strengthed and developed, and made subject to the constant control the will. A physical basis must be laid before the pupil can quire a voice suitable for public speaking; and therefore the istery of exercises in physical culture is an absolute prerequisite the attainment of a good voice. It is not our purpose to discuss entifically the laws of sound, or the anatomy of the organs speech, but to suggest a few practical exercises for students ıo wish to secure a free and full use of their vocal powers.

One of the first and most imperative demands made upon e public speaker is that his *voice shall be pleasing.* This volves the acquirement of the purest musical quality of tone ited with perfect freedom from apparent effort in vocalization. ıe first step in securing pure tone is to *gain control of the eath,* so that it may flow from the mouth in a perfectly equable eam. This control must be certain and free, and the whole eathing apparatus must be brought, by physical training, under ch perfect obedience to the will of the speaker that its action will entually become largely automatic.

**The First Step:** Exercises in Physical Culture and eathing.

*Poise.*— The head and shoulders should be in such relation poise that ear, shoulder, hip, and instep shall fall in the same ıe. An easily balanced position of the parts of the body is sential to free chest expansion and the correct and forcible use throat and abdominal muscles.

## RELAXATION FOR ELASTICITY

*Jaw.*— Relax the muscles of the face, beginning with eyelids ıd eyebrows. Let go all tension until the expression is that

of a sleeper, with jaws relaxed and mouth falling open. Mo the jaw with the fingers in all directions until it is flexible joint. Shake relaxed jaws by movement of head sideways a up and down.

*Throat.*— With the jaw relaxed, open the throat and breat through it as in snoring. Let head drop forward, throat a neck muscles relaxed. Practice the preceding, letting head f backward, to right, left, and in oblique directions, until its f weight can be felt.

*Tongue.*— Let the tongue lie flat in bottom of mouth, t lightly touching lower teeth; from that position, without arc ing it, thrust it straight forward and draw it back as far as p sible several times. Open the mouth wide, and move the tong in circular direction, following outline of lips and stretching t muscles at the base of the tongue.

*Breathing.*— Inhale normal breath slowly, using abdomin dorsal, and chest muscles in filling the lungs from the lower p to top. Exhale slowly in reverse order. Increase the length inspirations and expirations, until twenty-five or thirty secon for each may be easily reached. Inhale slowly through the nostr for ten, twenty, or thirty seconds. Exhale for the same leng of time, using the syllable *hah,* which may be uttered with gentle aspiration. Repeat this exercise several times, and noti particularly that the stream of air escaping from the mouth delivered with a *smooth and even flow.*

**The Second Step** is to vocalize this stream or column air. The steady management of the air column producing p fect musical vibrations, determines largely the beauty and voc purity of the tone. It follows then that a regulated emission the breath becomes an important factor in the production of pu tone. *Sound the tonics ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, o͞o, ä.* Inhale freely, a prolong each one of these vowel sounds for ten or twenty secon This exercise should be repeated frequently, for it constitu the beginning and end of training for vocal purity.

All other exercises are, at best, but slight variations of t above. Bear in mind that it is not multiplicity of exercises th is desirable, but a few well-chosen ones in which the princip of correct vocalization are applied. The ability to sound t tonic *ā* for ten or twenty seconds, and from the initiation

e tone to its close to produce perfect musical vibrations, is the rest sign that the pupil is pursuing the most rational and direct rse to secure vocal purity. The skillful teacher may assist relaxing the muscles of the throat, and in placing the tongue d mouth in their proper positions to secure pure tone; but er all is said and done, the instructor cannot, by any physical justment of the organs, do more than assist the student in his orts in vocalization. The mechanism of the human voice is delicate, and its adjustments are so varied and difficult, that y clumsy attempt to regulate it, as one would tune a piano or harp, will utterly fail. It will require months and years of ctice before the speaker gains free and absolute control of the icate machinery. Nothing less than untiring patience and lustry, united with skillful and careful advice, can master the ficulties. In beginning this exercise, all that the student is quired to know is the difference between a harsh and unpleas- sound and a comparatively pure and musical tone. His sical sense, however deficient, can surely detect such a differ- e.

**The Third Step** is a slight variation of the preceding exer- e, for the purpose of bringing the sound column to the *front t of the mouth.* If the column of sound is directed against soft palate and the soft walls of the air-chamber above the ynx, a dull, hollow quality of tone will be produced. This is e to the character of the resonating surface against which the umn is directed. For clearness, brilliancy, and purity of tone column should be directed against the hard palate, or sound- -board, in the roof of the mouth. Select a list of words whose tial consonants are made by the lips and teeth. The conso- ntal combination will aid in bringing the voice forward, and locating the resonance in its proper place. Pronounce the lowing words, prolonging the tonic element four or five sec- ds, constantly endeavoring in your efforts to get the tone more re and to locate the resonance in the front oral cavity.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ïin, | tāme, | fāme, | pāin — pāy, | bāy, | māy, | dāy. |
| ēl, | mēal, | fēēl, | dēal — pīle, | mīle, | file, | tīle. |
| | fä, | mä, | dä — pōōh, | bōō, | mōō, | dō. |

**The Fourth Step is Reading.** Selections involving the sen ments of serenity, beauty, and love, are best suited for exercis in vocal purity. The effusive form of utterance, and the lo vowel quantities required for the proper expression of these sen ments, will enable the student to detect harshness or impuri in the tones of his voice.

*Singing or chanting exercises* may be introduced here, but it better to use only a few exercises, inasmuch as the same voc principle enunciated in the *second step* will be repeated with slig variations in all these exercises. As soon as the pupil is awa of the impurity of the tones he is using, and has a clear noti of how to improve the quality of his voice in the use of a fe well-chosen exercises, he should be put to the reading of selectio The stimulus of thought and sentiment, and the awakened pow of appreciation, will encourage him in his work, and at the sa time furnish as good opportunities for vocal practice as the abstr exercises.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

### SONG

When stars are in the quiet skies,
  Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
  As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
  Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
  Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
  Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapt in sleep —
  Sweet spirit, meet me then.
There is an hour when holy dreams
  Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
  Thou shouldst be by my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!
When stars are in the silent skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

— *Sir Edward Lytton.*

Frequently test the purity of the tone you are using by pro-nging the vowel quantity in certain words, and then use the me pure quality in shortened form for reading — thus, in the first ne of the song the words *stars* and *skies* whose vowels are long, ay be so used; also in the second line the words *pine* and *thee,* c.

## DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim:
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense,
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar.
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

— *Thomas Buchanan Read.*

## PASSING AWAY

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore? —
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But, no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear:
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream: yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum, swung;
(As you 've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed; — in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung

In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed — as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face: — yet one could n't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crook'd and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,
(Let me never forget, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay) —
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

— *John Pierpont.*

## FROM THE LOTOS-EATERS

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
  To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
  Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
  Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
  And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

— *Lord Tennyson.*

## FROM ROMEO AND JULIET

*Rom.* It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were! —
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

— *William Shakespeare.*

## THE BROOKSIDE

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,— no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,—
I knew its touch was kind;

It drew me nearer,— nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

—*Lord Houghton.*

# EXERCISES FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF VOCAL ENERGY

In the discussion of purity of tone, we confined ourselves to ctions that required subdued or moderate volumes of voice, for reasons: first, because we seldom use, in the ordinary affairs life, anything more than moderate force; second, because it is ier to secure purity of tone with the moderate forces of voice n with the louder or more impassioned. Nevertheless, it is essary to cultivate the louder forces of voice, and though the ch greater portion of our literature is rendered with moderate umes, yet the louder forces are needed for public address and the expression of the more elevated forms of thought.

**The First Step** in securing vocal energy is the mastery of se physical exercises that relate to the development of strength the action of the diaphragm and the muscular walls of the omen; the development of the muscles of the chest, and the ansion of the lungs; the development of elasticity in the muscles the trunk, and flexibility in the muscles of the thorax and the bat.

## PHYSICAL EXERCISES

*To develop upper chest muscles.*— Raise arms sideways, shoulds high, elbows straight, hands clenched, knuckles toward floor. ke as many small circles with arms from shoulder as possible, ile inhaling one full deep breath slowly.

Inhale full deep breath while raising arms slowly sideways to et overhead. Keep hips back, head up, weight forward, and ows perfectly straight. Exhale while arms come down slowly osition. This exercise fills the lungs completely, and gives the atest strength and freedom to the respiratory muscles. Repeat same lying with the back flat on the floor.

*Abdominal muscles.*— Inhale and hold breath while bending the waist line, first to the right, then to the left. Repeat, ding to the front and back at the waist. Lying flat on the

back, keep the heels together on the floor, fold arms across che and rise to sitting position.

Use the abdominal muscles in the exercise of panting like dog, closing the exercise by one quick expulsion of the remainir breath. Let the throat muscles be free. Whisper the followi commands with free, open position of throat, and strong, qui action of abdominal muscles:

Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!

"My bannerman, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake;
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"

Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!

In the exercises for purity of tone, the resonance was confir to the cavities of the mouth, nose, and pharynx, and hence it called *head tone*. In the following exercises, the resonance will felt in all the air-chambers of the body, especially in the la cavity of the chest, and this is known by the term *chest tone*.

**The Second Step** is to vocalize the vowels or numerals pulsively and explosively. An expulsive sound is a short sho having a very appreciable vanish; an explosive sound is a pist like report, having little appreciable vanish.

## EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE

1. Repeat the word *ŭp* five times expulsively.
2. Repeat the word *ŭp* five times explosively.
3. Repeat each one of the vowels ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, and the numer up to ten, five time expulsively, and then as often explosively.
4. Repeat the *vowels* and *numerals* and the word *ŭp* exp sively and explosively as many times as you can with one bre Avoid all severe strain upon the muscles or lungs in continu the repetitions.

5. Join the word *ŭp* with the combinations pā, fā, mā, dā, ā, thus: ŭp-fō, ŭp-pē, ŭp-pī, ŭp-pō, ŭp-pū — ŭp-fā, ŭp-fē, ŭp-fī, p-fō, ŭp-fū, etc. Repeat these combinations expulsively and explosively.

6. Join the word *ŭp* with the first ten numerals, thus: ŭp-one, p-two, ŭp-three, etc. Repeat expulsively and explosively.

7. Alternate this exercise, first vowels, then numerals.

8. Shout with sustained force or the calling voice the vowels ē, ī, ō, ū. Prolong each vowel five or ten seconds.

9. Shout with sustained force the numerals up to ten.

10. Read in the calling voice the following sentences:

Ho! Ship ahoy!
Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court!
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Jove with us, Jove with us!
Foward, the Light Brigade!
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!
Olea! for Castile!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

**The Third Step** is to secure variety in force. Next to indis nctness, which must be acknowledged the cardinal fault in public peaking, comes *the lack of variety in force.* Most speakers, to put in the language of the people, have a big voice and a little one. ery few intermediate volumes are cultivated, and the consequence that the speaking is all of the same strength and thickness — like rope. As well expect an orchestra to render a great musical mposition without reading between the lines and observing the oderate, forte, and fortissimo directions, as to expect a great asterpiece of oratory to be successfully delivered without regard the lights and shades of varying force. Variety in the speaking oice is secured: first, by melodious intonations, or using different otes on the musical scale in uttering the various words of a sen- ence; second, by increasing or decreasing the volume of voice, as ne impassioned or the didactic portions of the selection demand. he latter form of variety is the one most sadly neglected, and for ie cultivation of which we offer a few simple and practical sug- estions. The following diagram will give the pupil some idea of he wide range of force that should be cultivated.

It is quite possible, by beginning with the group of moderate forces and increasing the volume until you reach the loudest, to produce thirty different degrees, which can be clearly appreciated by the ear.

## EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE

Sound the vowels, numerals, or single words, beginning with the moderate volumes, and increasing in force until you reach the maximum of your power. Thus:

1. Sound the vowel *ā* or the numeral *one,* or the word *louder* as many times as you can, increasing in power with each successive effort.

2. Pronounce the following sentences or phrases in the same way. Begin with moderate force, and increase in volume of voice as you proceed:

## EXAMPLES

I impeach him!
The war must go on.
The love of liberty.
The living love of liberty.
Independence now, and Independence forever.
Our native land.
Our home, and native land.

The student should be careful not to be over-ambitious in the use of this exercise. It is best to begin with five repetitions of each phrase or sentence, and to increase the number of repetitions as he acquires power of voice. Never continue the exercise for more than two minutes at any one time. Practice frequently, but for short periods. This caution is necessary, that the student may avoid straining the vocal organs or the lungs.

3. Having mastered the previous exercises, the student is now prepared to render the climactic paragraph.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

### ROM ORATION ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and sdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, ıose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, hts, and liberties he has subverted.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose prop-y he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he s cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes. And I peach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws justice, which ought equally to pervade every age, condition, ık, and situation in the world.

— *Edmund Burke.*

### FROM ORATION ON WASHINGTON

But the same impartial history will record more than one ffaceable stain upon his character, and never, to the end of time, ver on the page of historian, poet, or philosopher; never till a te for true moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of men by nean admiration of success and power; never in the exhortations the prudent magistrate counseling his fellow-citizens for their od; never in the dark ages of national fortune, when anxious triots explore the annals of the past for examples of public virtue; ver in the admonition of the parent forming the minds of his ildren by lessons of fireside wisdom; never, O never, will the me of Napoleon, nor of any of the other of the famous con-erors of ancient and modern days, be placed upon a level with ashington's.

— *Edward Everett.*

## FROM ORATION ON IDOLS

Nothing of this now; nothing but incessant eulogy. But no a word of one effort to lift the yoke of cruel or unequal legisla tion from the neck of its victim; not one attempt to make the cod of his country wiser, purer, better; not one effort to bless his time or breathe a higher moral purpose into the community. Not on blow struck for right or for liberty, while the battle of the giant was going on about him; not one patriotic act to stir the hearts o his idolaters; not one public act of any kind whatever about whos merit friend or foe could even quarrel, unless when he scouted ou great charter as a glittering generality, or jeered at the philan thropy which tried to practice the sermon on the mount.

— *Wendell Phillips.*

## FROM ORATION ON LAFAYETTE

And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayett his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated hi memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. Wha nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in th morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living lov of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness,— to th sanctity of plighted faith,— to the love of liberty protected by law Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, and of you Pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life — *the love of liberty protecte by law.*

— *Edward Everett.*

## THE CURSE OF MARINO FALIERO

Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! — Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
Ye winds! which fluttered o'er as if ye loved it,
And filled my swelling sails, as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for! and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but

Reek up to heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it!
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns! — attest!
I am not innocent, but are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city; and I leave my curse
On her and hers forever.

— *Lord Byron.*

Be careful to economize the voice so as to reserve sufficient orce for the closing sentence of the period. Gradually increase ie volume as the thought and language become more intense and rvid.

## HORT DAILY DRILL TO SECURE VOCAL ENERGY

First step — two minutes in deep breathing.
Second step — two minutes in deep reading.
Third step — two minutes in shouting.
Fourth step — two minutes in oratorical speaking.

This drill requires but ten minutes of time, and should be peated three times a day by those who desire to cultivate a voice r public speaking. The time given, or which should be given, by ery student to physical exercise exceeds the time required for is drill, and as speaking is one of the very best kinds of bodily ercise, this drill may be made to serve as a physical, as well as vocal exercise.

**The First Step** is two minutes in deep breathing. The object to get into the *habit* of filling all the cells of the lungs with air. eople, as a rule, breathe superficially, using the air-cells in the per part of the lungs, and seldom making use of the cells in the wer part. Exercises in deep breathing, covering a considerable riod of time, so accustom the lungs to full inspiration, that they time adapt themselves to the new condition of things, and be- me practically automatic in their action. This result is of great actical value to the speaker, as it insures a sufficient supply of eath for all the requirements of long clauses and sentences, with- it taxing the mind in the operation. In short, it becomes a fixed abit of the lungs to keep themselves well filled.

## BREATHING EXERCISE

Inhale slowly for ten, twenty, or thirty seconds; exhale fo the same length of time. If thirty seconds of time are used fo inhalation, it will be a quite sure test that the lungs are being wel filled. An equal amount of time for exhalation will give the stu dent excellent practice in the management of the breath.

**The Second Step** is two minutes in deep reading. The objec of this step is to get easy control of the lower notes of the scal and thereby secure body or fullness of voice by amplitude of reso nance in the large cavity of the chest.

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

### FROM CHILDE HAROLD

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

— *Lord Byron.*

### FROM THE BURIAL OF MOSES

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.

God hath His mysteries of Grace —
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

— *Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.*

## FROM HYMN TO MONT BLANC

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

— *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

## FROM ADDRESS TO THE SUN

thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light!

— *Ossian.*

## FROM HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

FROM THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

**The Third Step** is two minutes in shouting. The object this step is to secure the maximum of power in vibration and resonance.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

FROM THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,— are all with thee!
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

**The Fourth Step** is four minutes in oratorical speaking. As e chief aim in all this training for vocal energy has been to pre-re students for the exacting demands of public speaking, we ect, as our last exercise in this drill, the oration. (See intro-ctory remarks to the chapter "Oratorical Styles," page 304.)

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

### FROM THE ORATION INCENTIVES TO DUTY

Go forth into the many mansions of the house of life: scholars! re them with learning; jurists! build them with justice; artists! orn them with beauty; philanthropists! let them resound with e. Be servants of truth, each in his vocation; doers of the rd and not hearers only. Be sincere, pure in heart, earnest, thusiastic. A virtuous enthusiasm is always self-forgetful and ble. It is the only inspiration now vouchsafed to man. Like kering, blend humanity with learning. Like Story, ascend ve the Present, in place and time. Like Allston, regard fame ly as the eternal shadow of excellence. Like Channing, bend in ration before the right. Cultivate alike the wisdom of expe-nce and the wisdom of hope. Mindful of the Future, do not glect the Past: awed by the majesty of Antiquity, turn not with lifference from the Future. True wisdom looks to the ages ore us, as well as behind us. Like the Janus of the Capitol, front thoughtfully regards the Past, rich with experience, with mories, with the priceless traditions of virtue; the other is nestly directed to the All Hail Hereafter, richer still with its nscendent hopes and unfulfilled prophecies.

We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to ognize new influences. The ancient divinities of Violence and rong are retreating to their kindred darkness.

There 's a fount about to stream,
There 's a light about to beam,
There 's a warmth about to glow,
There 's a flower about to blow;
There' s a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought, and men of action,
*Clear the way.*

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken,
Into play;
Men of thought, and men of action,
*Clear the way.*

The age of Chivalry has gone. An age of Humanity has cor
The Horse, whose importance, more than human, gave the na
to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his forem
place to Man. In serving him, in promoting his elevation, in c
tributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields
bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest kni
ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor, wide as the world, lo
as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison once bestowed u
the youthful knight,— Scholars! jurists! artists! philanthropis
heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knightho
" Go forth, be brave, loyal, and successful! "

And may it be our office to-day to light a fresh beacon-fire
the venerable walls of Harvard, sacred to Truth, to Christ, a
the Church,— to Truth Immortal, to Christ the Comforter, to
Holy Church Universal. Let the flame spread from steeple
steeple, from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent
continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nati
of the earth; animating them to the holy contests of KNOWLED
JUSTICE, BEAUTY, LOVE.

— *Charles Sumner.*

## DDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon s continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are en- ged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any ion, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are t on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a tion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their es that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we can- t hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who uggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or ract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the un- ished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, t from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the se for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, t the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, d that the government of the people, by the people, and for the ple, shall not perish from the earth.

— *Abraham Lincoln.*

## SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

[From a speech in defence of the Union and the Constitution, delivered in the Senate of United States, January 26, 1830.]

The eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the aracter of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary d other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not knowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard r whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character uth Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I par- ke in the pride of her great names. I claim them for country- en, one and all,— the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, e Sumters, the Marions,— Americans all, whose fame is no

more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents ar patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the san narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored tl country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the trea ures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentl man himself bears,— does he esteem me less capable of gratitu for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his ey had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of Sou Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Ca olina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, si increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise morta to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit whi would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spri up beyond the limits of my own State or neighborhood; when refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment heaven,— if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by Sta jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his ju character and just fame,— may my tongue cleave to the roof my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that, early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of princi and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder th went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round t administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm le on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists, alienation a distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false princip since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same gre arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Mas chusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and jud for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by he

The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if unfaithfulness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,— it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it, and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

— *Daniel Webster.*

## NEW ENGLAND

The gentleman from South Carolina taunts us with counting the costs of that war in which the liberties and honor of the country, and the interests of the North, as he asserts, were forced to bleed elsewhere for their defense. Will he sit down with me and count the cost now? Will he reckon up how much of treasure the State of South Carolina expended in that war, and how much the State of Massachusetts? — how much of the blood of either State was poured out on sea or land? I challenge the gentleman to the test of patriotism, which the army rolls, the navy lists, and the treasury books, afford.

Sir, they who revile us for our opposition to the last war, have looked only to the surface of things. They little know the extremities of suffering which the people of Massachusetts bore at that period, out of attachment to the Union,— their families begged, their fathers and sons bleeding in camps, or pining in foreign prisons. They forget that not a field was marshaled on this side of the mountains, in which the men of Massachusetts did not play their part, as became their sires, and their "blood fetched from

mettle of war proof." They battled and bled, wherever battl was fought or blood drawn.

Nor only by land. I ask the gentleman, Who fought you naval battles in the last war? Who led you on to victory afte victory, on the ocean and the lakes? Whose was the triumphar prowess before which the Red Cross of England paled with ur wonted shames? Were they not men of New England? Wer these not foremost in those maritime encounters which humble the pride and power of Great Britain?

I appeal to my colleague before me from our common count of brave old Essex,— I appeal to my respected colleagues fro the shores of the Old Colony. Was there a village or a haml on Massachusetts Bay, which did not gather its hardy seamen man the gun-decks of your ships of war? Did they not rally the battle, as men flock to a feast?

In conclusion, I beseech the House to pardon me, if I m have kindled, on this subject, into something of unseemly ardo I cannot sit tamely by, in humble, acquiescent silence, when r flections, which I know to be unjust, are cast on the faith a honor of Massachusetts.

Had I suffered them to pass without admonition, I shou have deemed that the disembodied spirits of her departed ch dren, from their ashes mingled with the dust of every strick field of the Revolution,— from their bones mouldering to t consecrated earth of Bunker's Hill, of Saratoga, of Monmou would start up in visible shape, before me, to cry shame on r their recreant countryman.

Sir, I have roamed through the world, to find hearts nowh warmer than hers; soldiers nowhere braver; patriots nowh purer; wives and mothers nowhere truer; maidens nowhere lo lier; green valleys and bright rivers nowhere greener or bright and I will not be silent, when I hear her patriotism or her tr questioned with so much as a whisper of detraction. Living will defend her; dying, I would pause in my last expiring bre to utter a prayer of fond remembrance for my native New E land.

— *Caleb Cushing.*

## THE ELEVATED CONVERSATIONAL VOICE

It frequently happens that a speaker is put at a large disad-
itage in being compelled to speak in a large auditorium on a
ely didactic subject. The nature of the theme requires that
speaker should talk. In fact, the great majority of addresses,
mons, arguments, etc., in their inception, and well on to the
t third of their contents, are largely didactic, and must be
ivered with a conversational voice, or at least with conversa-
ial intonations and inflections. If an attempt be made to
oloy an impassioned utterance, suitable to the expression of the
iest patriotism, for the conveyance of purely mechanical or
ntific information, it will prove such a ridiculous misfit that its
etition will be improbable. If your theme is unemotional, you
st be content to use the conversational voice, even if the people
the back seats are unable to hear your words. If, then, a
e share of public speaking is upon subjects that appeal to the
erstanding, and not to the emotions, and in consequence must
lelivered in the conversational voice, it follows that any system
ractice that will strengthen or increase the body of this voice,
hat the speaker can be easily heard in large audience rooms,
t be of vital importance. The result desired is not a distinct
lity of voice like the conversational or the orotund, but rather
end of these two qualities, like the blending of the flute and
reed tones of an orchestra or organ. The elevated conversa-
al voice, then, is a blending of the head and chest resonance.
t this can be done, and still preserve the essential characteristics
he conversational quality is true, because the conversational
ity predominates in the blend, while the orotund quality is
ly used to give greater fullness and body to the predominant
ity.

## GGESTIONS FOR THE ACQUIREMENT OF THE ELEVATED CONVERSATIONAL VOICE

A full and free use of orotund quality should be acquired so
the student can produce the resonant chest tones as easily as

the lighter head tones. Then, selecting those passages in addres or orations that are conversational or didactic, he should aim deliver them as if he were conversing with a large audience, rat than with a few friends. The effort to make his voice carry the distant portions of the auditorium will call into use oc sionally the orotund quality to give fullness and carrying power the voice, while the character of the thought he is expressing w keep him steadily in a conversational relation to his audienc

## EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

### CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can have the slightest prejudice; I would not do him the smal injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfu share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their er mous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some spects it has hardly a precedent anywhere — certainly none in New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no sudde excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surpr by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and o coming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and dea hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It all " hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of mo against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver aga so many ounces of blood.

— *Daniel Webster.*

### FROM ORATION ON THE CENTENNIAL OF T BIRTH OF O'CONNELL

I think I do not exaggerate when I say that never since ( made Demosthenes has He made a man better fitted for a g work than O'Connell.

You may say that I am partial to my hero; but John Randolph Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a ankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, the old veholder threw up his hands and exclaimed, "This is the man, ose are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my y!" and I think he was right.

Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm college; Choate could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a nate, and Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand; t no one of these men could do more than this one thing. The nder about O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin, he uld charm a college better than Everett, and leave Henry Clay nself far behind in magnetizing a senate.

It has been my privilege to hear all the great orators of Amer- who have become singularly famed about the world's circum- ence. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what was to melt under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen quence in the iron logic of Calhoun; but all three of these men ver surpassed and no one of them ever equaled the great Irish- n. I have hitherto been speaking of his ability and success, I ll now consider his character.

To show you that he never took a leaf from our American spel of compromise, that he never filed his tongue to silence on e truth fancying so to help another, let me compare him to ssuth, whose only merits were his eloquence and his patriotism. hen Kossuth was in Faneuil Hall, he exclaimed, "Here is a g without a stain, a nation without a crime!" We abolitionists pealed to him, "O, eloquent son of the Magyar, come to break ains, have you no word, no pulse-beat for four millions of groes bending under a yoke ten times heavier than that of ngary?" He exclaimed, "I would forget anybody, I would use anything, to help Hungary!" O'Connell never said any- ng like that.

When I was in Naples I asked Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, s Daniel O'Connell an honest man?" "As honest a man as r breathed," said he, and then he told me the following story: When, in 1830, O'Connell first entered Parliament, the anti- very cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself speak for it, and we agreed that when he spoke I should cheer n up, and when I spoke he should cheer me, and these were

the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came with one Iri member to support him. A large party of members (I thi Buxton said twenty-seven) whom we called the West India int est, the Bristol party, the slave party, went to him, sayir 'O'Connell, at last you are in the House with one helper — you will never go down to Freemason's Hall with Buxton a Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish qu tion. If you work with those abolitionists, count us alwa against you.'

"It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called stat man would have yielded! O'Connell said, 'Gentlemen, G knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may r right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the rc of my mouth, if to help Ireland — even Ireland — I forget t negro one single hour.'

"From that day," said Buxton, "Lushington and I never we into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us."

And then besides his irreproachable character, he had wh is half the power of a popular orator, he had a majestic presen In youth he had the brow of a Jupiter, and the stature of Apol A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all. Sydr Smith says of Lord John Russell's five feet, when he went do to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill had passed, the stalw hunters of Yorkshire exclaimed, "What, that little shrimp, carry the Reform Bill!" "No, no," said Smith, "he *was* a la man, but the labors of the bill shrunk him." You remember t story that Russell Lowell tells of Webster when we in Mas chusetts were about to break up the Whig party. Webster ca home to Faneuil Hall to protest, and four thousand Whigs ca out to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence before t sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder, and sa "Gentlemen, I am a Whig; a Massachusetts Whig; a Revo tionary Whig; a Constitutional Whig; a Faneuil Hall Whig; a if you break up the Whig party, where am *I* to go?" "An says Lowell, "we all held our breath, thinking where he *co* go." "But," says Lowell, "if he had been five feet three, should have said, confound you, who do you suppose cares wh you go?" Well, O'Connell had all that, and then he had w Webster never had, and what Clay had, the magnetism and gr that melt a million souls into his.

When I saw him he was sixty-five, lithe as a boy. His every ude was beauty, his every gesture grace. Why, Macready or th never equaled him.

It would have been a pleasure even to look at him if he had spoken at all, and all you thought of was a grey-hound. And he had, what so few American speakers have, a voice that ded the gamut. I heard him once in Exeter Hall say, nericans, I send my voice careering like the thunderstorm ss the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunder- s are hot, and to remind the negro that the dawn of his mption is drawing near;" and I seemed to hear his voice rberating and re-echoing back to London from the Rocky untains.

And then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh, the next moment there were tears in his voice, like an old , and five thousand men would be in tears. And all the le no effort — he seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue."

— *Wendell Phillips.*

## ERSKINE ON THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

I say without reserve, speaking merely in the abstract, and not ning to decide upon the merits of Mr. Hastings's cause, that mpeachment for an error in judgment is contrary to the whole t of English criminal justice, which, though not binding on House of Commons, ought to be a guide to its proceedings. y that the extraordinary jurisdiction of impeachment ought r to be assumed to expose error, or to scourge misfortune, to hold up a terrible example to corruption and willful abuse uthority, by extra legal pains.

Now, is it possible for any human being to believe that a man, ng no other intention than to villify the House of Commons this information charges), should yet keep his mind thus fixed settled as the needle to the pole, upon the serious merits of Hastings's defense, without ever straying into matter even tionable, except in the two or three selected parts out of two or e hundred pages? This is a forbearance which could not

have existed if calumny and detraction had been the malign objects which led him to the inquiry and publication. The wh fallacy, therefore, arises from holding up to view a few detac passages, and carefully concealing the general tenor of the b

It now remains to remind you that another consideration been strongly pressed upon you, and, no doubt, will be insisted in reply. You will be told that the matters which I have b justifying as legal, and even meritorious, have therefore not b made the subject of complaint; and that whatever intrinsic m parts of the book may be supposed or even admitted to pos such merit can afford no justification to the selected passages, s of which, even with the context, carry the meaning charged by information, and which are indecent animadversions on autho To this I would answer (still protesting as I do against the a cation of any one of the innuendoes), that if you are firmly suaded of the singleness and purity of the author's intentions, are not bound to subject him to infamy, because, in the zea career of a just and animated composition, he happens to l tripped with his pen into an intemperate expression in one or instances of a long work. If this severe duty were binding your consciences, the liberty of the press would be an empty so and no man could venture to write on any subject, however his purpose, without an attorney at one elbow and a couns the other.

From minds thus subdued by the terrors of punishment could issue no works of genius to expand the empire of hu reason, nor any masterly compositions on the general natu government, by the help of which the great commonwealth mankind have founded their establishments; much less an those useful applications of them to critical conjunctures by w from time to time, our own Constitution, by the exertion of pa citizens, has been brought back to its standard. Under such rors, all the great lights of science and civilization must b tinguished; for men cannot communicate their free though one another with a lash held over their heads. It is the natu everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and i mate world, to be wild and irregular; and we must be cont to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live out them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism; b wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom wh

ances in its path. Subject it to the critic, and you tame it into ness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, eping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil they fertilize in the summer; the few may be saved by ankments from drowning, but the flock must perish of hunger. npests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our com- ce, but they scourge before them the lazy elements which, iout them, would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner rty herself, the last and best gift of God to His creatures, t be taken just as she is; you might pare her down into bash- regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe, scru- us law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must ontent to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

Jpon the principle on which the Attorney-General prays sen- e upon my client — God have mercy upon us! Instead of ding before Him in judgment with the hopes and consolations Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for h of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, un- ed, and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the be- lent Author of our being will judge us as I have been point- out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our in His hands, and regarding the general scope of them — if liscovers benevolence, charity and good-will to man beating in heart, where He alone can look; if He finds that our conduct, gh often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in ral well directed, His all-searching eye will assuredly never ue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will His ce select them for punishment without the general context ir existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have n out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offenses to been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kind- f our affections. No, gentlemen, believe me, this is not the se of divine justice, or there is no truth in the gospels of en. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have sented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all aults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common s of life; because he knows that, instead of a stern accuser to se before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, the scored matter in the book before you, checker the volume

of the brightest and best spent life, His mercy will obscure t
from the eye of His purity, and our repentance will blot them
forever.

*— Lord Erskine.*

The last three selections, in the main, are good illustration o
elevated conversational address. A few passages requiring
fullest orotund quality are retained to preserve the symmetry
completeness of the selections.

# PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS ON EMPHASIS, INFLECTION AND CADENCE

General treatises and lectures on elocution are of no great alue to anybody. They may entertain popular audiences, and ccite interest in good reading and speaking; but they do not, as rule, touch upon the difficulties that perplex public speakers, nor ) they offer specific directions for the attainment of desirable sults. On the other hand, there is danger in following implicitly highly-elaborated system. The enthusiastic student of elocution- y science may so expand his theories as to invade clearly the )main of individual taste, where no *ipse dixit* should be tolerated. nowledge with discretion is needed that the pretension of norance and the folly of empiricism may be avoided. These utions are called forth by the difficulties that surround the sub- ct under discussion. It is one that requires all the knowledge d skill of the experienced teacher, who appreciates the limita- )ns of elocutionary science.

It is not our purpose to discuss, at great length, the topics of phasis, inflection, and cadence, but simply to make a few prac- al suggestions, as we have previously intimated.

## EMPHASIS

Correct emphasis in reading and speaking cannot be too highly mmended. It demonstrates, at once, the intelligence of the eaker, and gives certainty of meaning to the thought expressed. would be a questionable use of time to endeavor, by any set of les, to indicate to students the emphatic words of a sentence. every sentence there are one or more words upon which the eaning of the sentence turns. If the student has not sufficient elligence to discover these words, it is very evident that he ould continue his preparatory education. But when the meaning of the author is clearly apprehended, and the important words e made to stand out by the application of emphasis, then the nificance of this agent of expression is seen and felt. It fre-

quently happens that two speakers of equal intelligence and ski will emphasize a sentence or a verse from the Bible differentl This is not to be discouraged. It is rather to be encouraged, fo truth is many-sided, and in this way we may see it from differe intellectual standpoints. The main thing for the student, hov ever, is to get a clear idea of the meaning of the text, and then emphasize those words that will set forth with certainty th thought he wishes to express. Important as is the suggestion the last sentence, it is nevertheless true that there is more pra tical difficulty in getting students to apply emphasis correctly, th in getting them to think the sentence clearly. This is due, large measure, to two causes: first, lack of knowledge; secon complicated elocutionary requirements. How, then, is the app cation of emphasis retarded by lack of knowledge? In that st dents are ignorant of the vocal instrumentalities by which wor are emphasized. The vocal agencies used for emphasis are: fir slide; second, pause; third, pitch; fourth, force; fifth, time; six quality.

FIRST.— The emphasis of the *slide* is a downward or an u ward stroke of the voice, passing through the interval of a thi fifth, or octave on the musical scale, the length of the slide bei determined by the intensity of the thought or emotion.

SECOND.— The emphasis of *pause* is a sudden stop in spee thereby exciting attention and giving weight or emphasis to t word momentarily withheld.

THIRD.— The emphasis of *pitch* is a sudden change from general pitch to a much higher or lower pitch, thereby arresti the attention, and giving significance to the words thus utter

FOURTH.— The emphasis of *force* is the utterance of cert words with greater loudness, thereby calling attention to th importance.

FIFTH.— The emphasis of *time* is the retardation of the g eral rate of utterance, thereby calling attention to the wo drawn out or retarded.

SIXTH.— The emphasis of *quality* is the change from a c paratively smooth and pleasant quality of the voice to a harsh aspirated quality. The abrupt change makes the word thus rou ened or aspirated distinctively emphatic.

These are the chief instrumentalities used to give significa

the utterance of words, and the effective use of them should more frequently taught and illustrated.

The second cause interfering with the application of emphasis, complicated elocutionary requirements. It has always been a urce of regret that certain writers on elocution have insisted at several vocal elements must enter into every effort in emphasis. o require a student to combine three or four of the different nds of emphasis previously enumerated in every attempt to signate an important word, is as unnecessary as it is unwar-nted, and must result either in making the student tired, or in oducing a combination or blend of vocal elements that nobody ants to hear. It is not denied that several of these forms of mphasis frequently combine to produce an emphatic result; but e of the forms so predominates in the vocal effect, that the hers require no very serious consideration. If we give attention the leading form we employ, and make that the chief vocal agent emphasis, we greatly simplify the requirements, and release e student from a system too elaborate for practical use. It is not probable that this combination plan of emphasis has so weak-ed our interest in the study of any one kind, that we have come ignorant of the powers that lie hidden in the emphasis of e slide and the pause.

## INFLECTION, OR THE EMPHASIS OF THE SLIDE

Inflection, or slide, is an uninterrupted upward or downward oke of the voice on the musical scale. The emphasis of the de is the most important form because it is the most frequently ed. In all oral communications in the everyday affairs of life, well as in all common reading, this is the form of emphasis ed to designate the words that give definiteness and certainty our thought. In unimpassioned speech, or in common reading, slide is three notes in length, and is called the slide of the *rd.* In elevated or impassioned styles, the length of the slide ive or eight notes, called respectively the slide of the *fifth* and *ave.* Any word receiving this stroke or slide of the voice is distinguished or made prominent by the vocal effect, that we l it an emphatic word. When we speak of sending a word ne, the sending power is the emphatic stroke or slide.

## ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and wi
what body do they come?

But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them who are lost:

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the
of God.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

It is important to note that the slide begins above the le
of the ordinary pitch and extends to an equal distance below
This is necessary that the slide may be made to harmonize w
the current melody. If the slide should be made so that the vo
stroke is entirely below the level of the ordinary pitch, th
– – – \ — —\— — —\, the reading would become he
and plunging. If, on the other hand, the slide is made above
line, thus, —\ — — —\ — —\, the reading would beco
light and unimpressive.

## ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES OF THE FIFTH ANI OCTAVE

### FROM THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

"Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schiehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness

For his Country and King James!

Think upon the Royal Martyr,—

Think of what his race endure,—

Think of him whom butchers murdered

On the field of Magus Nuir:—

By his sacred blood I charge ye,

By the ruined hearth and shrine,—

By the blighted hopes of Scotland,

By your injuries and mine,—

Strike this day as if the anvil

Lay beneath your blows the while,

Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their Prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

—*William E. Aytoun.*

## FROM CORIOLANUS

*Aufidius.* "Name not the god,
hou boy of tears.

Measureless liar!

*Coriolanus* thou hast made my heart

contains it.

oo great for what

Boy! Cut me to pieces, Volscians: men and lads,

Boy!—

ain all of your edges on me.
you have writ your annals true, 't is there
hat, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
your Volscians in Corioli:
luttered
lone I did it.— Boy!" —*William Shakespeare.*

## CADENCE

Cadence is the name given to the closing melody of sentences. here are two kinds of cadence — partial and complete. Com- te cadence is used at periods where the whole thought has been pressed. Partial cadence is used at semicolons and colons, where nplete thought has been expressed, but not the whole thought the paragraph.

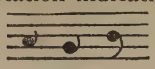
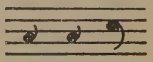
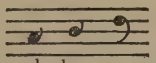
It may be well to inquire why we use a falling inflection or

complete cadence at a period. Usually at a period complet thought has been expressed, and the utmost closing musical effec is required to indicate that completion. If then, at a period, th falling inflection is required because complete thought has bee expressed, we might expect that, at a comma, which indicate simply a grammatical division, the opposite or rising inflectio would be required; which is really the case. The rise, howeve is so slight that it may be indicated by a horizontal line, thus —— signifying that the voice is suspended. If then a suspension c voice is used at a comma, and a full cadence at a period, wha form of closing melody should be used at semicolons and colons The answer is a Partial Cadence. It must be distinctly unde stood that we make use of the punctuation marks here simply t make the discussion more definite. If a comma were used t indicate a grammatical division simply, and a semicolon or a colc to indicate complete thought and yet not the whole thought, an a period to indicate fully completed thought, we should get c with the marks without trouble; but the laws for punctuatio unfortunately, are not yet fixed, or universally observed, ar hence the only safe guide in reading is to follow the sense. Th partial cadence is used so frequently in paragraphic writing, th it would be well briefly to investigate the structure of the pa agraphic sentence. It is a series of simple sentences, each makir complete sense in itself, bound together for the cumulative effe of the whole series.

## EXAMPLE

"Doing well is the cause of a just sense of elevation of cha acter; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reach of thought; it widens our benevolence; and makes the current our peculiar affections swift and deep."

Take the first sentence in the paragraph "Doing well is t cause of a just sense of elevation of character." Here is a co plete thought which might be severed from its connections, a made to terminate with a full cadence; yet it is not the wh thought contained in the paragraph. The elocutionary requi ments, then, are that a closing vocal effect must be employed h to indicate completed thought, and a rising effect to anticipate t sentences that are to follow. The partial cadence, then, is a cl ing and a rising vocal effect combined — a melody that closes

at has been said, and suspends the mind in anticipation of what o follow. The form of musical notation indicating the partial ence may be usually written thus,  Sometimes hear a melody that may be written thus,  thus,  It is well, however, to leave the whole ter of melody, as well as the number of words or syllables re- red for its execution, to the individual taste of the speaker. e thing of importance is the general principle, which is clear, , that a closing and a suspensive inflection must be secured. By ning the concrete or stem of the last note down, we secure a ing effect or falling inflection; and by placing the radical or b of the last note higher on the musical scale than the previous e, we secure a suspensive inflection.

## ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES

Doing well is the cause of a just sense of elevation of character;

lears and strengthens spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought;

videns benevolence; and makes the current of our peculiar affections our ft and deep.

I have roamed through the world to find hearts nowhere mer than hers; soldiers nowhere braver;

patriots nowhere purer; wives and mothers nowhere truer;

dens nowhere lovelier; green valleys and bright rivers nowhere ener or brighter.

It is important to note that, as the thought and language b come more intense and fervid, there is a change or variety in th melody of the cadence. In the natural rise of climactic intensit as in the last illustrative example, the Partial Cadence might l written in musical form, thus,

The same principle evidently obtains, but, in its application, th musical form is changed. This is an important fact, and relieve the ear from the constant recurrence of the same musical effec which is extremely annoying to people of cultivated taste.

It now remains for us to discuss the *complete cadence.* Th occurs at the close of sentences and paragraphs, and is preced by the penultimate slide. The penultimate slide is an upwa movement of the voice, and occurs generally on the last word words of the penultimate clause. The special function of t penultimate slide is to lift the voice up on the musical scale so th the descent on the last clause may be more impressive and pe ceptible to the ear. If, in the delivery of a climactic paragrap the voice be allowed to move on to the end without any spec rise, and the closing cadence be immediately applied, the sudde ness and abruptness of the descent will fail to produce the plea ing impression of repose and completion. In order to secure t most satisfactory results, the voice must reach the line of fi repose by successive descents at the longest possible intervals. T penultimate slide has been aptly called " the flourish of the perioc

## ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLE

But the same impartial history will record more than o

ineffaceable stain upon his character; and never to the end of time;

never on the page of historian, poet or philosopher; never till a taste

ıe moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of men by a mean miration of success and power; never in the exhortations of e prudent magistrate counseling his fellow-citizens for their good; never the dark ages of national fortune, when anxious patriots explore : annals of the past for examples of public virtue; never in the admoni- n of the parent forming the minds of his children by lessons of side wisdom; never, O never, will the name of Napoleon, r of any of the other of the famous conquerors of ancient and dern days be placed upon a level with Washington's.

The recurring word *never* receives the emphatic slide of the h, increasing to the octave on the last repetition of *never;* words *Napoleon* and *other* receive the stroke of the fifth, ile the sentences of the paragraph are closed with partial lences; and the penultimate slide, preparatory to the complete lence occurs on the words *modern days.*

The penultimate slide is not confined to oratorical selections, : occurs in all common reading, though applied in a more sub- ed form and with a shortened upward stroke. In grand, lime and reverential styles, its use is indispensable.

The fullest cadential melody is the "Triad of the Cadence," three successive downward steps on the musical scale, thus:

" Doing well makes the current of our peculiar affections
swift
and
deep."

In the best manuals of elocution may be found a full discus
sion of the various forms of complete cadence: the Monad, Duad
Triad, Tetrad and Pentad forms. However, the triad form
recommended for general use as the most pleasing and satisfactory
even if we are obliged to use words instead of syllables in executin
the successive downward steps, and sometimes are obliged t
sacrifice a trifle in strength for the sake of melodious closing effect
If the question is asked, Would you ever use a monad or dua
form of cadence? I should answer, Yes; but for general practica
use the triad is preferred for reasons stated. This, like all othe
ideas in this discussion, is offered as a suggestion rather than a
a general law, and for the following reason: in all matters o
melody, whether current or closing, the student must be allowe
the largest possible liberty consistent with a cultivated musica
taste.

# EXPRESSION

By Expression we mean the utterance of words with their ompanying emotions. We do not develop the full thought or emotional selection by the mere repetition of the words. If did, the tenderest pathos and the sublimest passion would e sink to the level of the most common talk. The temper or otion which is the life of the thought, and which seeks convey- e in the words, must be expressed before the meaning of the hor can be made known.

A knowledge, then, of the laws of Expression is necessary to proper interpretation of thought. The method proposed in s book for the attainment of such knowledge has taken shape in daily experience as a teacher, and has no greater merit than practicability. No merely arbitrary rules are of value here. ture must ever be the great teacher, and he who observes most irly her best manifestations must be, of necessity, the best fitted deduce the laws that underlie and control those manifestations.

It is, however, of great importance to the student of Elocu- n to remember that there is a certain best way to render every otion, and having mastered one selection of a great class, the ver has been acquired to render all selections of that type. By suing such a method, the reader will be lifted from the con- plation of a single piece to the class of which it is a specimen, eventually to a classified knowledge of the laws that develop ry sentiment and passion of the human soul.

# NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, AND DIDACTIC STYLES

This class of selections includes all that is generally designat as *common reading,* viz.: conversations, essays, newspaper comp sition, or any selection which is intended simply to convey infc mation to the mind. So frequent is the use of this style of addr that more than two-thirds of everything the professional man h to utter falls under this head, and in non-professional life nea everything that is spoken. The excellences of common readi may be compassed by observing the followin~ suggestions:

FIRST — Purity of tone.

SECOND — Variety of tone.

THIRD — Distinctness of enunciation.

Purity of tone is of as much importance in common reading in the rendering of sentiment. Every tone should fall from t lips like the tinkle of a coin upon the table. A clear, musical a crystalline articulation is the highest charm of common reading.

Variety of tone is an element not to be overlooked. An ess can be written out in musical forms as well as an oratorio, and who makes the best music is, other things being equal, the b reader. A well-modulated voice traversing the musical scale w happy intonations renders common reading not only interesti but highly artistic and charming. The only caution necessa is that over-much variety may render the reading fantastic a flippant.

Distinctness of enunciation must always be stricty demand As a rule, we enunciate the first parts of our words distinctly, l the last parts are frequently blurred, or left untouched. The o relief in such cases is a thorough drill in the consonantal elemer until firmness, accuracy and force are developed in enunciati The last syllable in a word should be brought out as distinctly the first, and the middle syllables as distinctly as the last.

The question may be raised, are Narrative, Descriptive, a Didactic styles all read in the same manner? Narrative and I scriptive Readings, appealing in many instances to feeling a

agination for their chief effects, abound in vivid and varied tones ociated with the different moods of sympathy and emotion; ile Didactic subjects, being usually directed to the reason and lgment through the understanding, hold a more steady, uniform l regulated course of utterance, adapted to a clear, distinct, and nted conveyance of thought to the intellect.

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# NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, AND DIDACTIC SELECTIONS

## HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS

Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,— ppingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our yers do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of ir passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may e it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul to hear a ro- tious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,— to very s,— to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most t, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it -herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your or. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with special observance — that you o'erstep not the modesty of ure: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; se end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as ere, the mirror up to nature; — to show virtue her own feature; rn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his n and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though ake the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a le theater of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen , and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it pro- ely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, a
not made them well,— they imitated humanity so abominably!
*— William Shakespeare.*

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## THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded — War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

*— Winifred M. Letts*

## THE CHILD-WIFE

All this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, I was saturated through and through. I took night walks to Norwood where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and garden for hours together, looking through crevices in the palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora,— I don't exactly know from what,— I suppose from fire, perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend, comparatively stricken in years, almost of the ripe age of twenty, I should say, whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills!

One day Miss Mills said: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call. I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last, arrayed for the purpose at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills's, straight with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I did n't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills was at home. Miss Mills would do.

I was shown into a room upstairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music, and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized flowers I had given her!

Miss Mills was very glad to see me, and very sorry her papa was not at home, though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then laying down her pen, got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got home at night from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for *him,* for *he* had nothing to uphold him on his journey."

"Was n't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye — yes, he was well taken care of. I mean he had r the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on t spot.

"I do n't know why you should care for being near me," s Dora, "or why you should call it a happiness. But, of cou you do n't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here

I do n't know how I did it, but I did it in a moment.

I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of e quence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved h I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized a worshiped her. Jip barked madly all the time. My eloque increased, and I said, if she would like me to die for her, she h but to say the word, and I was ready. I had loved her to d traction every minute, day and night, since I first set eyes upon h I loved her at that moment to distraction. I should always l her, every minute, to distraction. Lovers had loved before, a lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, cou would, or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I rav the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more n every moment.

Well, well: Dora and I were sitting on the sofa, by and quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap winking peacefully me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapt Dora and I were engaged.

— *Charles Dickens.*

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## FANNY SQUEERS' TEA PARTY

Miss Fanny Squeers was in her three-and-twentieth y If there be any grace or loveliness quite inseparable f that period of life, Miss Squeers must be presumed to h been possessed of it. She was not tall like her mother, but s like her father — from whom she inherited a remarkable exp sion of the right eye, something akin to having none at all.

Miss Squeers had been spending a few days with a neighbo friend, and had only just returned to the parental roof. Q

ning the servant regarding the outward appearance and meanor of Mr. Nickleby, the girl returned such enthusiastic lies, coupled with so many praises of his beautiful dark eyes, his sweet smile, and his straight legs — upon which last-ned articles she laid particular stress; the general run of legs Dotheboys Hall being crooked — that Miss Squeers was not g in arriving at the conclusion that the new usher must be a y remarkable person, or, as she herself significantly phrased it, mething quite out of the common." And so Miss Squeers le up her mind that she would take a personal observation of holas the very next day.

In pursuance of this design, the young lady watched the ortunity of her mother being engaged, and her father absent, went accidentally into the school-room to get a pen mended; re, seeing nobody but Nicholas presiding over the boys, she hed very deeply, and exhibited great confusion.

"I beg your pardon, I thought my pa was — or might be — r me, how very awkward!"

"Mr. Squeers is out."

"Do you know will he be long, sir?"

"He said about an hour."

"Thank you! I am very sorry I intruded, I am sure." Miss eers said this, glancing from the pen in her hand to Nicholas is desk, and back again.

"If that is all you want," said Nicholas, pointing to the pen, rhaps I can supply his place."

Miss Squeers glanced at the door, as if dubious of the pro-y of advancing nearer to a male stranger; then glanced d the school-room, as though in some measure reassured by presence of forty boys; then sidled up to Nicholas, and ered the pen into his hand.

"Shall it be a hard or a soft nib?"

"He *has* a beautiful smile," thought Miss Squeers. "As as possible, if you please." Miss Squeers sighed. It might o give Nicholas to understand that her heart was soft, and the pen was wanted to match.

Upon these instructions Nicholas made the pen, and when

he gave it to Miss Squeers, Miss Squeers dropped it; and w
he stooped to pick it up, Miss Squeers stooped too, and t
knocked their heads together; whereat five-and-twenty little b
laughed — being positively for the first and only time that h
year.

Said Miss Squeers, as she walked away, "I never saw s
legs in the whole course of my life!"

In fact, Miss Squeers was in love with Nicholas Nickleby

To account for the rapidity with which this young lady
conceived a passion for Nicholas, it may be necessary to st
that the friend from whom she had so recently returned wa
miller's daughter of only eighteen, who had engaged herself u
the son of a small corn-factor, resident in the nearest mar
town. Miss Squeers and the miller's daughter, being fast frie
had covenanted together some two years ago (according t
custom prevalent among young ladies) that whoever was f
engaged to be married should straightway confide the mig
secret to the bosom of the other; in fulfillment of which ple
the miller's daughter, when her engagement was formed, ca
out express — at eleven o'clock at night, as the corn-factor's
made an offer of his hand and heart at twenty-five minutes a
ten by the Dutch clock in the kitchen — and rushed into M
Squeers's bedroom with the gratifying intelligence. Now M
Squeers, being five years older, had since been more than c
monly anxious to return the compliment; but, either in co
quence of finding it hard to please herself, or harder still to pl
anybody else, she had never had an opportunity so to do.
little interview with Nicholas had no sooner passed, than M
Squeers, putting on her bonnet, made her way, with great prec
tation, to her friend's house, and revealed how that she wa
not exactly engaged, but going to be — to a gentleman's
(none of your corn-factors) — to a gentleman's son of h
descent, who had come down as teacher to Dotheboys Hall, ur
most mysterious and remarkable circumstances. Indeed, as M
Squeers more than hinted, induced by the fame of her m
charms, to seek her out, and woo and win her.

"How I should like to see him!" exclaimed the friend.

"So you shall, 'Tilda; I should consider myself one of
most ungrateful creatures alive, if I denied you. I think moth

ing away for two days to fetch some boys; and when she es, I 'll ask you and your Intended, John Browdie, up to tea, d have him to meet you."

It so fell out, that Mrs. Squeers's journey was fixed that ternoon for next day.

Whenever such an opportunity occurred, it was Mr. Squeers's stom to drive over to the market town, every evening, on etence of urgent business, and stop till ten or eleven o'clock a tavern he much affected. As the contemplated party was t in his way, therefore, but rather afforded a means of com- mise with Miss Squeers, he readily yielded his assent, and llingly told Nicholas that he was expected to take his tea in e parlor that evening at five o'clock.

To be sure Miss Squeers was in a flutter, and to be sure e was dressed out to the best advantage, with her hair (she wore in a crop) curled in five distinct rows, up to the very top of r head, and arranged over the doubtful eye; to say nothing the blue sash which floated down her back, or the worked ron, or the long gloves, or the scarf of green gauze worn over e shoulder and under the other; or any of the numerous devices ich were to be as so many arrows to the heart of Mr. Nickleby. e had scarcely completed these arrangements, when the friend rived.

The servant brought in the tea-things, and soon afterwards nebody tapped at the room door.

"There he is! O 'Tilda! I do so palpitate!"

"Hush! Hem! Say, come in."

"Come in." And in walked Nicholas.

"Good evening," said that young gentleman, all unconscious his conquest. "I understood from Mr. Squeers that I was pected."

"O yes, it 's all right! Father do n't tea with us, but you n't mind that, I dare say. We are only waiting for one more ntleman."

"Well," thought Nicholas, "as I am here, and seem expected be amiable, it 's of no use looking like a goose. I may as well commodate myself to the company." So he saluted Miss ueers and the friend with gallantry, and drew a chair to the

tea-table, and began to make himself probably as much at home ever an usher was in his principal's parlor.

The ladies were in full delight at this, when the expecte swain arrived (with his hair damp from washing) in a clea shirt, whereof the collar might have belonged to some gia ancestor, and a white waistcoat of similar dimensions.

"Well, John," said Miss Matilda Price (which, by the b was the name of the miller's daughter).

"Weel," said John, with a grin that even the collar cou not conceal.

"I beg your pardon," interposed Miss Squeers, hastening do the honors, "Mr. Nickleby — Mr. John Browdie."

"Servant, sir," said John, who was about six feet six, with face and body rather above the due proportion.

"Yours, sir," replied Nicholas, making fearful ravages the bread and butter.

Mr. Browdie was not a gentleman of great conversation powers, so he grinned twice more, and having now bestowed h customary mark of recognition on every person in compan grinned at nothing particular, and helped himself to food.

"Old wooman awa', bean't she?"

Miss Squeers nodded assent.

Mr. Browdie gave a grin of special width, as if he thoug that really was something to laugh at, and went to work at t bread and butter with vigor. It was quite a sight to behold h he and Nicholas emptied the plate between them.

"Ye wean't get bread and butther ev'ry neight, I expe mun," said Mr. Browdie, after he had sat staring at Nicho a long time over the empty plate. "Ecod, they dean't put t much intiv 'em. Ye 'll be nowt but skeen and boans, if y stop here long eneaf. Ho! ho! ho!"

"You are facetious, sir."

"Na; I dean't know, but t' oother teacher, 'cod he wur learn 'un, he wur."

The recollection of the last teacher's leanness seemed to affo Mr. Browdie the most exquisite delight.

"I don't know whether your perceptions are quite keen ough, Mr. Browdie, to enable you to understand that your marks are offensive, but they are—"

Miss Price stopped her admirer's mouth as he was about to swer. "If you say another word, John, I'll never forgive u, or speak to you again."

"Weel, my lass, I dean't care aboot 'un; let 'un gang on, 'un gang on."

It now became Miss Squeers's turn to intercede with Nicholas, d the effect of the double intercession was, that he and John owdie shook hands across the table with much gravity. Such s the imposing nature of this ceremonial, that Miss Squeers d tears.

"What's the matter, Fanny?" said Miss Price.

"Nothing, 'Tilda."

"There never was any danger," said Miss Price, "was there, r. Nickleby?"

"None at all. Absurd."

"Say something kind to her, and she'll soon come round. re! Shall John and I go into the little kitchen, and come k presently?"

"Not on any account! What on earth should you do that ?"

"Well, you *are* a one to keep company."

"What do you mean? I am not a one to keep company at You don't mean to say that you think—"

"O no! I think nothing at all. Look at her, dressed so utiful, and looking so well—really *almost* handsome. I am amed at you."

"My dear girl, what have I got to do with her dressing utifully or looking well?"

"Come, don't call me a dear girl!" (She smiled a little, ough, for she was pretty, and a coquette in her small way, l Nicholas was good-looking, and she supposed him the prop- y of somebody else, which were all reasons why she should gratified to think she had made an impression on him.) ome; we're going to have a game at cards." She tripped ay and rejoined the big Yorkshireman, and they sat down to y speculation.

"There are only four of us, 'Tilda," said Miss Squee looking slyly at Nicholas; "so we had better go partners, t against two."

"What do you say, Mr. Nickleby?"

"With all the pleasure in life." And quite unconscious his heinous offence, he "went partners" with Miss Price.

"Mr. Browdie, shall we make a bank against them?"

The Yorkshireman assented — apparently quite overwhelm by the usher's impudence — and Miss Squeers darted a spite look at her friend.

The deal fell to Nicholas, and the hand prospered.

"We intend to win everything."

"'Tilda *has* won something she did n't expect, I thin have n't you, dear?"

"Only a dozen and eight, love."

"How dull you are to-night!"

"No, indeed. I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking seemed out of sorts."

"Me? O no!"

"You hair 's coming out of curl, dear."

"Never mind me; you had better attend to your partn miss."

"Thank you for reminding her. So she had."

The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in, till he had an opportur of exercising it upon the nose of some other gentleman; and M Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion nearly b the candle out.

"I never had such luck, really," exclaimed Miss Price, a another hand or two. "It 's all along of you, Mr. Nickleby think. I should like to have you for a partner always."

"I wish you had."

"You 'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at car

"Not if your wish is gratified. I am sure I shall hav good one in that case."

To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head, and how the c factor flattened his nose the while!

"We have all the talking to ourselves, it seems," said Nich

ng good-humoredly round the table, as he took up the cards
fresh deal.
You do it so well, that it would be a pity to interrupt,
d n't it, Mr. Browdie?"
Nay, we do it in default of having anybody else to talk to."
We 'll talk to you, you know, if you 'll say anything."
Thank you, 'Tilda."
Or you can talk to each other, if you do n't choose to talk
. John, why do n't you say something?"
Say summat?"
Ay, and not sit there so silent and glum."
Weel, then! what I say 's this — Dang my boans and
, if I stan' this ony longer. Do ye gang whoam wi' me;
lo yon loight an' toight young whipster look sharp out for
kken head, next time he cums under my hond."
Mercy on us, what 's all this?"
Cum whoam, tell 'ee, cum whoam!"
lere Miss Squeers burst into tears; in part from vexation,
n part from an impotent desire to lacerate somebody's coun-
ce with her fair finger-nails.
Why, and here 's Fanny in tears now! What can be the
r?"
O, you do n't know, miss, of course you do n't know. Pray
trouble yourself to inquire," said Miss Squeers, producing
change of countenance which children call making a face.
Well, I 'm sure!"
And who cares whether you are sure or not, ma'am?"
You are monstrous polite, ma'am."
I shall not come to you to take lessons in the art, ma'am!"
O, you need n't take the trouble to make yourself plainer
you are, ma'am, however, because that 's quite unnecessary."
liss Squeers, in reply, turned very red, and thanked God
he had n't got the bold faces of some people. Miss Price,
loinder, congratulated herself upon not being possessed of
nvious feeling of other people; whereupon Miss Squeers
some general remark touching the danger of associating
low persons. In which Miss Price entirely coincided.
'Tilda, artful and designing 'Tilda! I would n't have a
named 'Tilda — not to save it from its grave!"
Here John Browdie, a little nettled, wound up the evening

by remarking, "As to the matther o' thot, it 'll be time en to think aboot neaming of it when it cooms.")

He and his betrothed were no sooner gone, than Miss Sque gave vent to a burst of tears, and lamented incoherently. Nicho stood looking on for a few seconds, rather doubtful what to but feeling uncertain whether the fit would end in his be embraced or scratched, and considering that either infliction wo be equally agreeable, he walked off, while Miss Squeers moaning in her pocket-handkerchief.

*— Charles Dickens.*

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## SCENE AT DOCTOR BLIMBER'S

At length Mr. Dombey, one Saturday, when he came down Brighton to see Paul, who was then six years old, resolved to m a change, and enroll him as a small student under Doctor Blimb

Whenever a young man was taken in hand by Doctor Bl ber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but had always ready a supply of learning for a hundred, and it wa once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy with it.

In fact Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hotbo in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produ at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Do Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was the right taste about the premature productions; and they di keep well. Moreover, one young gentleman, with a swollen and an excessively large head (the oldest of the ten who "gone through" everything), suddenly left off blowing one and remained in the establishment a mere stalk. And people say that the Doctor had rather overdone it with young T and that when he began to have whiskers he left off having br

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very do that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into creases.

His daughter, Miss Blimber, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the Doctor's house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles, and she was dry and mdy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None f your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead,— one dead,— and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul. Irs. Blimber, her mamma, was not learned herself, but she pre-nded to be, and that answered just as well. She said at evening arties, that, if she could have known Cicero, she thought she ould have died contented.

As to Mr. Feeder, B. A., Doctor Blimber's assistant, he was a nd of human hand-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he as continually working, over and over again, without any vari-ion.

To Doctor Blimber's Paul was taken by his father, on an ap-inted day. The Doctor was sitting in his portentous study, with globe at each knee, books all around him; Homer over the door id Minerva on the mantel-shelf. "And how do you do, sir?" said to Mr. Dombey, "and how is my little friend?" When the octor left off, the great clock in the hall seemed (to Paul, at ast) to take him up, and to go on saying over and over again, How, is, my lit,tle, friend; how, is, my, lit,tle, friend?"

"Mr. Dombey," said Doctor Blimber, "you would wish my tle friend to acquire —"

"Everything, if you please, Doctor."

"Yes," said the Doctor, who, with his half-shut eyes, seemed to rvey Paul with a sort of interest that he might attach to some oice little animal he was going to stuff,— "yes, exactly. Ha! e shall impart a great variety of information to our little friend, d bring him quickly forward, I dare say. Permit me. Allow me present Mrs. Blimber and my daughter Cornelia, who will be sociated with the domestic life of our young Pilgrim to Par-ssus."

"Now, Dombey," said Miss Blimber, "I 'm going out for a nstitutional."

Paul wondered what that was, and why she did n't send the otman out to get it in such unfavorable weather. But he made observation on the subject, his attention being devoted to a little e of new books, on which Miss Blimber appeared to have been cently engaged.

"These are yours, Dombey. I am going out for a constitu tional, and while I am gone, that is to say in the interval betwee this and breakfast, Dombey, I wish you to read over what I hav marked in these books, and to tell me if you quite understand wh you have got to learn."

They comprised a little English, and a deal of Latin,— nam of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises thereo and rules,— a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, wink or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weigh and measures, and a little general information. When poor litt Dombey had spelt out number two, he found he had no idea number one; fragments of which afterwards obtruded themselv into number three, which slided into number four, which graft itself onto number two. So that is was an open question wi him whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic hæc hoc w troy weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, three times four was Taurus, a bull.

Such spirits as little Dombey had he soon lost, of course. B he retained all that was strange and old and thoughtful in h character; and even became more strange and old and thoughtfu He loved to be alone, and liked nothing so well as wandering abo the house by himself, or sitting on the stairs listening to the gre clock in the hall. He was intimate with all the paper-hangings the house; he saw things that no one else saw in the patterns; a found out miniature tigers and lions running up the bedroom wal

And so the solitary child lived on and on, surrounded by t arabesque work of his musing fancy, and still no one understo him. He grew fond, now, of a large engraving that hung up the staircase, where, in the center of the group, one figure that knew — a figure with a light about its head, benignant, mild, m ciful — stood pointing upward. He watched the waves and clou at twilight with his earnest eyes, and breasted the window of solitary room when birds flew by, as if he would have emulat them and soared away.

— *Charles Dickens.*

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## DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY

Little Dombey had never risen from his little bed. He there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly;

ng much how the time went, but watching it and watching rything.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling ds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he w that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and utiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creep- up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. n he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with ps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His y had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he w was flowing through the great city; and now he thought black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts tars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet sea.

"Floy! What *is* that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There 's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bed- said:

"My own boy! Do n't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his ls to take it between them and draw it towards him, the figure ed away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the .

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of bed, he called to it.

"Do n't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite y!"

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him d the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again ny time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, n't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!"

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how y nights the dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, never sought to know.

One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture e drawing-room downstairs. The train of thought suggested im to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could

not remember whether they had told him, yes or no; the ri running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at when I was a baby, Floy?"

"O yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, F if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Little Dombey closed his eyes with these words, and asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad was clear and warm. Then he awoke,— woke mind and body and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. Th was no great mist before them, as there had been sometimes in night. He knew them every one, and called them by their nar

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" asked the ch regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her c poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped dowr his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other wor would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it ag Do n't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good by!"

"Good by, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to bed's head. "Not good by?"

"Ah, yes! Good by! — Where is papa?"

His father's breath was on his cheek before the words parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as i cried, "Good by!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, loc together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the hes, Floy! But, it 's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! ey always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon stream s lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now re was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank! —

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that ne in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our e has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like roll. The old, old fashion,— Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of nortality! And look upon us, Angels of young children, with ards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the an! — *Charles Dickens.*

## THE CHARCOAL MAN

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck,— though still he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,—
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"— Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusty as an African,
'T is not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

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## DICK SWIVELLER AND THE MARCHIONESS

One circumstance troubled Mr. Swiveller's mind very ra
and that was that the small servant always remained somewh

the bowels of the earth, and never came to the surface unless he single gentleman rang his bell, when she would answer it and nmediately disappear again. She never went out, or came into he office, or had a clean face, or took off the coarse apron, or ooked out of any one of the windows, or stood at the street door or a breath of air, or had any rest, or enjoyment whatever. Nobody ever came to see her, nobody spoke of her, nobody cared bout her.

"Now," said Dick, walking up and down with his hands in s pockets, "I 'd give something — if I had it — to know how hey use that child, and where they keep her. My mother must ave been a very inquisitive woman; I have no doubt I 'm marked ith a note of interrogation somewhere — upon my word, I ould like to know how they use her!"

After running on, in this way, for some time, Mr. Swiveller ftly opened the office door, with the intention of darting across e street for a glass of the mild porter. At that moment he ught a parting glimpse of the brown head-dress of Miss Brass tting down the kitchen stairs. "And by Jove!" thought Dick, she 's going to feed the small servant. Now or never!"

First peeping over the hand-rail and allowing the head-dress disappear in the darkness below, he groped his way down, and rived at the door of a back kitchen immediately after Miss Brass d entered the same, bearing in her hand a cold leg of mutton. It as a very dark, miserable place, very low and very damp: the alls disfigured by a thousand rents and blotches. The water was ickling out of a leaky butt, and a most wretched cat was lapping the drops with the sickly eagerness of starvation. Everything as locked up; the coal-cellar, the candle-box, the salt-box, the eat-safe, were all padlocked. There was nothing that a beetle uld have lunched upon. The pinched and meager aspect of the ace would have killed a chameleon: he would have known, at the st mouthful, that the air was not eatable, and must have given the ghost in despair.

While these acts and deeds were in progress in and out of the ice of Sampson Brass, Richard Swiveller, being often left alone erein, began to find the time hang heavy on his hands. For e better preservation of his cheerfulness, therefore, and to pre-nt his faculties from rusting, he provided himself with a crib-ge-board and pack of cards, and accustomed himself to play at

cribbage with a dummy, for twenty, thirty, or sometimes ev fifty thousand pounds a side, besides many other hazardous be to a considerable amount.

As these games were very silently conducted, notwithstandi the magnitude of the interest involved, Mr. Swiveller began think that on those evenings when Mr. and Miss Brass were o (and they often went out now) he heard a kind of snorting hard-breathing sound in the direction of the door, which, it c curred to him, after some reflection, must proceed from the sm servant, who always had a cold from damp living. Looking i tently that way one night, he plainly distinguished an eye glea ing and glistening at the keyhole; and having now no doubt th his suspicions were correct, he stole softly to the door, and pounc upon her before she was aware of his approach.

"Oh! I did n't mean any harm indeed, upon my word I did n it 's so very dull downstairs. Please do n't tell upon me, plea do n't."

"Tell upon you!" said Dick. "Do you mean to say you a looking through the keyhole for company?"

"Yes, upon my word I was."

"How long have you been cooling your eye there?"

"Oh, ever since you first began to play them cards, and lo before."

"Well,— come in. Here, sit down, and I 'll teach you h to play."

"Oh! I durst n't do it. Miss Sally 'ud kill me, if she know I come up here."

"Have you got a fire downstairs?"

"A very little one."

"Miss Sally could n't kill me if she know'd I went do there, so I 'll come," said Richard, putting the cards in his pock "Why, how thin you are! What do you mean by it?"

"It ain't my fault."

"Could you eat any bread and meat?" said Dick, taking do his hat. "Yes? Ah! I thought so. Did you ever taste beer?

"I had a sip of it once."

"Here 's a state of things!" cried Mr. Swiveller, raising eyes to the ceiling. "She *never* tasted it — it can't be tasted i sip! Why, how old are you?"

"I do n't know."

Mr. Swiveller opened his eyes very wide, and appeared thought- for a moment; then, bidding the child mind the door until he ne back, vanished straightway.

Presently he returned, followed by the boy from the public- use, who bore in one hand a plate of bread and beef, and in the er a great pot, filled with some very fragrant compound, ich sent forth a grateful steam, and was indeed choice purl, de after a particular recipe which Mr. Swiveller had im- ted to the landlord, at a period when he was deep in his books l desirous to conciliate his friendship. Relieving the boy of burden at the door, and charging his little companion to fas- it to prevent surprise, Mr. Swiveller followed her into the hen.

"There!" said Richard, putting the plate before her. "First ll clear that off, and then you 'll see what 's next."

The small servant needed no second bidding, and the plate s soon empty.

"Next," said Dick, handing the purl, "take a pull at that; moderate your transports, you know, for you 're not used to Well, is it good?"

"Oh! is n't it?" said the small servant.

Mr. Swiveller appeared gratified beyond all expression by this ly, and took a long draught himself. These preliminaries osed of, he applied himself to teaching her the game, which soon learnt tolerably well, being both sharp-witted and cun- g.

Mr. Swiveller and his partner played several rubbers with ying success, until the loss of three sixpences, the gradual sink- of the purl, and the striking of ten o'clock, combined to ren- that gentleman mindful of the flight of time, and the expe- ncy of withdrawing before Mr. Sampson and Miss Sally Brass urned.

"With which object in view, Marchioness," said Mr. Swivel- gravely, "I shall ask your ladyship's permission to put the rd in my pocket, and to retire from the presence when I have shed this tankard; merely observing, Marchioness, that since like a river, is flowing, I care not how fast it rolls on, ma'am, while such purl on the bank still is growing, and such eyes t the waves as they run. Marchioness, your health. You excuse my wearing my hat, for the palace is damp, and the ble floor is — if I may be allowed the expression — sloppy."

He gave utterance to these apologetic observations, and slow sipped the last choice drops of nectar.

"The Baron Sampsono Brasso and his fair sister are (you t me) at the Play?" said Mr. Swiveller, leaning his left a heavily upon the table, and raising his voice and his right l after the manner of a theatrical bandit.

The Marchioness nodded.

"Ha!" said Mr. Swiveller, with a portentous frown. "'T well, Marchioness! — but no matter. Some wine there. Ho He illustrated these melodramatic morsels, by handing the ta ard to himself with great humility, receiving it haughtily, dri ing from it thirstily, and smacking his lips fiercely.

The small servant, who was not so well acquainted w theatrical conventionalities as Mr. Swiveller (having ind never seen a play, or heard one spoken of, except by cha through chinks of doors and in other forbidden places), v rather alarmed by demonstrations so novel in their nature, a showed her concern so plainly in her looks, that Mr. Swivel felt it necessary to discharge his brigand manner, for one more s able to private life, as he asked, "Do they often go where gl waits 'em, and leave you here?"

"Oh, yes; I believe you they do. Miss Sally 's such a on for that, she is."

"Such a what?" said Dick.

"Such a one-er," returned the Marchioness.

"Is Mr. Brass a wunner?"

"Not half what Miss Sally is, he is n't. Bless you, h never do anything without her."

"Oh! He would n't, would n't he?"

"Miss Sally keeps him in such order. He always asks advice, he does; and he catches it sometimes. Bless you, would n't believe how much he catches it."

"I suppose," said Dick, "that they consult together, a g deal, and talk about a great many people — about me, for stance, sometimes, eh, Marchioness?"

The Marchioness nodded amazingly.

"Complimentary?" said Mr. Swiveller.

The Marchioness changed the motion of her head, which not yet left off nodding, and suddenly began to shake it from to side, with a vehemence which threatened to dislocate her n

"Humph;" Dick muttered. "Would it be any breach of con-ence, Marchioness, to relate what they say of the humble in-idual who has now the honor to — ?"

"Miss Sally says you 're a funny chap," replied his friend.

"Well, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "that 's not un-mplimentary. Merriment, Marchioness, is not a bad or degrad- quality. Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, if we y put any faith in the pages of history."

"But she says that you ain't to be trusted."

"Why, really, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, thought-ly; "several ladies and gentlemen — not exactly professional sons, but tradespeople, ma'am, tradespeople — have made the ne remark. The obscure citizen who keeps the hotel over the y, inclined strongly to that opinion to-night when I ordered to prepare the banquet. It 's a popular prejudice, Mar-oness; and yet I am sure I do n't know why, for I have been sted in my time to a considerable amount, and I can safely that I never forsook my trust until it deserted me — never. . Brass is of the same opinion, I suppose?"

His friend nodded again, with a cunning look which seemed int that Mr. Brass held stronger opinions on the subject than sister; and seeming to recollect herself, added imploringly, ut do n't you ever tell upon me, or I shall be beat to death."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, rising, "the word of a tleman is as good as his bond — sometimes better, as in the ent case, where his bond might prove a doubtful sort of secur- I am your friend, and I hope we shall play many more rub- together in this same saloon. But, Marchioness," added ard, stopping in his way to the door, and wheeling slowly nd upon the small servant, who was following with the candle; occurs to me that you must be in the constant habit of airing eye at keyholes, to know all this."

"I only wanted," replied the trembling Marchioness, "to w where the key of the safe was hid; that was all; and I ld n't have taken much, if I had found it — only enough to nch my hunger."

"You did n't find it then?" said Dick. "But of course you n't, or you'd be plumper. Good night, Marchioness. Fare well — and if for ever, then for ever, fare thee well."

— *Charles Dickens.*

## TULKINGHORN, THE LAWYER, AND MADEMOI SELLE HORTENSE

Mr. Tulkinghorn, the Lawyer, smoke-dried and faded, dwell ing among mankind, but not consorting with them, aged withou experience of genial youth, and so long used to make his crampe nest in holes and corners of human nature that he had forgotten it broader and better range, comes sauntering home.

The lamplighter is skipping up and down his ladder on Mr Tulkinghorn's side of the fields, when that high priest of nobl mysteries arrives at his own dull court-yard. He ascends th door-steps, unlocks his door, gropes his way into his murky rooms lights his candles, and looks about him. He then takes a smal key from his pocket, unlocks a drawer in which there is anothe key, which unlocks a chest in which there is another, and so come to the cellar key, with which he prepares to descend to the region of old wine. He is going toward the door with a candle in hi hand, when a knock comes.

"Who 's this? — Ay, ay, Mistress, it 's you, is it? You ap pear at a good time. I have just been hearing of you. Now What do you want?"

He stands the candle on the chimney-piece, in the clerk hall, and taps his dry cheek with the key, as he addresses thes words of welcome to Mademoiselle Hortense. That feline per sonage, with her lips tightly shut, and her eyes looking out at hin sideways, softly closes the door before replying.

"I have had a great deal of trouble to find you, sir."

"*Have* you?"

"I have been here very often, sir. It has always been said t me, he is not at home, he is engage, he is this, he is that, he not for you."

"Quite right, and quite true."

"Not true. Lies!"

"Now, Mistress," says the lawyer, tapping the key hasti upon the chimney-piece, "if you have anything to say, say i say it."

"Sir, you have not use me well. You have been mean an shabby."

"Mean and shabby, eh?" returns the lawyer, rubbing h nose with the key.

"Yes. What is it that I tell you? Ycu know you have. You ave attraped me — catched me — to give you information; you ave asked me to show you the dress of mine my lady must have orn that night; you have prayed me to come in it here to meet iat boy — Say! Is it not?"

"You are a vixen, a vixen! — Well wench, well. I paid you."

"You paid me! Two sovereign! I have not change them, re-fuse them, I de-spise them, I throw them from me! Now! ou have paid me? Eh, my God, O yes!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn rubs his head with the key, while she enter-ains herself with a sarcastic laugh.

"You must be rich, my fair friend, to throw money about in iat way!"

"I *am* rich; I am very rich in hate. I hate my lady, of all iy heart. You know that."

"Know it? How should I know it?"

"Because you have known it perfectly, before you prayed ie to give you that information. Because you have known per-ctly that I was en-r-r-r-raged!"

"Oh! I knew that, did I?"

"Yes, without doubt. I am not blind. You have made ire of me because you knew that. You had reason! I det-est er."

"Having said this, have you anything else to say, Made-oiselle?"

"I am not yet placed. Place me well. Find me a good con-ition! If you cannot, or do not choose to do that, employ me to ursue her, to chase her, to disgrace and to dishonor her. I will elp you well, and with a good will. It is what *you* do. Do I ot know that?"

"You appear to know a good deal."

"Do I not? Is it that I am so weak as to believe, like a iild, that I come here in that dress to receive that boy, only to ecide a little bet, a wager? Eh, my God, O yes!"

"Now, let us see how this matter stands."

"Ah! Let us see."

"You come here to make a remarkably modest demand, which ou have just stated, and it not being conceded, you will come gain."

"And again, and yet again. And yet again. And many mes again. In effect, forever!"

"And not only here, but you will go to Mr. Snagsby's, too, perhaps? That visit not succeeding either, you will go again, perhaps?"

"And again. And yet again. And yet again. And many times again. In effect, forever!"

"Very well. Now, Mademoiselle Hortense, let me recommend you to take the candle and pick up that money of yours. I think you will find it behind the clerk's partition in the corner yonder."

She merely throws a laugh over her shoulder and stands her ground with folded arms.

"You will not, eh!"

"No, I will not!"

"So much the poorer you; so much the richer I! Look, Mistress, this is the key of my wine cellar. It is a large key, but the keys of prisons are larger. In this city there are houses of correction (where the treadmills are for women), the gates of which are very strong and heavy, and no doubt the keys, too. I am afraid a lady of your spirit and activity would find it an inconvenience to have one of those keys turned upon her for any length of time. What do you think?"

"I think that you are a miserable wretch."

"Probably, but I do n't ask what you think of myself. I ask what you think of the prison."

"Nothing. What does it matter to me?"

"Why, it matters this much, Mistress, the law is so despotic here, that it interferes to prevent any of our good English citizens from being troubled, even by a lady's visits, against his desire. And, on his complaining that he is so troubled, it takes hold of the troublesome lady, and shuts her up in prison under hard discipline. Turns the key upon her, Mistress." Illustrating with the cellar key.

"Truly! that is droll! But — my faith! — still what does it matter to me?"

"My fair friend, make another visit here, or at Mr. Snagsby's, and you shall learn."

"In that case you will send me to the prison, perhaps?"

"Perhaps.— In a word, Mistress, I am sorry to be impolite, but if you ever present yourself uninvited here — or there — again, I will give you over to the police. Their gallantry is great, but

ey carry troublesome people through the streets in an ignominious nner; strapped down on a board, my good wench."

"I will prove you, I will try if you dare to do it!"

"And if," pursues the lawyer, without minding her, "I place u in that good condition of being locked up in jail, it will be ne time before you find yourself at liberty again."

"I will prove you."

"And now," proceeds the lawyer, still without minding her, ou had better go. Think twice before you come here again."

"Think you twice two hundred times!"

"You were dismissed by your lady, you know," Mr. Tulkingrn observes, following her out upon the staircase, "as the most placable and unmanageable of women. Now turn over a new f, and take warning by what I say to you. For what I say I an; and what I threaten, I will do, Mistress."

"Oh! I will prove you — you miserable wretch — I will ve you."

When she is gone, he goes down to the cellar, and returning th his cobweb-covered bottle, devotes himself to a leisurely enyment of its contents.

— *Charles Dickens.*

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## THE MAN WITH ONE TALENT

The important events leading up to the Spanish-American ar are still fresh in our minds. We recall that when the nerican people began to realize the great suffering of the Cubans m Spanish oppression and cruelty, they were deeply stirred. me wished to aid the struggling patriots at once, but more ured lest we should plunge the nation into war. The great estion was: "What shall be done?" It was a time of inse anxiety, especially in our great eastern cities, Washington d New York. So great was the interest that a mass meeting s held Feb. 10, 1898, in Madison Square Garden, New York ty, to help set Cuba free. It was an unusual event. The eat crowd of eager listeners was deeply moved. After the eting everybody was talking of Cuba. The people pushed eir way out of the over-heated building into the snow and et of the street, or lingered to discuss the great issue.

In the excited crowd were many distinguished men. But

there was one man who, though unknown, might have attracted your attention. He was a young American who had spent six months in a Spanish prison, and who still bore the marks of suffering and hardship. His face was burned to a deep red by long exposure to the tropical sun, and his eyes were lighted by the fires of fever. He moved eagerly amongst the excited people, and listened closely to all he heard, as though trying to judge the effect of the meeting by the verdict of those about him. The words he heard seemed to clash with what he wished them to be, and the eager look on his face turned to one of doubt and disappointment. When he reached the sidewalk he stopped and stood as though waiting for someone.

Presently Senator Stanton, the speaker of the evening, with his Secretary, young Livingston, and three of his friends, came laughing and talking down the long corridor. Senator Stanton was a conspicuous figure at any time. The power and success in his face made men turn to look at him. He was the popular orator of the Senate, a typical politician, and closely associated with the great business interests of Wall Street. The young man pushed his way to his side.

"Senator Stanton, might I speak to you a moment? My name is Arkwright; I am just back from Cuba, and I want to thank you for that speech. No one has said anything about Cuba that compares with what you said tonight. You 'll forgive my stopping you; but I wanted to thank you. I feel it very much."

"I 'm glad you liked it, sir. The situation there is truly terrible. You have just returned, you say. Where were you — in Havana?"

"No, sir, in the other provinces. I 've been all over the Island. The truth has not been half told about Cuba. It is massacre there, not war. And what makes it worse, it is a massacre of the innocents. I wish I could tell you some of the terrible things I have seen."

"I 'd like to talk with you tomorrow, if you have nothing to do. I 'd like to go into this thing thoroughly."

"Ah, Mr. Stanton, if you would! If you would give me one hour I could tell you so much you could use. Or I could do better than that. I can take you there yourself, and then you could speak with authority — and you could free Cuba."

"We'll talk of that tomorrow. Come to lunch with me at ie at my apartments on Fifth Avenue."

The next day Arkwright was at Stanton's door promptly at ie o'clock, and after lunch presented his arguments to the nator.

"Now, Senator Stanton, I have marked on this map the aces you can visit in safety, and where you'll see the people u ought to see. At Havana you can visit the Americans im- isoned at Morro, and at Santa Clara you can see burning fields id houses, and men and women dying of fever. You can see en shot down in the open roads and while digging in the fields, id you can see over one hundred women imprisoned in one room ithout food, and eaten with small-pox. You can see Cuban isoners shot by a firing squad and know how these poor devils e. You can see all this in three weeks and be back to New ork in a month. By the time you return the people will be ger to hear what you have to say. It only means a month's ouble, and discomfort, and what is a month when it means mortality to you and life to thousands? Instead of a few ter-dinner speeches to please your friends, why not wring their earts and hold this thing up to them as it is, in all its horror; leeding, diseased, and naked, an offense to our humanity and our God."

"My dear fellow, what you say may all be true, but if I ere to tell the American people that I have seen American roperty in flames, American interests ruined, and that five times many women and children have died of fever and starvation Cuba as the Sultan has massacred in Armenia in two years, would mean war with Spain."

"Well, suppose it does? What of it? It's the right thing do."

"Well, I'll let you know tomorrow. If it is the right thing do, and I can do it, of course it must be done. I'll let you now tomorrow."

When Arkwright called on the morrow, Senator Stanton was ot at home, and the following day he was busy and could give nly a brief interview, stating that on account of unforeseen ircumstances he feared he should have to postpone his visit to Cuba indefinitely. Arkwright left the apartment with a sensa- ion of keen disappointment, so keen that it turned him ill and

dizzy. He felt that the great purpose of his life was being played with and put aside.

On returning to his room one afternoon he found this telegram. "Have arranged to leave for Tampa with you on Monday at midnight. Call for me at ten o'clock the same evening. Stanton."

Arkwright's heart leaped with joy. Clutching the paper in his hand he dropped to the floor, and wept out his thanks on his knees.

Arkwright was trembling with excitement as well as with cold and hunger when, promptly at ten o'clock, he stood again at Senator Stanton's door. A servant directed him to the dining-room, and as he stepped in he suddenly stopped, surprised and a little embarrassed. He was in the presence of a number of gentlemen seated at a long dining-table, who turned their heads as he entered, and peered at him through the smoke floating above the white cloth.

Senator Stanton's deep voice hailed Arkwright from the farther end of the room. "This way, Mr. Arkwright, I have a chair waiting for you here."

All of those at the table were twice Arkwright's age, except Livingston. One was still in his overcoat and held his hat in his hand. Stanton did not attempt to introduce Arkwright to his guests individually, but said: "Gentlemen, this is Mr. Arkwright of whom I have been telling you, the young man who has done such magnificent work for the cause of Cuba. I want to speak with you privately, Arkwright. Suppose we step into the next room. I 'll be back in a moment, gentlemen."

But the man on Stanton's right objected. "Oh, you won't take Mr. Arkwright away from us, Stanton. Sit down! Stay where you are!"

The man in the overcoat laughed. "He 's paying you a compliment, Mr. Arkwright."

"I — I do n't understand."

"It 's a compliment to your eloquence. He 's afraid to leave you alone with the Senator. Livingston has been telling us you 're a better speaker than Stanton."

Arkwright felt a sudden unreasoning fear of these strong-featured, serene, and confident men about him. They seemed to

making him the subject of jest. He turned a pale face towards anton.

"You do n't mean that — that you are not going? Tell me! that what you wanted to say?"

"I 'm very sorry, Mr. Arkwright, but I 'm afraid I 'll have disappoint you. Reasons which I cannot now explain have sen which make my going impossible — quite impossible — not ly now but later."

Arkwright twisted in his chair and sat staring ahead of him. e felt the muscles of his face twitching and the tears coming o his eyes. He saw a sideboard before him, and a servant was ranging some silver on one of the shelves. But beyond the leboard he saw the sun shining down on the island of Cuba; saw the royal palms waving and bending, the dusty columns Spanish infantry crawling along white roads, and leaving smok- g huts and burning cane-fields in their wake; he heard the der given to the firing squad, and the splash of bullets as they ttered the plaster on prison walls, and he saw a kneeling figure ch forward on its face.

"Arkwright, Arkwright! I 'm more than sorry, but you ust n't blame me altogether. I wanted to go; I really wanted go. It seemed as if I owed it to myself to go; but they were o many for me. You know who they are, do n't you? They e party leaders, men prominent in Wall Street and at the head great trusts. They have enormous interests at stake, and are raid I would drag them into war and injure their business. I 'm der obligation to most of them; they have advised me in finan- al matters, and threatened to make it unpleasant for me. I ve a great sympathy for those poor women and children; but mpathy is an expensive luxury, I 'm afraid."

"Stand back, do n't talk to me like that! You know I do n't derstand that! Wall Street — trusts — party leaders — the ords do n't touch me." (Looks at men about him.) "Yes, u are twelve to one. You have won a noble victory, gentle- en, I congratulate you! You are like a ring of gamblers about gambling table, who see nothing but the piles of money before em, who forget in watching the money rise and fall that out- de the sun is shining, that human beings are sick and suffering, at men are giving their lives for an idea, for a sentiment, for a ag. You are the money changers in the temple of this great

republic, and the day will come, I pray God, when you will l scourged and driven out with whips. Do you think you ca form combines and deals that will cheat you into heaven? Ca your 'trusts' save your souls? Is Wall Street the straight an narrow way to salvation?"

The men about the table leaned back and stared at Arkwrigl in amazement. The political leader broke the silence with a lo aside to Stanton. "Does the gentleman belong to the Salvatio Army?"

"What! How dare you sneer at me? You can crack you whip over Stanton's head and turn him from what in his hea and conscience he knows is right; you can crack your whip ov the men who call themselves free-born American citizens, an who have made you their boss — sneer at them if you like — bu you have no collar on my neck. If you are a leader, why do n you lead your people to what is good and noble? Why do yo stop this man in the work God has sent him here to do? Senato Stanton, what have you done with your talents? What have yo done with your talents?"

The man in the overcoat struck the table with his fist so tha the glasses rang. "By God! I call him a better speaker tha Stanton. Livingston's right. He's better than Stanton — bu he lacks Stanton's knack of making himself popular."

"Are you mad, Arkwright? You have no right to insult m guests or me. Be calm, control yourself."

"Yes, I am mad. They've won and I've lost. And it drov me beside myself. I counted on you, Stanton, I'll not troubl you again. I wish you good night, and good-bye."

"Wait, where are you going? Will you still —"

"Yes, I have just time to catch our train — my train, I mean Come! What can you say when they ask, 'what have you don with your talents?'"

"Good God, Arkwright, don't talk like a hymn-book, an don't make another scene. What you ask is impossible. Tel me what I can do, and —"

"Come! The world may judge you by what you do tonight."

Stanton looked at the boy for a moment with strained an eager scrutiny, and then turned away. Arkwright passed aroun the table, and out of the room.

A month later as the senator was passing through the readin

room of the club, Livingston beckoned to him, and handing him an afternoon paper pointed at this paragraph in silence:

"The body of Henry Arkwright, an American civil engineer, was brought to Sagua today by a Spanish column. It was found lying in the road three miles beyond the line of forts. The body has been handed over to the American Consul for burial. It was badly mutilated."

For a moment Stanton stood staring out of the window at the falling snow, and the lights of the avenue. "Poor fellow," he said, "he wanted so much to help them, and he did n't accomplish a thing, did he?"

Livingston stared at the older man and laughed shortly.

"Well, I do n't know," he said. "He died. Some of us only live. Ever think of that? Some of us only live!"

— *Richard Harding Davis.*

# GAYETY

In this class of selections the same suggestions that were made on the subject of common reading are pertinent and practical. However, greater variety of intonation, a quicker movement, and a higher pitch, are required. Flexibility of voice is indispensable, so that the slides of the fifth and octave may be easily reached, while the voice remains free from strain and harshness.

## GAY AND ANIMATED SELECTIONS

### THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,—
  A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
  In vacant or in pensive mood
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— *William Wordsworth.*

## CUPID SWALLOWED

T' other day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,—
The tiny traitor,— Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d' ye think I did? — I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings,
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

— *Leigh Hunt.*

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## THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

O the South Wind and the Sun!
How each loved the other one —
  Full of fancy — full of folly —
Full of jollity and fun!
How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
  With glowing face, and lisping lip,
Low laugh, and lifted shout!

And the South Wind — he was dressed
With a ribbon round his breast
  That floated, flapped and fluttered
In a riotous unrest;
And a drapery of mist,
From the shoulder and the wrist
  Flowing backward with the motion
Of the waving hand he kissed.

And the Sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistle-down,
  And a scarf of velvet vapor,
And a raveled-rainbow gown;

And his tinsel-tangled hair,
Tossed and lost upon the air,
  Was glossier and flossier
Than any anywhere.

And the South Wind's eyes were two
Little dancing drops of dew,
  As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips
And blew, and blew, and blew!
And the Sun's — like diamond-stone,
Brighter yet than ever known,
  As he knit his brows and held his breath,
And shone, and shone, and shone!

And this pair of merry fays
Wandered through the summer days;
  Arm in arm they went together
Over heights of morning haze —
Over slanting slopes of lawn
They went on, and on, and on,
  Where the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn.

And where'er they found the top
Of a wheat-stalk droop and lop,
  They chucked it underneath the chin
And praised the lavish crop,
Till it lifted with the pride
Of the heads it grew beside,
  And then the South Wind and the Sun
Went onward satisfied.

And the humming-bird, that hung
Like a jewel up among
  The tilted honeysuckle-horns,
They mesmerized, and swung
In the palpitating air,
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,
  And, with whispered laughter, slipped away
And left him hanging there.

By the brook with mossy brink,
Where the cattle came to drink,
  They trilled, and piped, and whistled
With the thrush and bobolink,
Till the kine, in listless pause,
Switched their tails in mute applause,
  With lifted head and dreamy eyes,
And bubble-dripping jaws.

And where the melons grew,
Streaked with yellow, green, and blue,
  These jolly sprites went wandering
Through spangled paths of dew.
And the melons, here and there,
They made love to, everywhere,
  Turning their pink souls to crimson
With caresses fond and fair.

Over orchard walls they went,
Where the fruited boughs were bent
  Till they brushed the sward beneath them
Where the shine and shadow blent;
And the great green pear they shook
Till the sallow hue forsook
  Its features, and the gleam of gold
Laughed out in every look.

And they stroked the downy cheek
Of the peach, and smoothed it sleek,
  And flushed it into splendor;
And, with many an elfish freak,
Gave the russet's rust a wipe —
Prankt the rambo with a stripe,
  And the winesap blushed its reddest
As they spanked the pippins ripe.

And the golden-banded bees,
Droning o'er the flowery leas,
  They bridled, reined, and rode away
Across the fragrant breeze,

Till in hollow oak and elm
They had groomed and stabled them
  In waxen stalls that oozed with dews
Of rose and lily stem.

Where the dusty highway leads,
High above the wayside weeds,
  They sowed the air with butterflies
Like blooming flower-seeds,
Till the dull grasshopper sprung
Half a man's height up, and hung
  Tranced in the heat, with whirring wings,
And sung, and sung, and sung!

And they heard the killdee's call,
And afar, the waterfall,
  But the rustle of a falling leaf
They heard above it all;
And the trailing willow crept
Deeper in the tide that swept
  The leafy shallop to the shore,
And wept, and wept, and wept!

And the fairy vessel veered
From its moorings — tacked and steered
  For the center of the current —
Sailed away and disappeared:
And the burthen that it bore
From the long-enchanted shore —
  "Alas! the South Wind and the Sun!"
I murmur evermore.

For the South Wind and the Sun,
Each so loves the other one,
  For all his jolly folly,
And frivolity and fun,
That our love for them they weigh
As their fickle fancies may,
  And when at last we love them most,
They laugh and sail away.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

## SONG OF THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges,

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

— *Lord Tennyson.*

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## FEZZIWIG'S BALL

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and ask Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wi sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inch taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scroo cried in great excitement: "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bl his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the cloc which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; a justed his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, fro his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfo

ble, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: "Yo ho there! Ebenezer. ick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young an, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. My old fellow-prentice, bless me, yes. There he is. He was ry much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-ght. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer. Let 's have e shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear vay, my lads, and let 's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they would n't have cleared vay, or could n't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking n. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was vept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon e fire; and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and ight a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's ght.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty sk, and made an orchestra of it, tuned like fifty stomach-hes. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In me the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came e six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all e young men and women employed in the business. In came e house maid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, ith her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came ne after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some vkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, any-ow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; nds half round and back again the other way; down the mid-e and up again; round and round in various stages of affection-e grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong ace; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; l top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When is result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged is hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that pur-ose.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more

dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Col Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But th great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, whe the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverly." Then old Fe ziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, to with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four an twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many,— four times,— old Fe ziwig would have been a match for them and so would Mr Fezziwig. As to *her,* she was worthy to be his partner in eve sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezz wig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. Yo could n't have predicted, at any given time, what would becom of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig ha gone all through the dance,— advance and retire, turn you partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and bac again to your place,— Fezziwig "cut," — cut so deftly, that h appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke u Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either sid the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as h or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. Whe everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the sam to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the la were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the bac shop.

— *Charles Dickens.*

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## THE BALLAD OF THE BROOK

Oh, it was a dainty maid that went a-maying in the morn,
A dainty, dainty maiden of degree;
The ways she took were merry, and the ways she missed forlor
And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

The little leaves above her loved the dainty, dainty maid,
The little winds they kissed her, every one;
At the nearing of her little feet the flowers were not afraid,
And the water lay a-wimpling in the sun.

the dainty, dainty maid to the borders of the brook,
ingered down as lightly as the breeze;
the shy water-spiders quit their scurrying to look,
nd the happy water whispered to the trees.

was fain to cross the brook, was the dainty, dainty maid,
ut first she lifted up her elfin eyes
see if there were cavalier or clown anear to aid,
nd the water-bubbles blinked in surprise.

brook bared its pebbles to persuade her dainty feet,
ut the dainty, dainty maid was not content;
had spied a simple country lad (for dainty maid unmeet),
nd the shy water twinkled as it went.

he simple lad drew nigh, then this dainty, dainty maid,
h, maidens, well you know how it was done!
d a-gazing at her feet, until he saw she was afraid
f the water there a-wimpling in the sun.

v that simple lad had in him all the making of a man,
nd he stammered, "I had better lift you over."
the dainty, dainty maid, "Do you really think you can?"
nd the water hid its laughter in the clover.

ie carried her across, with his honest eyes cast down,
nd his foolish heart a-quaking with delight,
the maid, she looked him over with her elfin eyes of brown,
nd the limpid water giggled at his plight.

reached the other side; he sat down the dainty maid;
ut he trembled so he could n't speak a word;
n the dainty, dainty maid, "Thank you, sir! Good-day!" she
said,
nd the water-bubbles chuckled as they heard.

she tripped away so lightly, a-maying in the morn,
hat dainty, dainty maiden of degree;
she left the simple country lad a-sighing and forlorn,
Vhere the mocking water twinkled to the sea.

— *Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven.
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

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## COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet,
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;

But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

— *Lord Tennyson.*

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## THE CHEAP JACK

I am a Cheap Jack, and my father's name was Willum Mari. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was Iliam, but my father always consistently said, No, it was Wil-. On which point I content myself with looking at the argu- this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery? I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at time. The doctor being a very kind gentleman, and accepting

no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude compliment to him. There you have me Doctor Marigold.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you 'll guess that father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. A my father was a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack w Now I 'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave dec ing that, of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap J calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why a we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take ou hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the polit hawkers? Where 's the difference betwixt us? Except that we Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks. I do n't see any differe but what 's in our favor.

For look here! Say it 's election time. I am on the footbo of my cart in the market place on a Saturday night. I put u general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here my free and ir pendent woters, I 'm a going to give you such a chance as you ne had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now show you what I am going to do with you. Here 's a pair razors that 'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardia here 's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here 's a frying- artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree t you 've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and d ping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you knock at the door with it when you come home late from a so meeting, and rouse your wife and family and save up your knoc for the postman; and here 's half a dozen dinner-plates that may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it 's fracti Stop. I 'll throw you in another article, and I 'll give you t and it 's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well i its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with they 'll come through double, in a fit of laughter, equal to be tickled. Stop again! I 'll throw you in another article, beca I do n't like the looks of you, for you have n't the appearance buyers unless I lose by you, and because I 'd rather lose than take money to-night, and that article 's a looking-glass, in wh you may see how ugly you look when you do n't bid. What you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for have n't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you

e to the tally-man. Well, then, I 'll tell you what I 'll do with
. I 'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart,— there they
! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates,
ing-pin, and looking-glass,— take 'em all away for four shil-
s, and I 'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me,
Cheap Jack.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did in
d. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich
ket-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had no-
d her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating
nly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself: "If not
ady disposed of, I 'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come,
tched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather
eed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting
the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket
nall lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking
at the window where she was): "Now here, my blooming
glish maidens, is a article, the last article of the present even-
's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings
ng over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand
nd for, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why I 'll tell
what it is. It 's made of fine gold, and it 's not broke, though
re 's a hole in the middle of it, and it 's stronger than any fet-
that ever was forged, though it 's smaller than any finger in
set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over
property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve
els, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve
le spoons, and twelve teaspoons, but my set of fingers was two
rt of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what
is it? Come, I 'll tell you. It 's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped
silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the
r beautiful old lady in Threadneedle Street, London city.
would n't tell you so if I had n't the paper to show, or you
ght n't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It 's a
n-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in
d and all in one. Now what else is it? It 's a wedding ring.
w I 'll tell you what I 'm a going to do with it. I 'm not go-
to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next
you beauties that laughs, and I 'll pay her a visit to-morrow
rning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and

I 'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laug and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the m ing, she says, " O dear! It 's never you, and you never mean " It 's ever me," says I, " and I 'm ever yours, and I ever mean So we got married, after being put up three times,— which the by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once r how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She was n't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she c have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I would n't l swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in Engl Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till died, and that was thirteen years. Now, my lords and ladies gentlefolks all, I 'll let you into a secret, though you won't lieve it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you There 's thousands of couples among you, getting on like swee upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jol makes it worse, I do n't undertake to decide, but in a cart it come home to you and stick to you. Wiolence in a cart is so v lent, and aggrawation in a cart is so aggrawating.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I Before she broke out he would give a howl, and bolt. How knew it was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowle of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he wo give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

— *Charles Dickens.*

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## RIDING DOWN

Oh, did you see him riding down,
And riding down while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout?
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags?
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew.

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there?
One little lass amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass.

And did you see him smiling down?
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted, red and white,—
Turned red and white with sheer delight
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came like sudden flame,—
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh, all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair beyond compare
Beamed out upon him riding there.

Each face was like a radiant gem,—
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came like sudden flame;
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face;
He turned to me, to only me,—
The little lass who blushed to see.

—*Nora Perry.*

# HUMOR

The upper tones of the voice are peculiarly those of Humor. A sudden flight on the musical scale, from a comparatively low note to a very high one, is usually provocative of mirth.

The greatest possible variety of intonation, united with an airiness of movement and an approach to a laughing utterance are the principal requirements of Humorous Reading.

## HUMOROUS SELECTIONS

### HENRY V.'S WOOING

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*—*King Henry, Katherine, and Alice her Gentlewoman.*

*King Henry.* Fair Katherine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath. Pardonnez moy,* I cannot tell vat is — like me.

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

*Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

*Alice. Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit-il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceit?

*Alice. Ouy;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de Princess.

*K. Hen.* The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, ate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou nst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst id me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold y farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, it directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me further an to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me our answer; I' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How y you, lady?

*Kath. Sauf vostre Honneur,* me understand well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance r your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have ither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could in a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my mor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, should quickly leap into a wife; or, if I might buffet for my ve, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a itcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, ate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I ve no cunning in protestation; only down-right oaths, which I ever use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst ve a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-rning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees ere, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier; thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee at I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet love thee, too. And, while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee ght, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for ese fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into dies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg ill fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye ill wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the oon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, id never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would ave such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a oldier, take a king; and what say'st thou then to my love? peak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy* (let me see what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath. Sauf vostre Honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l' Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me, and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate (as I have a saving faith within me tells thou shalt), I get thee with scambling. But what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise. How answer you, *la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très chère et divin désse?*

*Kath.* Your *Majesté* have *fausee* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French. By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me thou dost, not

withstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old time, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless my ears withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine. Who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, Queen of all Katherines, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please de *Roy mon père.*

*K. Hen.* Nay it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you — my queen.

— *William Shakespeare.*

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## WIDOW MALONE

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts:
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone
'T was known!
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare,
(How quare!
It 's little for blushing they care
Down there.)
Put his arm round her waist,—
Gave ten kisses at laste,—
" O," says he, " you 're my Molly Malone,
My own!"
" O," says he, " you 're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,—
For why?
But, " Lucius," says she,
" Since you 've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There 's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it 's not very long,
But strong.
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they 're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O they 're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

— *Charles Lever.*

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## THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

I was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I 'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman and to himself said he:
"I guess I 'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,— and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"O what was that, my daughter?"
"T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It 's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that 's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"Now bring me my harpoo
I 'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weed on a cla

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoun
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowne
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## THE LOW-BACKED CAR

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day:
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town.
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart,
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
  Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
  By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
  Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
  Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
    And envy the chicken
    That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I 'd rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold *galore,*
  And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
  On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
  With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar;
    O, my heart would beat high
    At her glance and her sigh,—
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

— *Samuel Lover.*

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## THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK

n the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
aint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
/hile others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
nd 't was all a mistake between midnight and morn;
or mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
nd some blamed the baby — and some blamed the clock —
'ill with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday.
Some fought for the eighth,— for the ninth more would die,
And who would n't see right, sure they blackened his eye!
At last, both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, " No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, " Boys, do n't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
Do n't be always dividin'— but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday,"—" Amen," says the clerk.
" If he was n't a twins, sure our history will show
That, at least, he 's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk — which complated their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

— *Samuel Lover.*

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## THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in —
There war n't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rozy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On such a blesséd creetur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed 'sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu.
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wall . . . No . . . I come designin'"—
"To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer 's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or do n't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister,"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'roun the lips
  An' teary 'roun the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  An gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

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## KITTY OF COLERAINE

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
  With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
  And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now? — 't was looking at you now!
  Sure, sure, such a pitcher I 'll ne'er meet again!
'T was the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
  You 're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
  That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
  She vowed for such pleasure she 'd break it again.

'T was hay-making season — I can't tell the reason —
  Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
  The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

— *Charles Dawson Shanly.*

## OUR GUIDE IN GENOA AND ROME

European guides know about enough English to tangle eve thing up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. Th know their story by heart,— the history of every statue, paintir cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it a tell it as a parrot would,— and if you interrupt, and throw the off the track they have to go back and begin over again. All th lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to fo eigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absu ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be t first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passi it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to sho to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstacies admiration. He gets so that he could not by any possibility li in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstacies a more,— we never admired anything,— we never showed any b impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the su limest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their wea point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have ma some of these people savage, at times, but we have never lost o serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can kee his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and thro more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that live It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an America party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much i sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guid there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. H was full of animation,— full of impatience. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen! — come! I show you ze lette writing by Christopher Colombo! — write it himself! — write i wis his own hand! — come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressiv fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged docu

ent was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced out us and tapped the parchment with his finger: —

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! hand-iting Christopher Colombo! — write it himself!"

We looked indifferent,— unconcerned. The doctor examined e document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he d, without any show of interest,—

"Ah,— Ferguson,— what — what did you say was the name the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,— did he write it himself, or, or — how?"

"He write it himself! — Christopher Colombo! he's own ndwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old at could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo — "

"I do n't care who it is! It 's the worst writing I ever saw. ow you must n't think you can impose on us because we are rangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any ecimens of penmanship of real mérit, trot them out! — and if u have n't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he ade one more venture. He had something which he thought ould overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, , magnificent bust Christopher Colombo! — splendid, grand, agnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,— for it *was* beauti-l,— and sprang back and struck an attitude: —

"Ah, look, genteelmen! — beautiful, grand,— bust Christo-ıer Colombo! — beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass,— procured for such occa-ons: —

"Ah,— what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,— the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America! — discover America, O, ze devil!"

"Discover America. No,— that statement will hardly wa We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about Christopher Colombo,— pleasant name,— is — is he dead?"

"O, corpo di Baccho! — three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,— I do not know *what* he die o

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,— maybe. I do *not* know,— I think he die of som things."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,— which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria! — *zis* ze bust! — *zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see — happy combination,— very happy comb nation indeed. Is — is this the first time this gentleman was ev on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner,— guides cannot mast the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yeste day we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wo derful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing inte est sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. W succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museum The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs o nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his i genuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any intere in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his grea est wonder till the last,— a royal Egyptian mummy, the best pr served in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sur this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, genteelmen! — Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,— Ferguson,— what did I understand you to say th gentleman's name was?"

"Name? — he got no name! Mummy! — 'Gyptian mun my!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. *'Gyptian* mummy."

" Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

" No! — *not* Frenchman, not Roman! — born in Egypta!"

" Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign lity, likely. Mummy, — mummy. How calm he is, how self- essed! Is — ah! — is he dead?"

" O, *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely: —

" Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Play- us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! ing to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!* Thunder lightning! I 've a notion to — to — If you 've got a nice *h* corpse, fetch him out! — or, by George, we 'll brain you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. How- r, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as l as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know ch persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest t it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long- ering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with . We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has oyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

— *Samuel L. Clemens.*

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## THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST

On the Sunday in question, Father Phil intended delivering address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the neces- of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which s in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain ough its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary: and raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. e weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favor- e to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments ough the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most con- cing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they ssed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were roved very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the ss. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious

places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Fa
was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people
pair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of
altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent
to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven
address her thus: —

"*Agnus Dei* — You'd betther jump over the rails of the alth
I think. Go along out o' that; there 's plenty o' room in the ch
below there —"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the serv
till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh
fender.

"*Orate fratres!* — Will you mind what I say to you,
go along out of that, there 's room below there. Thrue for y
Mrs. Finn,— it 's a shame for him ter be thramplin' on you.
along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain,— it 's a
you have n't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed! — *Or
fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of f
edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backw
glance, he would say,—

"I hear you there,— can't you be quiet, and not be disturb
my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted h
He looked round quickly —

"You 'd betther kill the child, I think, thramplin' on h
Lavery. Go out o' that,— your conduct is scandalous — *Domi
vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an
terval in the service to address his congregation on the subject
the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of s
scribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by w
of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil,—"here it is, and no deny
it,— down in black and white; but if they who give are down
black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! I
I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up th
to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house
God. And is n't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to l

house in such a condition? and does n't it rain a'most every day, as if He wished to remind you of your duty? — are n't wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? O, God is good to you! ut you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowlds you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to and so you 'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven nst you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your s, and behind your backs, too; for do n't I see this minit a me o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky kavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who ainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, oving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *he might reprove it.* "Laughing is it you are, at your back- ngs and insensibility to the honor of God,— laughing because n you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet, how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts n the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure ve no chance of turning your hearts while you are under rain might turn a mill,— but once put a good roof on the house, I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it 's Father Dominick would like to have coming among you, who would grind your ts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur lissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you would n't it, I see,— very well, very well,— take care then, for I find insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands our pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor no tongue in his head! I say your mild, quiet, poor fool of a hor (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and an't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I h it was sugar or salt that you are made of, and then the rain ht melt you if I could n't; but no, them naked rafters grins in r face to no purpose,— you chate the house of God,— but take e, maybe you won't chate the Divil so aisy." (Here there was a sation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it?

More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of m and depend on something better,— but I see I must call you t sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and roof over you. O dear! dear! dear! I 'm ashamed of you,— thro if I had time and sthraw enough, I 'd rather thatch the place r self than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more l a stable than a chapel. O, think of that! — the house of God be like a stable! — for though our Redeemer was born in a stal that is no reason why you are to keep His house always like o

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it w make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good a worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who h given more than the Catholics."

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

*For the Repairs and Enlargement of Ballyslough-Gutthery Chap*

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hickey, £0 7*s.* 6*d.* "He might as well have made ten shillings; but half a loaf is betther than no bread."

"Plaze your Reverence," says Mick, from the body of t chapel, "sure seven and a sixpence is more than half of ten sh lings." (A laugh.)

"O, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers well as your arithmetic, it would be betther for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3*s.* 4*d.* "Of course he means to subscr again?"

John Dwyer, £0 15*s.* "That 's something like! I 'll be bou he 's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full paint for the althar; it 's as black as a crow, instead o' being a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follov

Peter Hefferman, £0 1*s.* 8*d.*

James Murphy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mat Donovan, £0 1*s.* 3*d.*

Luke Dannelly, £0 3*s.* 0*d.*

Jack Quigly, £0 2*s.* 1*d.*

Pat Finnegan, £0 2*s.* 2*d.*

EDWARD O'CONNOR, ESQ., £2 0*s.* 0*d.* "There 's for you! E ward O'Connor, Esq.,— *a Protestant in the parish,* — two pound

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I 'm not ashamed to be clerk so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Young Nick is betther n owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7*s.* 4*d.*

Owny Doyle, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "Well done, Owny na Coppal,— deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2*s.* 6*d*; Bridget Murphy, £0 10*s.* 0*d.* "You ght to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon; a lone widow-woman gives re than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no ildren."

"That 's not her fault," said the priest,—"and maybe she 'll nd o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow s buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and, by all counts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the rish.

Judy Moylan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Very good, Judy; the women are having like gentlemen; they 'll have their reward in the next orld."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8*s.* 4*d.* "I 'm not sure if it is 8*s.* 4*d* or . 4*d.*, for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8*s.* 4*d.*"

"It was three and fourpence I gave your Reverence," said Pat om the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you would n't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would,— that 's the rule of backgammon, you know, at. When I hit the mark, you pay for it."

Here his Reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, d called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Where are you, afferty?"

An old, gray-headed man appeared bearing a large plate, and ather Phil continued,—

"There, now, be active — I 'm sending him among you, good ople, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be ad before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the pairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of en-

couragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Ega Long life to him!"

SQUIRE EGAN, £5 0s. 0d. "Squire Egan — five pounds — I ten to that — *a Protestant in the Parish!* — five pounds! Fai the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you do take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0s. 0d. "Not her own parish, either, a kind lady."

James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1 0s. 0d. "And here I mu remark that the people of Roundtown has not been backward coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roun town,— I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a gre pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the m extraordinary manner: "James Milligan, of Roundtown, o pound; Darby Daly, of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnigan, Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one tow Kit Dwyer, of Townpound, one round — pound, I mane; P Roundpound — Pounden, I mane — Pat Pounden a pound Poundtown also — there 's an example for you! —

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I do n't like the sou of that plate of yours,— you are not a good gleaner,— go up fi into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets, I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of t rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they do n I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver read them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty —Well, good Christia here is more of the subscription for you."

Matthew Lavery, £0 2s. 6d. "*He* does n't belong to Roun town,— Roundtown will be renowned in the future ages for t support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosp from this day out,— Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2s. 6d.; Luke Clancy, £0 2s. 6d.; Jo Doolin, £0 2s. 6d. "One would think they all agreed only give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, to And look at their names,— Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings amo them! O, they are apostles not worthy the name,— we 'll call the the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran throu the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, a John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (He the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I 'll make it ten illin's, your Reverence."

"Who 's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your Reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke and John will llow your example?"

"We will, your Reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we 'll call you now the ithful apostles,— and I think the change in the name is better an seven and sixpence apiece to you.

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass at well-dressed woman for? thry back — Ha! see that, she had r money ready if you only asked her fot it,— do n't go by that her woman there — O ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? ou ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with 1 elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well, ow,— after that remember,— I give it from the althar, that from is day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "It 's not his parish, and he 's brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "*A Protestant, out of the irish,* and a sweet young lady, God bless her! O faith, the Protes-nts is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, £0 7*s.* 6*d.* "Very good indeed, for a work-g mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Not bad for a hedge carpenther."

"I gave you ten, plaze your Reverence," shouted Jemmy, and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil, "I put a little cross fore it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick ll when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther: and indeed my-lf does n't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the tar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "O, that as the very five shillings, I 'm sure, you gave to me that very day, buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she oke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental

proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as affectionate murmur began to arise above the silence which th emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that alt where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Pro dence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a has "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands l flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took pla The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription l had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and th same multitude stood in altered relations,— *they* were again reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natur play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a mome in the sacredness of his office; and with a solemnity befitting t highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his brea and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voi with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call f prayer, *"Orate, fratres!"*

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, li the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and wh Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelin found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are not of unfrequent occurren in Ireland,— that country so long suffering, so much maligne and so little understood.

— *Samuel Lover.*

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## A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH

An enthusiastic French student of Shakespeare thus commer on the tragedy of Macbeth: —

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is gr-r-aä-nd — my terieuse — soo-blime! You 'ave reads ze Macabess? — ze sce of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch — eh? Superb sooblimité W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-roynt ze, Vitch!' she go awa but what she *say* when she go away? She say she will do s'omesi dat aves got no naäme! 'Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aä

ut ze tail *but* I 'll do! I 'll *do!* I 'll DO!' *W'at* she do? Ah, —voila le graand mystérieuse Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! She *ay* what she do!"

This *was* "grand," to be sure; but the prowess of Macbeth, is "bout" with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial French-'s martial ardor: —

'Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by; he say (proud *essement*), '*Come o-o-n,* Mossieu' Macduffs, and d — d be who first say *Enoffs!*' Zen zey fi-i-ght — moche. Ah, ha! oila! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-ight r-r-apier 'pink' vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he vis grand simplicité, '*Enoffs!*' What *for* he say 'Enoffs?' se he *got* enoffs — plaänty; and he *ex*pire, r-r-ight away, iately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is g man in La Belle France!"

— *Anonymous.*

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## THE WHITE SQUALL

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,—
I envied their disporting,—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle, pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.

In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored,
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered,—
Jews black and brown and gray.
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking,—
Their dirty saucepans cooking,—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were,—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,
Enormous wide their breeks were,—
Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles of those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling;
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia bowling,
Before the break of day,—
When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,

And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.

Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt and moaned and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorrored;
And, shrieking and bewildering,

The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them;
And they called upon the Prophet,
Who thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins;)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the white squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember,
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished.

And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we 've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter:

For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "George, some brandy and water."

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

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## LARRIE O'DEE

Now the widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
d two little cottages out on the green,
th just room enough for two pig-pens between.
e widow was young and the widow was fair,
th the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
d it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
th the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn.
d some of the ears that he tossed from his hand,
the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Misthress McGee,
s a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
d a fancy petition betwane our two pigs!"
ıdade sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee,
th the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.

"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel petition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?
Och! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the cracl
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe;
An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she;
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I 'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;
But if I 'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

—*W. W. Fink.*

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## WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it 's then 's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,

As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds, and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin''s over, and your wimmern-folks is through,
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too!

I don't know how to tell it — but ef sich a thing could
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they 'd call around
*me* —
I 'd want to 'commodate 'em — all the whole-indu
flock —
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in
shock.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

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## THE FOXES' TAILS

(SCOTCH DIALECT)

*Minister.* Weel, Sandy, man; and how did ye like the sern
the day?

*Precentor.* Eh?

*Minister.* I say, how did ye like the sermon?

*Precentor.* Oh, the sermon — weel — a — a — the sermon
'od — a — I maist forget how I likit it.

*Minister.* D'ye no mind the sermon, Sandy?

*Precentor.* Weel — I — wadna jeest like to say that I dic
mind it, but —

*Minister.* D'ye no mind the text, then?

*Precentor.* Ou, ay — I mind the text weel aneuch — ay
mind the text.

*Minister.* Well, d'ye no mind the sermon?

*Precentor.* Bide a meenit, bide a meenit — I 'm thinkin'
Hoots, ay! I mind the sermon noo — ay, I mind it fine.

*Minister.* What d'ye mind about it?

*Precentor.* Weel — weel — ye said the world was lyin'
wickedness.

*Minister.* Toots, man! any fule kens that. What did
think o' the discourse as a whole?

*Precentor.* I thocht it was owre lang.

*Minister.* Tut — tut — tut! Weel, what did ye think o't
the abstract?

*Precentor.* The abstract — weel, I thocht the abstract v
rather drumlie noo and then, as a whole, like.

*Minister.* Man, d'ye understand your ain language? I a

u, what was your opeenion o' the nature — the gist, the pith, the rrow o' the discourse?

*Precentor.* Ay, jeest that — weel, it was — it was evangelical.

*Minister.* Evangelical! of course it was evangelical — was't more than that?

*Precentor.* Ou, ay, it was gey an' conneckit.

*Minister.* You thickhead! Was the sermon good, bad, or in-ferent — there, can ye fathom that?

*Precentor.* Oh! that 's what ye 've been speirin' aboot a' the ne, is't? What for did ye no speak plain afore? Weel, it was gude sermon — 'deed it was the best I ever heard ye preach.

*Minister.* Hoot toot! Sandy, now you 're gaun owre far.

*Precentor.* Aweel, aweel, I never saw sae few folk sleepin' ore.

*Minister.* Oh! and are you in the habit, Sir, o' fallin' asleep ring my pulpit ministrations?

*Precentor.* I wadna say but what I tak a blink noo and then.

*Minister.* Oh! but still ye thought it was a good sermon?

*Precentor.* Ay, it was a hantle better than the lave.

*Minister.* I 'm much obleeged to you, Sandy, for your gude inion.

*Precentor.* You 're perfectly welcome. But, at the same time, ye 'll excuse me, I would jeest like to make one observation aboot e discoorse the day — and in fac' aboot a' yer discoorses.

*Minister.* Ay, what 's that?

*Precentor.* Weel, it 's raither a venturesome pint tae handle; t, if ye 'll forgie the freedom, I was jeest gaun to say that in ur discoorse the day — we 'll no gang ony farther than the one e day — in the midst o't, like — when ye was on the tap o' an stration — it struck me that every noo and then — but ye 'll feel offended at what I 'm gaun to say?

*Minister.* Say awa, man, and I 'll tell ye after.

*Precentor.* Ay, weel, in your discoorse the day — every noo d again — in the midst o't, like — when ye was expleenin' some tle pint out o' the Scriptures — or when ye was in the heat o' an yment, or that — or else when ye — a — but noo, ye 're sure 'll no be offended?

*Minister.* Ye donnart idiot! wull ye either say what ye 've tten to say, or else lit it alane?

*Precentor.* I 'm coming to the pint directly. All I was gaun

to say was jeest this, that every noo and then in your discoorse t day — I dinna say oftener than noo and then — jeest occasiona — it struck me that there was maybe — frae time to time — je a wee bit o' *exaggeration.*

*Minister.* Exagger — what, Sir?

*Precentor.* Weel, maybe that 's ower strong a word, I din want to offend ye. I mean jeest — *amplification,* like.

*Minister.* Exaggeration! amplification! What the deil m chief d 'ye mean, Sir? Where got ye haud o' sic lang-nebbit wor as these?

*Precentor.* There, there, there! I 'll no say anither word. dinna mean to rouse ye like that. All I meant to say was th you jeest *streetched the pint* a wee bit.

*Minister. Streetched the pint!* D 'ye mean to say, Sir, that tell *lees?*

*Precentor.* Oh! no, no, no — but I didna gang sae far as that.

*Minister.* Ye went quite far enough, Sir. Sandy, answer m this: Are ye sayin' this a' out o' your ain head, or did somebo else put ye up till't? Did ye ever hear the Laird say I was in t habit o' exaggeratin'?

*Precentor.* I wadna say but what he has.

*Minister.* Did ever ye hear the elders say I amplified, streetched the pint, or whatever ye like to call it?

*Precentor.* I wadna say but what they hae, too.

*Minister.* Oh! So the Laird, and the elders, and the whc o' ye, call me a *leear,* do ye? Haud your tongue, Sandy, ye' said ower muckle already; it 's my turn to speak now. Sanc although I 'm your minister, still I 'm perfectly willing to adn that I 'm a sinful, erring creature, like any one o' ye; and the or difference between me and the rest o' ye is just this: I 've been colleges and universities, and seats o' learnin', and I 've got sor sense in my heid; but as for the rest o' ye, ye 're a puir, miserab ignorant set o' creatures, that do n't know your right hand fr your left; that 's all the difference between us. At the same tin as I said before, I am free to admit that I myself am a hum being, Sandy — only a human being; and it 's just possible th being obleeged, Sawbbath after Sawbbath, to expound the Wo to sic a doited set o' naturals,— for if I wasna to mak ilka thi as big as a barn door, ye wadna see it ava — I say it 's just possit

it I may have slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things; d it 's a bad habit to get into, Sandy, and it 's a waur thing to be used o't; and therefore, Sandy, I call upon you, if ever ye should ur me say another word out o' joint, to pull me up there and n.

*Precentor.* Losh! Sir; but how could I pull ye up i' the kirk?

*Minister.* Ye can give me some sort o' a signal.

*Precentor.* How could I gie ye a signal i' the kirk?

*Minister.* Ye could make some kind o' a noise.

*Precentor.* A noise i' the kirk?

*Minister.* Ay. Ye 're sittin' just down aneath me, ye ken; so might just put up your heid, and give a bit whustle (whistles), e that.

*Precentor.* A whustle!

*Minister.* Ay, a whustle! What ails the fule?

*Precentor.* What! whustle i' the Lord's hoose on the Lord's ? I never heard o' sic a thing i' a' my days!

*Minister.* Now, now — ye needna mak such a big disturbance ut it. I dinna want ye to blaw off a great overpowering ustle, and frighten a' the folk out o' the kirk, but just a wee o' a whustle that naebody but our two selves could hear.

*Precentor.* But would it no be an awfu' sin?

*Minister.* Hoots, man; doesna the wind whustle on the Sawb- h?

*Precentor.* Ay; I never thought o' that afore. Yes, the wind ustles.

*Minister.* Well, just a wee bit soughing whustle like the wind histles softly).

*Precentor.* Well, if there 's nae harm in 't, I 'll do my best.

So, ultimately, it was agreed between the minister and precen- , that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to it the signal from the desk below.

Next Sunday came; the sermon had been rigorously trimmed, l the parson seated himself in the pulpit with a radiant smile, he thought of the prospective discomfiture of Sandy. Sandy down as imperturbable as usual, looking neither to the right id nor to the left. Had the minister only stuck to his sermon t day, he would have done very well, and have had the laugh inst Sandy which he anticipated at the end of the service. But was his habit, before the sermon, to read a chapter from the

Bible, adding such remarks and explanations of his own as thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as c tained a number of *kittle pints,* so that his marvellous power *eloocidation* might be called into play. On the present occa he had chosen one that bristled with difficulties. It was that ch ter which describes Samson as catching three hundred foxes, ty them tail to tail, setting firebrands in their midst, starting th among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it do As he closed the description, he shut the book, and commenced *eloocidation* as follows:

"My dear friends, I daresay you have been wondering in y minds how it was possible that Samson could catch three hund foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three h dred — the beasts run so fast. It takes a great company of c and horses and men to catch a fox, and they do not always ca it then — the cra'ter whiles gets away. But lo and behold! h we have one single man, all by himself, catching three hundre them. Now how did he do it? — that 's the pint; and at first s it looks a gey an' kittle pint. But it 's not so kittle as it lo my friends; and if you give me your undivided attention for a minutes I 'll clear away the whole difficulty, and make what n seems dark and incomprehensible to your uninstructed minds clear as the sun in his noonday meridian.

"Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was strongest man that ever lived; and, furthermore, we are told the chapter next after the one we have been reading, that he a very polite man; for when he was in the house of Dagon, *bowed with all his might;* and if some of you, my freends, wo only bow with *half* your might it would be all the better for But, although we are told all this, we are not told that he w great runner. But if he catched these three hundred foxes must have been a great runner, an awful runner; in fact, greatest runner that ever was born. But, my friends — an' he the *eloocidation* o' the matter — ye 'll please bear this in m that although we are not told he *was* the greatest runner that lived, still we 're not told he *wasna;* and therefore I contend we have a perfect right to assume, by all the laws of Logic Scientific History, that he was the fastest runner that ever born; and that was how he catched his three hundred foxes!

"But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, ano

ps up — after he has catched his three hundred foxes, how does manage to keep them all together? This looks almost as kit- a pint as the other — to some it might look even kittler; but ou will only bring your common sense to bear on the ques- n, the difficulty will disappear like the morning cloud, and the ly dew that withereth away.

" Now you will please bear in mind, in the *first place,* that it s *foxes* that Samson catched. Now we do n't catch foxes, as a eral rule, in the streets of a *toon;* therefore it is more than bable that Samson catched them in the *country,* and if he ched them in the country it is natural to suppose that he 'bided the country; and if he 'bided in the country it is not unlikely t he lived at a farm-house. Now at farm-houses we have les, and byres, and coach-houses, and barns, and *therefore* we y now consider it a settled pint, that as he catched his foxes, by one, he stapped them into a good sized barn, and steeked door and locked it,— *here we overcome the second stumbling ck.* But no sooner have we done this, than a third rock of of- se loups up to fickle us. After he has catched his foxes; after he got them all snug in the barn under lock and key — *how in world did he tie their tails thegither?* There is a fickler. u or me couldna tie two o' their tails thegither — let alone three ndred; for, not to speak about the beasts girnning and biting n' the time we were tying them, the *tails themselves are not long ugh.* How then was he able to tie them all? That 's the pint nd it is about the *kittlest pint* you or me has ever had to *elooci- e.* Common sense is no good to't. No more is Latin or Greek; more is Logic or Metaphysics; no more is Natural Philosophy Moral Philosophy; no more is Rhetoric or Bell 's Letters, even, I 've studied them a' mysel'; but it is a great thing for poor, prant folk like you, that there has been great and learned men o have been to colleges, and universities, and seats o' learning the same as mysel', ye ken — and instead o' going into the k, like me, or into physic, like the doctor, or into law, like the yer, they have gone travelling into foreign parts; and they e written books o' their travels; and we can read their books. w, among other places, some of these learned men have veled into *Canaan,* and some into *Palestine,* and some few into *Holy Land;* and these last mentioned travellers tell us, that in se Eastern or Oriental climes, the foxes there are *a total dif-*

*ferent breed o' cattle a'thegither frae our foxes;* that they *great, big beasts* — and, what 's the most astonishing thing ab them, and what helps to explain this wonderful feat of Samso is, that they 've all got *most extraordinary long tails;* in fact, th Eastern travellers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually *fo feet long.*

*Precentor* (whistles).

*Minister* (somewhat disturbed). "Oh! I ought to say t there are *other travellers,* and *later travellers* than the travell I 've been talking to you about, and they say this statement is rat an *exaggeration* on the whole, and that these foxes' tails are ne more than *twenty feet long.*

*Precentor* (whistles).

*Minister* (disturbed and confused). "Be — be — before I le this subject a'thegither, my friends, I may just add that there been a considerable diversity o' opinion about the length o' th animals' tails. Ye see one man says one thing, and anither, anith and I 've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter mys and after examining one authority, and anither authority, and p ting one authority agin the ither, I 've come to the conclusion t these foxes' tails, on an average, are seldom more than *fifteen a half feet long.*

*Precentor* (whistles).

*Minister* (Angrily). "Sandy McDonald, I'll no tak anitl inch aff o' the beasts' tails, even gin ye should whustle every to oot o' your head. Do ye think the foxes o' the Scriptures had tails at a'?"

— *Anonymous.*

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## A CRITICAL SITUATION

As Harris and I sat, one morning, at one of the small rou tables of the great Hote Schweitzerhof in Lucerne, watching crowd of people, coming, going, or breakfasting, and at the sa time endeavoring to guess where such and such a party came fr I said:

"There is an American party."

"Yes — but name the State."

I named one State, he named another. We agreed upon thing, however — that the young girl with the party was v

utiful and very tastefully dressed. But we disagreed as to age. I said she was eighteen, Harris said she was twenty. e dispute between us waxed warm, and I finally said, with a tense of being in earnest —

"Well, there is one way to settle the matter — I will go and her."

Harris said, sarcastically, "Certainly, that is the thing to do. you need to do is to use the common formula over here: go and , 'I 'm an American!' Of course, she will be glad to see ."

Then he hinted that perhaps there was no great danger of my nturing to speak to her.

I said, "I was only talking — I did n't intend to approach her, : I see that you do not know what an intrepid person I am. I not afraid of any woman that walks. I will go and speak this young girl."

The thing I had in mind was not difficult. I meant to ad-ss her in the most respectful way and ask her to pardon me if strong resemblance to a former acquaintance of mine was de-ving me; and when she should reply that the name I mentioned s not the name she bore, I meant to beg pardon again, most pectfully, and retire. There would be no harm done. I walked her table, bowed to the gentleman, then turned to her, and s about to begin my little speech when she exclaimed:

"I knew I was n't mistaken — I told John it was you! John d it probably was n't, but I knew I was right. I said you would ognize me presently and come over; and I 'm glad you did, for hould n't have felt much flattered if you had gone out of this m without recognizing me. Sit down, sit down — how odd is — you are the last person I was ever expecting to see again."

This was a stupefying surprise. It took my wits clear away, an instant. However, we shook hands cordially all around, l sat down. But truly this was the tightest place I ever was in. eemed to vaguely remember the girl's face, now, but I had no a where I had seen it before, or what name belonged with it. mmediately tried to get up a diversion about Swiss scenery, to p her from launching into topics that might betray that I did t know her; but it was of no use, she went right along upon mat-s which interested her more:

"O dear! what a night that was, when the sea washed the ward boats away — do you remember it?"

"Oh! do n't I!" said I — but I did n't. I wished the sea ha washed the rudder and the smoke-stack and the captain away – then I could have located this questioner.

"And do n't you remember how frightened poor Mary wa and how she cried?"

"Indeed I do!" said I. "Dear me, how it all comes back!

I fervently wished it would come back — but my memory w a blank. The wise way would have been to frankly own up; b I could not bring myself to do that, after the young girl ha praised me so for recognizing her; so I went on, deeper and deep into the mire, hoping for a chance clue but never getting one. Th unrecognizable continued, with vivacity:

"Do you know, George married Mary after all?"

"Why, no! Did he?"

"Indeed he did. He said he did not believe she was half a much to blame as her father was, and I thought he was righ Did n't you?"

"Of course he was. It was a perfectly plain case. I alway said so."

"Why, no you did n't — at least that summer."

"Oh! no, not that summer. No, you are perfectly right abou that. It was the following winter that I said it."

"Well, as it turned out, Mary was not in the least to blam — it was all her father's fault — at least his and old Darley's.

It was necessary to say something — so I said:

"I always regarded Darley as a troublesome old thing."

"So he was; but then they always had a great affection fo him, although he had so many eccentricities. You remember tha when the weather was the least cold he would try to come int the house."

I was rather afraid to proceed. Evidently Darley was not man — he must be some other kind of animal — possibly a dog maybe an elephant. However, tails are common to all animals so I ventured to say:

"And what a tail he had!"

"One! He had a thousand!"

This was bewildering. I did not quite know what to say, s I only said:

"Yes, he was pretty well fixed in the matter of tails."

"For a negro, and a crazy one at that, I should say he was," said she.

It was getting pretty sultry for me. I said to myself, "Is it ible she is going to stop there, and wait for me to speak? If does, the conversation is blocked. A negro with a thousand is a topic which a person cannot talk upon fluently and in- ctively without more or less preparation. As to diving rashly such a vast subject —"

But here, to my gratitude, she interrupted my thought by ng:

"Yes, when it came to tales of his crazy woes, there was sim- no end to them if anybody would listen. His own quarters e comfortable enough, but when the weather was cold, the ily was sure to have his company — nothing could keep him of the house. But they always bore it kindly because he had d Tom's life years before. You remember Tom?"

"Oh! perfectly. Fine fellow he was, too."

"Yes, he was. And what a pretty little thing his child was?"

"You may well say that. I never saw a prettier child."

"I used to delight to pet it and dandle it and play with it."

"So did I."

"You named it. What was that name? I can't call it to d."

It appeared to me that the ice was getting pretty thin here. ould have given something to know what the child's sex was. vever, I had the good luck to think of a name that would fit er sex — so I brought it out:

"I named it Frances."

"For a relative, I suppose? But you named the one that died, — the one that I never saw. What did you call that one?"

I was out of neutral names, but as the child was dead and she never seen it, I thought I might risk a name for it and trust uck; therefore I said:

"I called that one Thomas Henry."

She said, musingly:

"That is very singular — very singular."

I sat still and let the cold sweat run down. I was in a good of trouble, but I believed I could worry through if she ld n't ask me to name any more children. I wondered where lightning was going to strike next. She was still ruminating : that last child's title, but presently she said:

"I have always been sorry you were away at the time — I ld have had you name my child."

"Your child! Are you married?"

"I have been married thirteen years."

"Christened, you mean?"

"No, married. The youth by your side is my son."

"It seems incredible — even impossible. I do not mean a harm by it, but would you mind telling me if you are any o eighteen? — that is to say, will you tell me how old you are?"

"I was just nineteen the day of the storm we were talki about. That was my birthday."

That did not help matters much, as I did not know the d of the storm. I tried to think of some non-committal thing say, to keep up my end of the talk and render my poverty in t matter of reminiscences as little noticeable as possible, but seemed to be about out of non-committal things. I was about say, "You have n't changed a bit since then"— but that w risky. I thought of saying, "You have improved ever so mu since then"— but that would not answer, of course. I w about to try a shy at the weather, for a saving change, when t girl slipped in ahead of me and said:

"How I have enjoyed this talk over those happy old times have n't you?"

"I never have spent such a half hour in all my life before said I, with emotion; and I could have added, with a near approa to truth, "and I would rather be scalped than spend anot one like it." I was grateful to be through with the ordeal, a was about to make my good-byes and get out, when the girl sa

"But there is one thing that is ever so puzzling to me."

"Why, what is that?"

"That dead child's name. What did you say it was?"

Here was another balmy place to be in; I had forgotten t child's name; I had n't imagined it would be needed again. Ho ever, I had to pretend to know, anyway, so I said:

"Joseph William."

The youth at my side corrected me and said:

"No — Thomas Henry."

I thanked him — in words — and said, with trepidation:

"Oh! yes — I was thinking of another child that I named I have named a great many, and I got them confused — this c was named Henry Thompson — "

"Thomas Henry," calmly interposed the boy.

I thanked him again — strictly in words — and stammered t:

"Thomas Henry — yes, Thomas Henry was the poor child's me. I named him for Thomas-er-Thomas Carlyle, the great thor, you know — and Henry-er-er-Henry the Eighth. The rents were very grateful to have a child named Thomas Henry."

"That makes it more singular than ever," murmured my beau- ul friend.

"Does it? Why?"

"Because when the parents speak of that child now, they vays call it Susan Amelia."

That spiked my gun. I could not say anything. I was en- ely out of verbal obliquities; to go further would be to lie, and at I would not do; so I simply sat still and suffered — sat mutely d resignedly there, and sizzled — for I was being slowly fried death in my own blushes. Presently the enemy laughed a ppy laugh and said:

"I have enjoyed this talk over old times, but you have not. saw very soon that you were only pretending to know me, and as I had wasted a compliment on you in the beginning, I made my mind to punish you. And I have succeeded pretty well. was glad to see that you knew George and Tom and Darley, r I had never heard of them before, and therefore could not be re that you had; and I was glad to learn the names of those aginary children, too. One can get quite a fund of informa- n out of you if one goes at it cleverly. Mary and the storm, d the sweeping away of the forward boats, were facts — all the st was fiction. Mary was my sister; her full name was Mary —. Now do you remember me?"

"Yes," I said, "I do remember you now; and you are as rd-hearted as you were thirteen years ago in that ship, else you ould n't have punished me so. You have n't changed your nature r your person, in any way at all; you look just as young as you d then, you are just as beautiful as you were then, and you have ansmitted a deal of your comeliness to this fine boy. There — that speech moves you any, let 's fly the flag of truce, with the derstanding that I am conquered and confess it."

All of which was agreed to and accomplished on the spot.

— *Samuel L. Clemens.*

## "IMPH-M"

When I was a laddie lang syne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',
Unless when he bawled, "Jamie, haud oot yer han'!"
Then I gloom'd, and said, "Imph-m,"
I glunch'd, and said, "Imph-m"—
I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbits' himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' swither,
"I 'll spell ye the word if ye 'll spell me anither:
Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
That common word 'Imph-m,'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means A-y-e!"

Had ye seen hoo he glour'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff to your seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!"
But I only said, "Imph-m,"
That pawkie word, "Imph-m,"
He couldna spell "Imph-m," that stands for an A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
O'Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
When neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain,
She blushed, an' said, "Imph-m,"
That charming word "Imph-m,"
A thousan' times better an' sweeter than A-y-e!

Just ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—
Ae kiss frae her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet—
But a shake o' her head was her only reply—
Of course, that said No, but I kent she meant A-y-e,
For her twa een said "Imph-m,"
Her red lips said, "Imph-m,"
Her hale face said "Imph-m," an "Imph-m" means A-y-e

—*Anonymous.*

## THE ONE-HOSS SHAY; OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

A LOGICAL STORY

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way,
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I 'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace,— lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down* but does n't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an " I dew vum," or an " I tell *yeou,*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n't* break daown;

— "Fur," said the Deacon, "It 's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,— they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thorough-brace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,— where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.— You 're welcome.— No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,— the Earthquake day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There could n't be,— for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.— Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meetin'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## CHIQUITA

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar is n't her match in t
county,—
Is thar, old gal? Chiquita, my darling, my beauty!
Feel of that neck, sir,— thar 's velvet! Whoa! Steady — a
will you? you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at h
paces.

Morgan! — She ain't nothin' else, and I 've got the papers
prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't b
her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs
Tuolumne? —
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down
'Frisco?

Hed n't no savey,— hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that 'll do,— qu
that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do when she 's got her work cut o
before her.

sses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;
id 't ain't every man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

now the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
sty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!
ell, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge, and his nevey,
ruck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;

o to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',
t a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
iad the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
id after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

ckity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
ickled right down to her work, and afore I could yell to her rider,
ook water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
id twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a driftin' to thunder!

ould ye b'lieve it, that night, that hoss,— that ar' filly,— Chiquita,—
alked herself into her stall, and stood there all quiet and dripping!
lean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
ist as she swam the Fork,— that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

hat 's what I call a hoss! and — what did you say? — O, the nevey?
rownded, I reckon,— leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
e see the derned fool had no seat,— ye could n't have made him a rider:
nd then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses — well, hosses is hosses!

— *Bret Harte.*

## THE BIRTH OF IRELAND

"With due condescension, I 'd call your attention to what I sh
mention of Erin so green,
And, without hesitation, I 'll show how that nation became,
creation, the gem and the queen.

"'T was early one morning, without any warning, that Vanus w
born in the beautiful Say;
And, by the same token, and sure 't was provoking, her pinic
were soaking, and would n't give play.

"Old Neptune, who knew her, began to pursue her, in order
woo her — the wicked old Jew —
And almost had caught her atop of the water — great Jupite
daughter! — which never would do.

"But Jove, the great janius, looked down and saw Vanus a
Neptune so heinous pursuing her wild,
And he spoke out in thunder he 'd rend him asunder — and su
't was no wonder — for tazing his child.

"A star that was flying hard by him espying, he caught with sm
trying and down let it snap;
It fell quick as winking on Neptune a-sinking, and gave hi
I 'm thinking, a bit of a rap.

*"That star it was dryland, both lowland and highland, a
formed a sweet island, the land of my birth:*
Thus plain is the story that, sent down from glory, old Erin *astho*
is the gem of the earth!"

— *Anonymous.*

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## LADY TEAZLE AND SIR PETER

(*Scenes from "School for Scandal"*)

### Act II. Scene 1.

*Sir P.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I 'll not bear it!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as yo
please; but I ought to have my own way in everything; an

t 's more, I will, too. What though I was educated in the ıtry, I know very well that women of fashion in London are untable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir P.* Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have nfluence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No, to be sure; if you wanted authority me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am you were old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough! ay, there it is! Well, well, Lady Teazle, ıgh my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I 'll not be ed by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I 'm sure I 'm not more extrava- t than a woman ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish r dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a fête champêtre at istmas!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not ı me. For my part, I 'm sure, I wish it was spring all the round, and that roses grew under our feet!

*Sir P.* Zounds, madam! if you had been born to this, I ıld n't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your ation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I do n't; 't was a very disagreeable one, or I ıld never have married you.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler e,— the daughter of a plain country Squire. Recollect, Lady zle, when I first saw you sitting at your tambour, in a pretty, red linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair bed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with ts in worsted, of your own working.

*Lady T.* O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life d. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the try, make extracts from the family receipt-book,— and comb Aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 't was so, indeed!

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements: To v patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up;

to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my au or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sl after a fox-chase.

*Sir P.* I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, mad these were the recreations I took you from; but now you m have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen bel your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked co horse.

*Lady T.* No, I swear I never did that! I deny the bu and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* This, madam, was your situation; and what hav done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortu of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well then, and there is but one thing more you make me, and add to the obligation, and that is —

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem!

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam, but do n't flatter yourself; though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it sh never break my heart, I promise you; however, I am equa obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavor to make yourself disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expen

*Sir P.* 'Slife, madam! I say, had you any of these little eleg expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of fashion?

*Sir P.* The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to h your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay, there again! taste! Zounds, madam! you had taste when you married me.

*Lady T.* That 's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and, after h ing married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I low. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jan I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's?

*Sir P.* Ay, there 's another precious circumstance,— a cha ing set of acquaintances you have made there!

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and for-
e, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.
*Sir P.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a
geance; for they do n't choose anybody should have a charac-
but themselves. Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid
a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of
ed tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.
*Lady T.* What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?
*Sir P.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the
ety.
*Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable
ce.
*Sir P.* Grace, indeed!
*Lady T.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.
en I say an ill-natured thing, 't is out of pure good-humor; and
ke it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with
But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady
erwell's, too.
*Sir P.* Well, well; I 'll call in just to look after my own
racter.
*Lady T.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you 'll
too late. So, good-bye to ye! [*Exit Lady* TEAZLE.]
*Sir P.* So! I have gained much by my intended expostulation;
with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say,
how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority!
ll, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction
uarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such an
antage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague
[*Exit.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I

*Sir P.* Was ever man so crossed as I am? Everything con-
ing to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fort-
ht, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose,
elieve, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his
ghter. [*Lady* TEAZLE *sings without.*] But here comes my
pmate! She appears in great good-humor. How happy I should
if I could tease her into loving me, though but little!

*Enter Lady* TEAZLE

*Lady T.* Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you have n't been quarrelling

with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when am not by.

*Sir P.* Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to mal me good-humored at all times.

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humore now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a goo humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' fai there 's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; [*Gives h notes.*] but seal me a bond of repayment.

*Lady T.* O no! there, my note of hand will do as well. [*O fering her hand.*]

*Sir P.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not givir you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise yo but shall we always live thus, hey?

*Lady T.* If you please. I 'm sure I do n't care how soon v leave off quarrelling, provided you 'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well, then let our future contest be, who shall be mo obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes yo You look now as you did before we were married, when you us to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what gallant you were in your youth; and chuck me under the chin, y would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, w would deny me nothing; did n't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive —

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, wh my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule,

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a sti peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marryi one who might be my father, I have always defended you, a said I did n't think you so ugly by any means.

*Sir P.* Thank you.

*Lady T.* And I dared say you 'd make a very good sort of husband.

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right; and we shall now be t happiest couple —

*Lady T.* And never differ again. [*Both sit.*]

*Sir P.* No, never! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear dy Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you ways begin.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you ways gave the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel! take care,— contradicting is n't way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then do n't you begin it, my love!

*Sir P.* There, now! you — you are going on. You do n't ceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you ow always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any son, my dear —

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I do n't; but if you will be so peevish —

*Sir P.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why, you, to be sure. [*Both start up.*] I said noth-; but there 's no bearing your temper.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault 's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you uld be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I 'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now, may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, ever I try to be friends with you any more.

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; 't is evident you never cared a pin for , and I was a madman to marry you,— a pert, rural coquette, t had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you,— an old ngling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never uld meet with any one who would have him.

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen me; you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No? did n't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every-dy said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as od as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been mar-d.

*Sir P.* I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling,

ungrateful — but there 's an end of everything. I believe you cap ble of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe t reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, y and Charles are — not without grounds —

*Lady T.* Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinua any such thing! I 'll not be suspected without cause, I prom you.

*Sir P.* Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenan as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce! I 'll make example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let separate, madam.

*Lady T.* Agreed, agreed! And, now, my dear Sir Peter, v are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and nev differ again, you know,— ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so, bye, bye. [*Ex*

*Sir P.* Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry, eithe O, I am the most miserable fellow! but I 'll not bear her presu ing to keep her temper. [*Ex*

— *Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

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## AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN INTERVIEWER

The nervous, ~~dapper, "peart."~~ young man took the chair offered him, and said he was connected with the *Daily Thunde storm,* and added:

"Hoping it 's no harm, I 've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes — yes. ~~Um! Yes — yes~~."

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powe seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookca and when I had been looking six or seven minutes, I found I w obliged to refer to the young man. I said:

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"O my goodness! what do you want to spell it for?"

"I do n't want to spell it; I want to see what it means."

Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what
ans, if you — if you —— "
O, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you,

I n, *in,* t e r, *ter, in*ter —— "
Then you spell it with an *I?* "
Why, certainly! "
O, that is what took me so long."
Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with? "
Well, I — I — hardly know. I had the Unabridged, and
s ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her
g the pictures. But it 's a very old edition."
Why, my friend, they would n't have a *picture* of it in even
atest e—— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm
e world, but you do not look as — as — intelligent as I had
ted you would. No harm — I mean no harm at all."
O, do n't mention it! It has often been said, and by people
would not flatter and who could have no inducement to flat-
that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes — yes; they
ys speak of it with rapture."
I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You
it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has be-
notorious."
Indeed, I had not heard of it before. It must be very inter-
g. What do you do it with? "
Ah, well — well — well this is disheartening. It *ought* to be
with a club in some cases; but customarily it consists in the in-
ewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them.
all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions
lated to bring out the salient points of your public and pri-
history? "
O, with pleasure — with pleasure. I have a very bad mem-
but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an
ular memory — singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a
p, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a
n point. This is a great grief to me."
O, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."
I will. I will put my whole mind on it."
Thanks. Are you ready to begin? "
Ready."

Q. How old are you?

A. Nineteen, in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or
Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen n

A. I do n't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most
markable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you
only nineteen years ——

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what
you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How
you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and
asked me to make less noise, and ——

Q. But, good heavens! if you were at his funeral, he n
have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whet
you made a noise or not?

A. I do n't know. He was always a particular kind o
man that way.

Q. Still, I do n't understand it at all. You say he sp
to you and that he was dead.

A. I did n't say he was dead.

Q. But was n't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he was n't.

Q. What did you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It was n't any of
funeral.

Q. Did you — However, we can never get this ma
straight. Let me ask you something else. What was the d
of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hund
and ninety years old. How do you account for that?

A. I do n't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you e yourself out to be one hundred and ninety. It is an awful epancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many ne it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I d n't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I — I — I — think so — yes — but I do n't re- ber.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever d.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is a picture of on the wall? Is n't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it; that *was* other of mine. That 's William — *Bill* we called him. Poor Bill!

Q. Why? Is he dead then?

A. Ah! well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was eat mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! *Buried* him, without knowing whether he dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you ed him, and you knew he was dead —

A. No! no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see. He came to life again?

A. I bet he did n't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was . *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah! that 's just it! That 's it exactly. You see, we twins — defunct and I — and we got mixed in the bathtub n we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. we did n't know which. Some think it was Bill. Some think as me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know.

This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my wh life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revea to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark — a la mole on the back of his left hand — that was *me*. *That child the one that was drowned!*

Q. Very well, then, I do n't see that there is any myst about it, after all.

A. You do n't? Well, *I* do. Anyway, I do n't see h they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and b the wrong child. But, 'sh! — do n't mention it where the fam can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troul enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the pres and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have tak But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Bu funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circu stance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarka man?

A. Oh! it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty wo have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the p cession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all ranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last l at the scenery, and so he *got up and rode with the driver*.

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was v pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go. I need not that I have never been troubled with interviewers since.

— *Samuel L. Clemens.*

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## BY TELEPHONE

When the young ladies who were spending the summer at Seaside Hotel, at Sandy Beach, resolved to get up a fair, they h no heartier helper than Mr. Samuel Brassy, a young gentlem recently graduated from Columbia College. He was alert, en getic, ingenious, and untiring; and when at last the fair w opened, the young ladies declared that they did not know w they should have done without him.

Mr. Samuel Brassy was on friendly, if not familiar, terms w Mrs. Martin, her charges, the three Miss Pettitoes, and

ce, Miss Bessie Martin. Toward the three Miss Pettitoes he s kind, but to Miss Bessie Martin he was devoted. He hov- l about her as though he had words of deepest import tremb- g on his tongue; but when he sat beside her on the piazza, or ced with her in the Virginia Reel of a Saturday night, or ked to church with her of a Sunday morning, he found that he nothing to say for himself.

Miss Martin treated him as she treated other young men. She wed him to assist her in the organization of a post-office de- tment in the fair, of which she was to be postmistress. At Sam issy's suggestion the post-office had been arranged as the public -station for the Seaside Hotel Telephone Co. He had set up y telephone in the post-office with a line extending to a summer- se about two hundred feet from the hotel. Any person paying nty-five cents at the post-office was entitled to go to the summer- se and hold a conversation by wire. The questions which a ual converser might choose to put were answered promptly and ntedly, for Bessie Martin was a quick-witted and keen-sighted .

So it happened that the telephone was a captivating novelty, l Miss Bessie's conversation charmed many a quarter into the .

Sam himself was constant in his attendance at the post-office. did not seem altogether pleased at the continual use of the phone. As the evening wore on, a shadow of resolution deepened his face. About ten o'clock the ball-room began to empty, as crowd gathered in the dining-room, where the drawing of the nd prize was to take place. A subscription had been opened a pair of handsome vases which Mr. Martin had presented, l every subscriber had been given a numbered ticket; and now, the last evening of the fair, there was to be a "casting of lots" discover to whom the vases might belong. The interest in the ult was so intense that most of the ladies who had stalls aban- ned them for a while and deserted to the dining-room. Then . Samuel Brassy stepped up to the window of the post-office.

"Are you going to see the drawing of the prize, Miss Bessie?"

"No; I shall stick to my post."

"That 's all right, then here 's my quarter."

So saying he placed the coin before her, and then he hurried ay. Miss Bessie Martin was left alone in the corner of the

ball-room. She was counting up her gains, when the telepho bell rang sharply. Before she could put the money down and go the instrument, there came a second impatient ting-a-ling.

"Somebody seems to be in a hurry," she said, as she took h station before the box and held the receiver to her ear.

"Hello! hello! Oh, it 's you, is it, Mr. Brassy?"

* * * * * * *

"Yes; I wondered why you ran off so suddenly."

* * * * * * *

"You have paid your quarter and you can talk just tv minutes."

* * * * *

"Of course, I did not mean that. You ought to know r better."

* * * *

"What did you say?"

* * * * *

"Not lately."

* * * *

"Yes, she had on a blue dress, and I thought she looked li a fright; did n't you?"

* * * *

"Who were you looking at, then?"

* * * *

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

* * * *

"No, they are not here now."

* * * * * * *

"There 's nobody here at all."

* * * * * * *

"Yes, I 'm *all* alone. There is n't a creature in sight."

* * * * *

"I love secrets! Tell me."

* * * * *

"Tell me now."

* * * * *

"Why can't you tell me now? I 'm just dying to know."

* * * * *

"No, there is n't anybody here at all — nobody — nobod

* * * * * * *

"How poetic you are to-night."

* * * * * * *

"I just dote on poetry."

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

* * * * * * * *

"You take me by surprise."

* * * * *

"I never thought of such a thing."

* * * * *

"You do!"

* * * * *

"With your whole heart?"

* * * * *

"I do n't know what to say."

* * * * * * * *

"But I can't say 'yes' all at once."

* * * * * * * *

"Well, I won't say 'no.'"

* * * * *

"But I really must have time to think."

* * * * *

"No, no, no! I can't give you an answer right away."

* * * * *

"Well, if you must — you can ask Auntie —"

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, yes, I 'm all alone still."

* * * * * * * *

"Good-bye, Sam!"

* * * * * * * *

Miss Bessie Martin turned away from the instrument with ush on her cheek and a light in her eye. Just then Mr. Samuel assy rushed in through the open door, flew across the ball-room, l disappeared within the post-office. A minute later a throng people began to pour back from the dining-room, and there were quent calls for "Sam" and "Mr. Brassy."

With heightened color and ill-concealed excitement, Mr. Sam- Brassy came out of the post-office. He found himself face to e with Mr. Martin, who held out his hand and cried, "I con- ıtulate you, Sam." "How — how did you know anything

about it?" Before Mr. Martin could reply, Mr. Harry Brack and the three Miss Pettitoes came forward. Mr. Brackett b in his arms the pair of vases.

Then Mr. Brassy knew why Mr. Martin had congratula him. "You have won the prize," cried Harry Brackett. have for a fact," Sam Brassy answered, looking at Miss Be Martin. —*Anonymous.*

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## DOOLEY ON THE COMFORTS OF TRAVEL

"D'ye know, you can go fr'm Chicago to New York in twi hours? They say 'tis like flyin'. It may be, but it's also l fallin' off a roof or bein' clubbed by a policeman. Ye go to b at night in Kansas City, an' ye ar-re still awake in Chicago th' mornin'. Ye lave New York today, an' nex' Thursdah ar-re in San Francisco, an' can't get back. An' all the time injye sich comforts an' iligences as wud make th' Shah iv Per invious if he heard iv thim.

"I've always wanted to fly thru space on wan iv thim pal cars with th' beautiful names. Th' man that names th' Pullm cars an' th' pa-aper collars iv this counthry is our greatest po whoiver he is. I cud see mesilf steppin' aboard fr'm wan uni deepo to another. So las' month whin a frind iv mine in Sa Looey asked me down there I determined to make th' plun With th' invitation comes a fine consarvitive article be th' gin' passenger agent indivrin' to give a faint idee iv th' glories iv thrip. There was pitchers in this little pome showin' how thrain looked to th' passenger agent. Illigently dhressed lai an' gintlemen set in th' handsomely upholstered seats or sthrol thru th' broad aisles. Pierpont Morgan was disclosed in a cor dictatin' a letther to Andhrew Carnaygie. In th' barber sh John D. Rockyfeller was being shaved. In th' smokin' car could see a crowd of jolly men playin' poker; near by sat th wags tellin' comic stories, while a naygur waither dashed to fro.

"Says I to mesilf, 'Here is life.' An' I went boundin' do to the deepo. I slung four dollars at the prisident iv th' road he slung me back a yard of green paper by which I surrinde me rights as an American citizen. With this here deed in hand I wint thru a line iv haughty gintlemen in unyform,

e afther another looked at th' ticket an' punched a hole in it. hin I got to th' thrain th' las' iv those gr-reat men says: 'Have got a ticket?' 'I had,' says I, 'this porous plaster was a ticket ee minyits ago.' 'Get aboard,' says he, givin' me a short, ndly kick, an' in a minyit I found mesilf amid a scene iv yental splendhor an' no place to put me grip-sack.

"I stood dhrinkin' in the glories iv th' scene, ontil a man ne up, an' ordhered me to bed. Fond as I am iv th' colored n, Hinnissy, I wud sometimes wish that th' summer styles in llman porters was more light an' airy. It is thrue that th' gur porter is more durable an' does n't show th' dirt, but on other hand he shows th' heat more. 'Where,' says I, 'do leep?' 'I do n't know where you sleep, cap,' says he, 'but er ticket reads f'r an upper berth.' 'I wud prefer a thrapeze, s I, 'but if ye 'll call out th' fire department maybe they can p me in,' I says.

"At that he projooced a scalin' laddher an' th' thrain goin' nd a curve at that minyit I soon found mesilf on me hands an' ees in wan iv th' coziest little upstairs rooms ye iver saw. ne day I am goin' to dhrop in on me frind th' president iv th' llman Company, an' ask him to publish a few hints to th' yfarer. I wud like to know how a gintleman can take off his thes while settin' on thim. It wud help a good deal to know at to do with th' clothes whin ye have squirmed out iv thim. -re they to be rolled up in a ball an' placed undher th' head or ropped into th' aisle? Again, in th' mornin', how to git into clothes without throwin' th' thrain off th' thrack? I will tell confidintially, Hinnissy, that, not bein' a contortionist, th' ly thing I took off was me hat."

"Th' thrain sped on an' on. I cud not sleep. Th' luxury iv avel kept me wide awake. Who cud coort slumber in sich a y little bower? There were some that did it, I heard thair rtin'. But not I. (I lay awake while we flew on). On an' r on we flew past forest, river and plain. Th' lights burned ghtly just near me left ear, th' windows was open an' let in hoarse, exultant shriek iv th' locymotive, th' conversation iv baggage man to th' heavy thrunk, th' bammy air an' th' gr-reat rple clouds iv Illinye coal smoke. I took in enough iv this endid product iv our prairie soil to qualify as a coal-yard. Be time th' sun shone, or, I may say, jumped into me little roost,

I wud 've made a cheerful grate-fire an' left a slight deposit r-red ashes. Th' mornin' came too soon. I called me illusthr Booker Washington an' with th' assistance iv th' step ladder, bell-rope, an' th' bald head iv th' man in th' lower berth, I bound lightly out iv me little nook an' rose fr'm th' flure with no inju worse thin a sphrained ankle.

" Havin' injyed a very refreshin' attimpt at a bath, I saunter out into th' car. It looked almost like th' pitchers in th' pamphl or wud 've, if all th' boots had been removed. Th' scene w rendered more attractive be th' prisince iv th' fair sect. A char in' woman is always charmin', but niver more so thin on a sle in' car in th' mornin' after a hard night's rest an' forty miles fr th' curlin'-ir'n. With their pretty faces slightly streaked be right iv way, their eyes dancin' with suppressed fury an' their h almost sthraight, they make a pitcher that few can f'rget — they 're lucky.

" But me eyes were not f'r thim. To tell ye th' thruth, H nissy, I was hungry. I summoned th' black prince who was fo in' up the beddin' with his teeth. ' I wud like a breakfast fr ye're superbly equipped buffay ' says I. ' I got ye,' says he. ' V have canned lobster, canned corn-beef, canned tomatoes, cann asparagus, an' wather fresh f'rm th' company's springs at th' C cago wather wurruks,' he says. ' Have ye annythin' to eat says I. ' Sind me th' cook,' says I. ' I 'm th' cook,' says he, woip a pair iv shoes with his sleeve. ' What do ye do ye'er cook with,' says I. ' With a can opener ' says he, givin' a hearty laug

"An' so we whiled th' time away till Saint Looey was reach O'Brien an' his wife nursed me back to life.

(" I guess, Hinnissy, whin ye come to think iv it, they ai anny sich thing as luxury in thravel. We was meant to stay where found oursilves first. I can injye places be not goin' to thim. think iv Italy as th' home iv th' Pope, but Hogan, who has be there, thinks iv it as th' home iv th' flea. I can see th' dome St. Pether's risin' against th' sky, but he can only see th' cabm that charged him eighty liars or thirty cents iv our money to car him around th' block. I think iv New York as th' place whe people set shinin' their di'monds with satin napkins at th' W dorf, but I know a man down there that dhrives a dhray.)

" They ain't anny easy way iv thravelin'. Our ancesthors did have anny fast thrains, but they did n't want thim. Comforts

havin' things where ye can reach thim. Th' good Lord did n't tind us to be gaddin' around th' wurruld. Th' more we thry th' harder 't is made f'r us. Man is supposed to take his meals n' his sleep in an attichood iv repose. It ain't nachural to begin n a b'iled egg at Galesburg an' end on it at Bloomington. We ere n't expected to spread a meal over two hundred miles an' ir snores over a thousand.

"Man was made to sthay where he is or walk. If Nature had tinded us to fly she wud 've fixed us with wings an' taught us ate chicken-feed. Let thim that will bask in their comforts. I ay at home. Whiniver I feel th' desire to fly thru space, I throw ur dollars out iv th' window, put a cinder in me eye, an' go to d on a shelf in th' closet."

—*Finley Peter Dunne.*

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## THE TWO RUNAWAYS

Years ago there dwelt in Middle Georgia a wealthy but ec-ntric bachelor planter, known by the name of Major Crawford Vorthington. He was the owner of a number of slaves, to hom, on the whole, he was very kind. One of them, named am, had been with him from childhood; in fact, they had sort grown up together. Isam had an annual runaway freak, which ;ually lasted about a fortnight. The strangeness of this action n the part of his slave troubled the Major more than a little, ot that he cared an iota for his loss of time, nor for his bad :ample, but it galled him to think that there was anything in nnection with a negro which he could not fathom. At last the Iajor struck upon a plan whereby he should solve the mystery, nd he accordingly threatened Isam with dire punishment if he ould go off another time without letting him know. The threat id the desired effect; the Major was duly informed; where-pon, to the astonishment of the negro, the master signified his ntention to accompany him on his expedition, and accordingly ne two runaways started. For nearly two weeks they remained n the woods, only a few miles distant from their home, where they ved in a semi-civilized state, hunting, fishing, and foraging, both, ideed, enjoying themselves hugely. A day or two prior to their eturn, they had been out foraging for dinner, and were on their vay to camp, heavily laden with their spoils. The two had just

reached the edge of the canebrake, beyond which lay the car and were entering the narrow path, when a magnificent buck ca sweeping through, and collided with Isam with such force and s denness as to crush and spatter his watermelons into a pitiful ru and throw the negro violently to the ground. Instantly frightened man seized the threatening antlers and held on, yelli lustily for help. The deer made several ineffectual efforts free himself, during which he dragged the negro right and l without difficulty, but, finding escape impossible, turned fierc upon his unwilling captor, and tried to drive the terrible ho through his writhing body.

"O Lord! O Lord!" screamed Isam; "O Lord! Ma Craffud, cum holp me tu'n dis buck loos'."

The laugh died away from Major Worthington's lips. No knew better than he the danger into which Isam had plung Not a stick, brush, stone, or weapon of any description was hand, except his small pocketknife. Hastily opening that, rushed upon the deer. Isam's eyes were bursting from their soc ets, and appealed piteously for the help his stentorian voice w frantically imploring, until the woods rang with his agony. Maj Worthington caught the nearest antler with his left hand, a made a fierce lunge at the animal's throat. But the point of t knife was missing, and only a trifling wound was inflicted. T next instant, the deer met the new attack with a rush that carri Isam with it, and thrust the Major to the ground, the knife fa ing out of reach. Seeing this, the negro let go his hold, rolled o of the way, and with a mighty effort literally ran upon the t of a branching haw-bush, where he lay spread out like a bat, a moaning piteously.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im! Wo' deer! w deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud."

And the Major stuck. Retaining his presence of mind, threw his left arm over the deer's neck, and, still holding wi his right the antler, looked about for Isam, who had so myste ously disappeared.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Hit 's better f one ter die den bofe! Hole 'im, Mass' Craffud, hole 'im! W deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, steddy! Look o fur es ho'n! Wo' deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud!"

By this time the struggles of the beast had again ceased, an

earied from his double encounter, he stood with his head pulled own to the ground half astride the desperate man, who was hold- g on for life. Whether Major Worthington was frightened or ot it is hard to say; probably he was; but there was no doubt out his being angry when he saw Isam spread out in the haw- ush, and heard his address. As soon as he caught his breath, burst forth with.

"You black rascal! why do n't you come — down out of that - bush and help — me?" Isam's face was pitiful in its expres- on. His teeth chattered, and he fairly shook the bush with his embling.

"Do n', Mass' Craffud, do n'; you ain' got no time ter cuss ow. Lif' up yo' voice en' pray! Ef ev'r er man had er call ter ay, you dun got it now."

"If ever — I get loose from this — brute — you scoundrel — 'll not leave a — whole bone in your body!"

"Don' say dat, Mass' Craffud, don'! you must n't let de sun o down on yo' wraf! O Lord! don' you mine nuth'n he es er yin' now, cos he ain' 'spons'b'l'. Ef de bes' aingil you got wuz own dere in his fix, dey ain' no tell'n' w'at ud happ'n, er w'at rter langwidge he'd let loos'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter m, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Steddy, deer! steddy, Mass' raffud!"

Again the deer commenced to struggle, and by this time the Major's breath was almost gone, and his anger had given way to nmistakable apprehension. He realized that he was in a most esperate plight, and that the only hope of rescue lay in the rightened negro up in the haw-bush. He changed his tactics hen the deer rested again.

"Isam," he said, gently.

"Yes, honey."

"Isam, come and help me, old fellow."

"Mass' Craffud, dere ain' nuthin' I woodn' do fur you, but it 's better fur one ter die'n two. Hit 's a long sight better."

"But there is no danger, Isam; none whatever. Just you come lown and with your knife hamstring the brute. I 'll hold him."

"No, sah! no, sah! no, sah!" said Isam, loudly, and with grow- ng earnestness. "No, sah! it won' wuk! no, sah! You er in fur it now Mass' Craffud, en' et can't be holped. Dere ain' nuthin' in save yer but de good Lord, en' He ain' go'n'ter, less'n you ax

'im 'umble like, en' er b'liev'n 'en es mussy. I prayed w'en I w down dere, Mass' Craffud, dat I did, en' look w'at happ'n. Did He sen' you like er aingil, en' didn' He git me up hyah safe e wholesum? Dat He did, en' He nev'r spec' dis nigg'r w go'n'ter fling esse'f und'r dat deer arter He trubbl' Hisse'f to sho 'im up hyah. Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. W deer! wo' deer! Look ou' fur es ho'n! Stick ter im, Ma Craffud. Dere, now — t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major got a breathing-spell. The deer, in his stru gles, had gotten under the haw-bush, and the Major renewed h earnest negotiations.

"Isam, if you will get down — and cut this brute's legs — will give you your freedom."

Isam answered with a groan.

"And fifty acres — of land." Again that pitiful moan.

"And — a mule and a — year's rations." The Major paus from force of circumstances. After awhile the answer came:

"Mass' Craffud?"

"Well?"

"You know dis nigg'r b'en hard-work'n en' hones' en' lo atter you en' yo'n all es life."

"Yes, Isam," said the Major, "you have been — a faithfu honest — nigger." There was another pause. Perhaps this w too much for Isam. But he continued after a little while:

"Well, lemme tell you, honey, dere ain' nuthin' you got kin git w'at'll tem' dis nigg'r ter git down dere. W'y," and h voice assumed a most earnest and argumentative tone, "deed' hit ud be 'sultin' de Lord. Ain' He dun got me up hyar out' de way, en' don' He 'spec' me fur ter stay? You reck'n He g nuth'n 'tall ter do but keep puttin' Isam back up er tree? N sah! He dun 'ten ter me, an' ef you got enny dif'culty, you en' d deer kin fight it out. Hit 's my bizness jes ter keep er prayin Wo' deer! wo' deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud. Dere now — tan de Lord!"

Again the Major defeated the beast's struggles, and there cam a truce. But the man was well-nigh exhausted, and saw that un less something was done in his behalf he must soon yield up th fight. So he decided to touch the negro's superstitious side:

"Isam," he said, slowly and impressively. But Isam wa praying. The Major could hardly trust his ears when he hear the words:

"But, Lord, don' let 'm 'peer'sh fo' yo' eyes. He's b'en a id man. He cuss 'n' sware, 'n' play keerds, 'n' bet on horse- ace, 'n' drink whisky ——"

"Isam ——"

"En' he steal — goodness, he tek ter steal'n' like er duck ter ater. Roast'n yers, watermilluns, chick'n — nuthin' too bad fur n ——"

"Isam ——"

The word came upward in tones of thunder. Even Isam was bliged to regard it.

"Yes, sah?"

"Isam, I am going to die."

Isam gave a yell that ought to have been heard a mile away.

"Oh! do n't let 'im die! Skeer 'im, skeer 'im, Lord; but don' t 'im die!"

"Yes," continued the Major, "I am going to die; but let me ll you something, Isam. I have been looking into this beast's es until I recognize him." A sound came from the haw-bush ke the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded row gasped out an unintelligible word. The right chord had een touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam, who died last ear?" Isam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too eep for expression. "Well, this is Dr. Sam; he got loose the ther day when the plug fell out of the tree, and he and I will ever give you another hour of peace as long as you live."

The sentence was never finished. With a shriek that was lood-curdling in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came rashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves, traight upon the deer.

This was the crisis.

The frightened animal made one desperate plunge, taking the tartled Major by surprise, and the next instant found himself ree. He did not remain upon the scene, or he would have be- eld the terrified negro get upon his feet, run round in a frenzy of error, and close his last circle at the foot of the bush, up which e scurried again like a squirrel, old as he was. The Major lay at upon his back, after trying in vain to rise. Then the reaction ame. He fixed his eye upon the negro above, and laughed until he tears washed the dirt from his face; and Isam, holding his ead up so that his vision could encompass the narrow horizon, aid slowly and impressively:

"Mass' Craffud, ef de Lord had n't 'sist'd on Isam cum'n down ter run dat deer off, 'spec' by dis time you'd been er flopp'n yo' wings up yander, er else sput'n on er gridi'on down yander." And from his elevated perch Isam indicated the two extremes of eternity with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

But the Major had small time for laughter or recrimination. In the distance there rang out faintly the full-mouthed cry of a hound. Isam heard it. For him it was at once a welcome and a stimulating sound. Gliding to the ground, he helped the wearied Major to his feet, and started on a run for the boat, crying:

"Run, Mass' Craffud! wors'n er deer 's cummin'. Hit 's dem folks w'at know about dat corn 'en watermilluns ye tuke from dere patch, 'en yer can't 'splain nuthin' ter er houn' dog."

Broken down as he was, the Major realized that there was wisdom in the negro's words, and followed as best he could. The camp traps were thrown into the boat, and the little bark was launched. A minute later the form of a great, thirsty-looking hound appeared on the scene. But the hunters who came after found naught beyond the signs of a camp.

How Isam ever settled his difficulty needs no explanation. But it may interest the reader to know that one day he bore a message and a check that settled the corn and melon debt; and they tell it in Middle Georgia that every year thereafter, until the war-cloud broke over the land, whenever the catalpa worm crept upon the leaf, two runaways fled from Woodhaven and dwelt in the swamps, "loos' en free."

—*H. S. Edwards.*

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## A STUDY IN NERVES

A small door at the right of the pulpit opened, and he walked to his place before the altar. It had already been indicated by an inconspicuous chalk mark on the floor. His best man followed a little behind him at an interval which had required frequent rehearsing the evening before. He did not catch his chalk mark for an instant, and overstepped it, but he retreated cautiously, still facing the enemy, and carefully covered it with his foot.

People had been pouring into the church for the last half hour. At last all those who had been invited had been given the front seats. There was a slight flutter in the audience when the bride's

ther and her two married sisters were escorted to their seats the opposite side of the aisle from that set apart for the bride-om's family, in the suggestively antagonistic manner which is tomary when two houses are about to be united.

From his chalk mark by the altar he gazed rather unintelli-itly at the blur of faces turned towards him. Why should they be staring at him? Was his cravat slipping up over his col-? Only a hoarse but reassuring "You 're all right, old man!" ught his wandering hand back to his side again. But why n't the music begin?

The vast aggregated stare of the throng in front of him gradu-y resolved itself into its elements. It struck him that every e seemed remarkably solemn, as if it were an occasion for sad-s rather than for smiles. Why could n't they look pleasant ut it? Then it occurred to him that he felt solemn himself, d the cheerful and sympathetic grin on the face of one of his l-bachelor classmates, whom he had suddenly discovered, seemed idedly out of place and frivolous.

But none the less, something seemed required of him. Should grin back, or should he merely wink in acknowledgment? The earsal had not prepared him for this emergency. He shirked e responsibility of deciding and looked away.

Why did n't the music begin? Why did n't they open those ors? Had anything gone wrong? Had any one arrived at e last moment to announce some good cause why they two should t be joined together in holy wedlock? No, thank heaven, he uld face the world on that score. None the less, he felt that it ist be fearfully late. Yet he had been told that everything was ready, and that it was time for him to take his place on his alk mark. What were they waiting for? Had he not waited ig enough already?

Why did n't the music begin? If he could only look at his tch and see what time it really was, it would relieve his mind. e remembered that he had never seen it done, and kept his hands t at the seams of his trousers, out of temptation.

Suddenly the doors were pushed back and the bridal party peared in the opening. Behind the double file of somber-hued hers his eye caught a bit of color from the dress of one of the idesmaids, and then rested for a moment upon a little cloud of re swanlike white. Thank heaven, there she was. And as

she was there, why did n't the music begin? The tallest ush changed his position, and the little white cloud disappeared behi his broad black shoulder. Confound him, why could n't he sta still, when that was the first glimpse he had had of her for goc ness only knew how long!

There they all stood in the doorway, his seven best friends a the girl's usher. He supposed there was no reason now, from l point of view, why that unfortunate should not be one of l friends, too. He felt that he had never appreciated the fellov good qualities so strongly as at that moment. He remember that when she had at first spoken to him of her usher he had su gested to her the inadvisability of inviting a man to be present his own funeral, and how she had insisted that her usher she wou have. There he was, so why did n't the music begin?

He saw the black back of the organist suddenly fill out as wi the responsibility of his exalted position, and the next instant t familiar " tum-tum-ti-tum " pealed through the church. He fe that his troubles were over, for anything was better than th silent staring.

For a moment he could not make out what had all at on changed the appearance of things so much. Then he discover that the sea of faces had turned into an equally bewildering e hibition of back hair. What was the matter with his mind, an way? Why could n't he stop thinking?

" Tum-tum-ti-tum." The music not only had begun, but seemed to him as if it had always been playing. Why did th not start? What was the use of all that rehearsing if they did n know what to do when the time came? " Tum-tum-ti-tum played the organist.

It seemed an easy matter for eight grown men to walk up broad aisle together, two by two, a certain distance apart. Th had done it half a dozen times the night before. It was pe fectly simple. They were to be two pews apart. Or was it thr pews? " Ti-tum-tum-ti-tum."

He did n't know which it was, but it was no affair of his, an way. All he had to do was to stay on his chalk mark until was time for him to go to that other chalk mark over there receive her. There it was, a little rubbed out, to be sure, bu seeming to him like the guiding star to the path of matrimon and to it he had hitched his wagon. A scarcely breathed " They '

!" at his elbow, brought him back to earth again. They were ning through the door. It was two pews apart after all. He ew he had been right. He noticed that the girl's usher seemed cheerful as could be expected of him. He wondered how he uld feel if he had to change places with him. How had it pened that their places were not changed? He knew that he s a better fellow than the girl's usher, of course, but how had managed to make her believe it? He knew better men than he o had been girls' ushers in their time.

"Tum-tum-ti-tum."

The two ushers in the lead were within twenty feet of him. hy did n't they move faster? It made him nervous to see them vancing upon him like that. It was like the car of Juggernaut the inexorable march of time. They were bringing him the hapiess of his whole life. Why did n't they bring it to him faster? iere they were, coming at him in the same relentless way. All them were the pendulum, swinging nearer and nearer, to push n into the pit.

"Tum-tum-ti-tum-tum."

The two ushers in the lead were so near him that he could the pearls on the pins he had given them. There she was, eaven bless her! What was the sense of all this bother? Why uld n't he rush down the aisle and get her, all by himself? His e fell upon the relentless chalk mark before him, and he shifted s weight uneasily from one foot to the other.

The two files of ushers had begun to deploy on either side of m, each man trying to keep one eye on his alignment, and with e other to steer for the haven of his own particular chalk mark. s the last one disappeared from view behind him, he felt that never wanted to see one of them again after the way they had st treated him. The next moment the bridesmaids were tripng by him, guided to their positions by that unerring instinct in gard to all that pertains to weddings, which is every woman's rthright.

Then the final "tum-tum-ti-tum" rang out triumphantly into ery corner of the church. He rushed to the now benignly-inting chalk mark, and in an instant her hand was in his own.

— *Anonymous.*

## MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY

O, will ye choose to hear the news?
Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:
I 'll tell you all about the ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate,
At which I 've worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achilleses.
"We 'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls and stairs and halls
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I 'd lave you, boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten before the ball-room door,
His moighty Excellency was;
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the door-way followed him;
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince to that Black Prince
The welcome of his Company.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Gineral Jung Bahawther was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals,
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals;)
And as he there, with princely air,
Recloinin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair,
The squeeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
Amidst the hoigh gentility!
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese
Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonized, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife, —
I wondther how he could stuff her in.

There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there 's one I know, bedad, would show
As beautiful as any there;
And I 'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

— *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

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## THE CHARITY DINNER

Time: half-past six o'clock. Place: The London Tave
Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the D
tribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of t
Cannibal Islands.

On entering the room, we find more than two hundred nob
men and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is
creasing every minute. The preparations are now complete, a
we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pau
a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great m
appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and toadi
carrying white wands like a parcel of charity-school boys bent
beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at t
principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ou
selves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These i
portant duties finished, and grace having been beautifully su
by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. T
usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, an
after passing his fingers through his hair, he places his thum
in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory coug
accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commenc
as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen, It is with feelings of mingl
pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening:

sure, to find that this excellent and world-wide-known society n so promising a condition; and of regret, that you have not sen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable n myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as . (Loud cheers.) But although I may be unworthy of the or, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this ety from its commencement; feeling sure that nothing can l more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fire- comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the usion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which s for several minutes.) Here, in this England of ours, which n island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know — as our great poet so truthfully and beautifully expresses the e fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea'— what, vn the long vista of years, have conduced more to our suc- es in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never e upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the s of my early childhood. Where should we all have been now for those warm and fleecy coverings? My Lords and Gentle- n! Our first and tender memories are all associated with nkets: blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our dles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in schooldays, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. erefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men — and, h feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen — to initiate the un- ored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to ply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, season- e, luxurious, and useful appendages. At such a moment as s, the lines of another poet strikes familiarly upon the ear. me see, they are something like this — ah — ah —

*Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast,*
*And to — to do — a ——*

orget the rest. (Loud cheers.) Do we grudge our money for h a purpose? I answer, fearlessly, No! Could we spend it ter at home? I reply, most emphatically, No! True, it may said that there are thousands of our own people who at this ment are wandering about the streets of this great metropolis hout food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have *we*

to do with them? Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympat
are all wafted on the wings of charity to the dear and interes
Cannibals in the far-off islands of the great Pacific Ocean. (H
hear.) Besides, have not our own poor the workhouse to go
the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if t
please; the mutton broth to bathe in; and the ever toothso
although somewhat scanty, allowance of " toke " provided for th
If people choose to be poor, is it our business? And let it e
be remembered that our own people are not savages and m
eaters; and, therefore, our philanthropy would be wasted u
them. (Overwhelming applause.) To return to our subj
Perhaps some person or persons here may wonder why we sho
not send out side-springs and bluchers, as well as top-boots.
those I will say, that top-boots alone answer the object desired
namely, not only to keep the feet dry, but the legs warm, and t
to combine the double uses of shoes and stockings. Is it not
instance of the remarkable foresight of this society, that it p
posely abstains from sending out any other than top-boots?
show the gratitude of the Cannibals, for the benefits confer
upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few we
his illustrious Majesty, Hokee Pokey Wankey Fum the First
surnamed by his loving subjects 'The Magnificent,' from
fact of his wearing, on Sundays, a shirt-collar and an eyegl
as full court costume — has forwarded the president of the soci
a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a
constrictor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten w
toast; and I am told, by competent judges, that it is quite eq
to Russian caviare.

" My Lords and Gentlemen — I will not trespass on your
tience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompet
I am — no, no! I do n't mean that — knowing how incompet
you all are — no! I do n't mean that either — but you all kn
what I mean. Like the ancient Roman lawgiver, I am in
peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down — I mean
say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if ever there
an institution, it is *this* institution; and, therefore, I beg to p
pose, 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blank
and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.' "

The toast having been cordially responded to, his lordship ca
upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereup

t gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and se eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces necessary document, and reads in the orthodox manner —

"Thirtieth Half-yearly Report of the Society for the Distution of Blankets and Top-Boots to the Natives of the nibal Islands.

"The society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the mittee of management beg to congratulate their friends and scribers on the success that has been attained.

"When the Society first commenced its labors, the generous noble-minded natives of the islands, together with their King a chief whose name is well known in connection with one of most sterling and heroic ballads of this country — attired nselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their e — viz., little before, nothing behind, and no sleeves, with the sional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this ful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom apr in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, their feet encased in top-boots.

"When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the nds, the society's agents had a vast amount of trouble to pre- upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose; and, heir work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representas were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered; we rcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to wear any ering to their feet; until, after a time, the natives discovered warmth and utility of boots; and now they can scarcely be iced to remove them until they fall off through old age.

"During the past half-year, the society has distributed no less n 71 blankets and 128 pairs of top-boots; and your committee, efore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite peration, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious and savory cles.

"As the balance sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will ely quote a few of the figures for your satisfaction. We have ived, during the last half-year, in subscriptions, donations, and cies, the sum of 5,403*l.* 6*s.* 8¾*d.* We have disbursed for ertising, &c., 222*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* Rent, rates, and taxes, 305*l.* 10*s.*

0¼*d.* Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20*s.* per pair, have ta
71*l.* exactly; and 128 pairs of top-boots, at 21*s.* per pair, cost
134*l.* some odd shillings. The salaries and expenses of mana
ment amount to 1,307*l.* 4*s.* 2½*d.*; and sundries, which incl
committee meetings and traveling expenses, have absorbed the
mainder of the sum, and amount to 3,268*l.* 9*s.* 1¾*d.* So that
have expended on the dear and interesting Cannibals the sum
205*l.* and the remainder of the sum — amounting to 5,198*l.*
has been devoted to the working expenses of the society."

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat, a
hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobble
rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech —
which the phrases, "the Corporation of the City of London," "
and service," "ancient guild," "liberties and privileges,"
"Court of Common Council," figure frequently, states that
agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and h
moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaus
document than the one just read; which is calculated to sat
even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the city. He has either b
lord mayor, or sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a
words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers,
remarks are very favorably received.

"Clever man, Gobbleton!" says a common councilman, sitt
near us, to his neighbor, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy — gweat
ency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please, for M. Hector de Longueb
the great French writer is on his legs. He is staying in Engl
for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners
customs.

"Milors and Gentlemans!" commences the Frenchman, ele
ing his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and G
tlemans — You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stu
he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I h
no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say
dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make prop
and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de to
'De brevete is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere,
Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronounc

ctionaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver mooch to de point. n I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my e, I nevare to have expose dat dis day vould to have arrive. as to begin de vorld as von garcon — or, vat you call in dis ntrie, von vataire in a café — vere I vork ver hard, vid no ilimens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, ep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, t for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, gs dey have change ver moch for me since dat time, and I have e myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud ers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, eel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de ie table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique n, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de tropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel I can perspire to no greataire honneur dan to be von common undrelman myself; but, helas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of n of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de st. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he e write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de char- nte smile, de soft voice de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies o are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who cheer but not inebriate, and derefore, vid all homage to dere , de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless n all!'"

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of ers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, ote of thanks is passed to the noble chairman; and the Fifteenth nual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets l Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at end.

— *Litchfield Mosley.*

# PATHOS

The proper rendition of all pieces of *pure pathos* demar chiefly three conditions:

First, Natural voice.

Second, Effusive utterance.

Third, Slide of semitone.

*First.*— By natural voice we mean the conversational voi or the voice we all have by nature. Great care should be tak to secure the purest tone, free from all nasal, guttural and pecto qualities of voice. A clear, pleasant and musical tone is indisp sable in securing the best effects.

*Second.*— The utterance must be effusive, *i. e.,* flowing fr the mouth in a continuous stream of sound. If a staccato or co monplace style of utterance is indulged in, the reading will nec sarily degenerate into mere talk, and crush out all sympathe feeling.

*Third.*— In ordinary, unimpassioned speech, the voice pas through the interval of *one tone* on the musical scale, in the u terance of each word, but in all plaintive and deeply pathe moods of mind, we find, on investigation, that the slides of t voice are one-half as long as they are in ordinary discourse. Th unconscious slide of the voice on the *minor chord,* as exhibit in the plaintive cry of the child, or the weeping utterance of t bereaved mother, is the chief characteristic of voice necessary the expression of all pathetic selections.*

The student should now select one of the pieces given und this head, and endeavor to secure the effects which must follo from a careful application of the foregoing suggestions.

It will be found of great service in the acquirement of t

* It may be well to note that this pathetic slide is not measured by half tone in all cases, but follows the voice in all its movements up a down the scale on the third, fifth and octave, always vanishing, howev on a minor chord.

nitonic slide, to practice the musical scale, and oftentimes the pathetic study of a piece, thoroughly saturated with pathetic otion, is the best aid in the acquisition of the characteristics of ce necessary to the effective rendition of this important class of ctions.*

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## SELECTION FROM ENOCH ARDEN

He called aloud for Miriam Lane, and said,
"Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
Before I tell you — swear upon the book,
Not to reveal it till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamor'd the good woman; "hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear," added Enoch, sternly, "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch, rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden, of this town?"
"Know him?" she said; "I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her:
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half incredulous, half hysterical cry.
"You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
"My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he

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* Exercises on the vowels should constantly be used, or the vowel nds in the selections you are rendering. Prolong each vowel with as re and even a tone as possible, in order that the vocal organs may be ined to the manufacture of the clearest musical sounds, thereby ridding voice of all harsh and unpleasant qualities. Evenness and steadiness tone can only be secured by perfect control in the management of the eath.

Who married — but that name has twice been changed —
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen!" Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad, all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes.
But, awed and promise-bounden, she forbore,
Saying only, "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose,
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:
"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter, Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blessed him, too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his; she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore, when I am gone,

Take, give her this, for it may comfort her;
It will, moreover, be a token to her
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer, promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her,
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then; the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd, motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying, with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved!" And so fell back and spoke no more.

So passed the strong, heroic soul away.

—*Lord Tennyson.*

## LONGING FOR HOME

A song of a boat: —
There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow;
I marked her course 'til a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short: —
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me —
Ah me!

A song of a nest:
There was once a nest in a hollow;
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim.
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you, hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long: —
You shall never light, in a summer quest,
The bushes among —
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown,
They spread out their wings to fly.
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And — I wish I was going, too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be;
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me —
Ah me.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

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## CONNOR

"To the memory of Patrick Connor; this simple stone was erected by fellow-workmen."

Those words you may read any day upon a white slab in a metery not many miles from New York; but you might read m an hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they icate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with placing of that stone above the dust of one poor humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was rcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great and hardware shop one day, and presented himself at the coun- with an

"I 've been tould ye advertized for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his d from his account book.

"I 'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could better, and I 'd learn — I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared tl he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fi who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that mo ing —

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks are you any smarter?"

"I 'll not say that," said the man; "but I 'd be wishing and that would make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I 've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor, I 'll tell no lie, Tim O'Toole had n't t like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you 'd be in the w I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms a bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, know your countrymen — lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, w never do their best. No, I 've been taken in by Irish hands befo and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to i in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly; "for I tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can get, and that 's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it 's but half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English ha penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the o speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan 's me wife, the other me child," said the man. " masther, just thry me. How 'll I bring 'em over to me, if no o will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big ci seems against it, and me with arms like them."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Baw looked at them, and then at his face.

" I 'll hire you for a week," he said; " and now, as it 's noon, down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner — ungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. vne, untying his apron, went upstairs to his own meal. Suspi- is as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was eably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually ned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same by clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

" Beer costs money," he said one day, " and ivery cint I spind off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, n I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it 's slow work sav- "

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, ghtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest is saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of sement, or to share in their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companion- ; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of a over, and was not " mane enough " to accept favor of others. kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, king at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shil- s by, running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking ny one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of a and of little Jamesy.

At first, the men who prided themselves on being all Ameri- , and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of of Connor, whose " wild Irish " ways and verdancy were in- l often laughable. But he won their hearts at last; and when, day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, pped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, " Look, ; I 've got the whole at last! I 'm going to bring Nora and esy over at last! Whorooo!! I 've got it!!! " all felt sym- y in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial con- ulations, and one proposed to treat all around, and drink a l voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to c fortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a p lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four ot men; and in the joy of his heart, the poor fellow exhibited handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning, he found his treasure go some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robl him.

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searcl every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and beg those about him "to quit joking, and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth —

"Is any man that bad that it 's thaved from me?" he ask in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And so one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor, it 's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men ne forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him agai

But when he went to work that day, it seemed to all who s him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands w never idle. His face seemed to say, "I 'll have Nora with yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strang scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who served him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Inde from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold wat and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be t talk of the shop, and, now that sympathy was excited, every o wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, ki words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no pow could make him share the food or drink of any other workm It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still, he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne pay-day, set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and t and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than t first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I 'm going to bring th over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he t

his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious long strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned er it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then ery man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding, ew that Nora and her baby were coming; and so the days flew , and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was e boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, d bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the sub- nce of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow- rkmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, th a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an ucation, which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin', at 's one, and the writin', that 's three, and, moreover, she ows all that a woman can." Then he looked up, with tears his eyes, and asked,—"Do you wondher the time seems long tween me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day — Nora at noon — Nora night — until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his p in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half-a-dozen men ere ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a eeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant d put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he rted.

"She had n't the like of that in the old counthry," he said, but she 'll know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay, d at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The ot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers ere stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of nployees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora ould wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and ere, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor arched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, eagerly but tiently, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said; "she 'd be lost entirely; bade her wait, but I do n't see her, boys; I think she 's not in it."

"Why do n't you see the captain?" asked one; and Connc jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "an I can't find her."

"Perhaps she 's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women do n't always do as they are bid, you know," sai the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor; — "but maybe she was left be hind. Maybe she did n't come. I somehow think she did n't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment h asked:

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That 's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, ye honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends; they looked at th captain. Then he said huskily: "Sit down, my man; I 've go something to tell you."

"She 's left behind," said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them Yes — Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain, now white to his lips.

"It 's been a sickly season," said the captain; "we have hac illness on board — the cholera. You know that."

"I did n't. I can't read; they kept it from me," said Connor

"We did n't want to frighten him," said one, in a half whisper

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, captain?"

"Many died, many children," went on the captain. "Wher we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain,

and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. "It 's his father I think of," said she; "he 's longing to see poor Jamesy."

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain; "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill, also, very suddenly; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And my man, God help you, she never said anything more — in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the Jews, and the room was full of Connor's fellow workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It 's aisy now; I 'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I 've learnt one thing — God is good; He would n't let me bring Nora over to me, but he 's takin' me over to her and Jamesy over the river; do n't you see it, and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora — Heaven only knows — and so died.

— *Anonymous.*

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## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—*Lord Tennyson.*

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## FLORENCE VANE

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,

Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under;
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep,
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

—*Philip P. Cooke.*

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## THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers,— those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet —

And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.
She came and brought delicious May;
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:

We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen —
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise),—
For love of him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Dear Christ — our hearts bent down,
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,

Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now: —
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.
God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell;
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief:
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;
And then went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

— *T. B. Aldrich.*

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## EDWARD GRAY

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met me walking on yonder way;
"And have you lost your heart?" she said;
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:
Bitterly weeping, I turned away;
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will:
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;
Filled I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!
Cruelly came they back to-day:
'You 're too slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass —
Whispered, 'Listen to my despair:
I repent me of all I did;
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree;
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:
Bitterly weeping, I turned away;
There lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

— *Lord Tennyson.*

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## PICTURES OF MEMORY

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:

Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

— *Alice Cary.*

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## THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;

And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

— *Robert Burns.*

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## "ROCK OF AGES"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves sown
On the current of the tune —
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Felt her soul no need to hide —
Sweet the song as song could be
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer —
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me —"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer —
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling through the voice, and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
As a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully
All life's cares and sorrows hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips,
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, ay still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

— *Anonymous.*

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## THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE

"An' sure I was tould to come to yer Honor,
To see if ye 'd write a few words to me Pat.
He 's gone for a soldier, is Misther O'Connor,
Wid a sthripe on his arm and a band on his hat.

"An' what 'll ye tell him? It ought to be aisy
For sich as yer Honor to spake wid the pen,—
Jist say I 'm all right, and that Mavoorneen Daisy
(The baby, yer Honor) is betther again.

For when he went off it 's so sick was the childer
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face;
And when I 'd be cryin' he 'd look but the wilder,
An' say, 'Would you wish for the counthry's disgrace?'

So he left her in danger, and me sorely gratin',
To follow the flag wid an Irishman's joy;—
O, it 's often I drame of the big drums a batin',
An' a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

An' say will he send me a bit of his money,
For the rint an' the docther's bill, due in a wake;—
Well, surely, there 's tears on yer eye-lashes, honey!
Ah, faith, I 've no right with such freedom to spake.

You 've overmuch trifling, I 'll not give ye trouble,
I 'll find some one willin'— O, what can it be?
What 's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer Honor, do n't hide it, but rade it to me.

'What, Patrick O'Connor! No, no, 'tis some other!
Dead! dead! no, not him! 'Tis a wake scarce gone by.
Dead! dead! why, the kiss on the cheek of his mother,
It has n't had time yet, yer Honor, to dry.

'Do n't tell me! It 's not him! O God, am I crazy?
Shot dead! O for love of sweet Heaven, say no.
O, what 'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy!
O, how will I live, an' O, where will I go!

'The room is so dark, I 'm not seein' yer Honor,
I think I 'll go home —" And a sob, thick and dry,
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

—*M. A. Dennison.*

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## JEANIE MORRISON

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life 's young day!

The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

My head rins round and round about,—
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time, and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!

That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled — unsung!

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west.
I 've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I 've never seen your face nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

— *William Motherwell.*

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## THE LOST LOVE

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O
The difference to me!

— *William Wordsworth.*

## AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me!

He had na been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea —
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother cou'dna spin;
I toiled day and nicht; but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh, marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
An auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I 'm coming back for to marry thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee,
And why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

ang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
laurna think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
t I 'll do my best a gude wife to be,
r auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

— *Lady A. Lindsay.*

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## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

— *Robert Burns.*

# SOLEMNITY

In the expression of solemnity three things are necessary:
First, Natural voice.
Second, Effusive utterance.
Third, Low pitch.

Here, as in pathetic reading, the natural voice and effu utterance are used, and the same care should be taken to se perfect *purity of tone* and a gentle *continuous emission of so*

Low pitch can be easily secured by striking the pitch of ordi conversation, which is about the middle line of the voice, descending on the musical scale three or four notes. The l of solemn expression will thus be reached, and with freedom f harshness of tone, united with an effusive utterance, the condit of solemn reading will be fully met.

## SOLEMN SELECTIONS

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime!
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow:

And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## THANATOPSIS

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list

To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice,— Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet, not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,— nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,— with kings,
The powerful of the earth,— the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound

Save his own dashings,— yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,— the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

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## THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

[The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments
n are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their
rings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the
ves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.]

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe; —

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*F. M. Finch.*

## UNDER THE VIOLETS

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## CARCASSONNE

How old I am! I 'm eighty year!
I 've worked both hard and long;
Yet, patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen,—
It almost seems a wrong:
A dream I had when life was new —
Alas, our dreams! They come not true;
I thought to see fair Carcassonne!
I have not seen fair Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountain blue:
Fain would I walk five weary leagues —
I do not mind the road's fatigues —
Through morn and evening dew;
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes that yellow blight;
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne.

Our Vicar 's right; he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware!
He says: " O, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare! "
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind;
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne.

They say it is as gay all time,
As holidays at home;
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The Bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds;
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

My God and Father! pardon me,
  If this, my wish, offends;
One sees some hope more high than he,
In age, as in his infancy,
  To which his heart ascends.
My wife, my son have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age,
  Half dreaming in his chair:
I said, "My friend, come go with me,
To-morrow, then, your eyes shall see
  Those sights that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul,
The church bell's low and solemn toll!
He never saw gay Carcassonne!
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

— *M. E. W. Sherwood.*

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## FUNERAL HYMN

How still and peaceful is the grave,
  Where,— life's vain tumults past —
The appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
  Receives us all at last!

The wicked there from troubling cease,—
  Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
  From all the toils he bore.

All, leveled by the hands of death,
  Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth
  To meet their final doom.

— *James Montgomery.*

## CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

— *Lord Tennyson*

## SERENITY, BEAUTY, LOVE

The requirements are:
First — Natural voice.
Second — Effusive utterance.
Third — High pitch.
The pleasant effect produced by this combination was called he ancients, the "Silvery tone." The quietude and delicacy his class of selections demand especial care in securing a pure, cal and effusive quality of voice. The more pure, gentle and nuous the tones can be made, the more effective and pleasant be the results of the reading.
To secure high pitch, let the voice ascend the musical scale or four notes, beginning with the pitch of ordinary con-ation.

## SELECTIONS OF SERENITY, BEAUTY, LOVE

### ALCONY SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT II. SCENE 2.

*Romeo.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound
[JULIET *appears above at a window.*]
soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
the east, and Juliet is the sun.
e, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
o is already sick and pale with grief
t thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
not her maid, since she is envious;
my lady, O, it is my love!
hat she knew she were!
speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
eye discourses; I will answer it.
n too bold, 't is not to me she speaks.
o of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

*Juliet.* Ah me!

*Romeo.* She speaks!

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven —

*Juliet.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefor art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Romeo* [*Aside*]. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at th

*Juliet.* 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What 's Montague? It is not hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

*Romeo.* I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Juliet.* What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

*Romeo.* By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

ause it is an enemy to thee;
d I it written, I would tear the word.
*Juliet.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound,
thou not Romeo and a Montague?
*Romeo.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
*Juliet.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
e orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
d the place death, considering who thou art,
ny of my kinsmen find thee here.
*Romeo.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
stony limits cannot hold love out,
d what love can do that dares love attempt;
erefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
*Juliet.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
*Romeo.* Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
an twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
d I am proof against their enmity.
*Juliet.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.
*Romeo.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
d but thou love me, let them find me here,
life were better ended by their hate,
an death proroguéd, wanting of thy love.
*Juliet.* By whose direction found 'st thou out this place?
*Romeo.* By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes,
m no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
ould adventure for such merchandise.
*Juliet.* Thou know 'st the mask of night is on my face,
e would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
n would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
at I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
st thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"
d I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear 'st,
ou mayst prove false. At lover's perjuries,
ey say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
if thou think 'st I am too quickly won,

I 'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard 'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Romeo.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

*Juliet.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Romeo.* What shall I swear by?

*Juliet.* Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

*Romeo.* If my heart's dear love —

*Juliet.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Romeo.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Juliet.* What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

*Romeo.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mir

*Juliet.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Romeo.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, lov

*Juliet.* But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

y love as deep; the more I give to thee,
ie more I have, for both are infinite.
iear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
veet Montague, be true.
ay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

*Romeo.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afear'd,
ing in night, all this is but a dream,
o flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[*Re-enter* JULIET.]

*Juliet.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
that thy bent of love be honorable,
hy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
nd all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay
nd follow thee my lord throughout the world.
ut if thou mean 'st not well, I do beseech thee
o cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief;
omorrow will I send.

*Romeo.* So thrive my soul —

*Juliet.* A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

*Romeo.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
ove goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
ut love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Re-enter* JULIET.]

*Juliet.* Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
o lure this tassel-gentle back again!
ondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
lse would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
nd make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
Vith repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Romeo.* It is my soul, that calls upon my name
low silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
ike softest music to attending ears!

*Juliet.* Romeo!

*Romeo.* My dear?

*Juliet.* At what o'clock tomorrow
hall I send to thee?

*Romeo.* By the hour of nine.

*Juliet.* I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.
have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Romeo.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Juliet.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

*Romeo.* And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Juliet.* 'T is almost morning; I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Romeo.* I would I were thy bird.

*Juliet.* Sweet, so would I;
Yet I would kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

*Romeo.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

— *William Shakespeare*

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## ENDYMION

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,— the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,— as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long!"

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,—

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,—
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame!

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk O
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there 's an anthem
More dear to me —
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

— *Francis Mahony.*

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## MARY DONNELLY

lovely Mary Donnelly, it 's you I love the best!
fifty girls were around you, I 'd hardly see the rest;
: what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
veet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

er eyes like mountain water that 's flowing on a rock,
ow clear they are! how dark they are! and they give me many
a shock;
ed rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,
ould ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

er nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
er chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;
er hair 's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine,—
's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

he dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before;
o pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor;
ut Mary kept the belt of love, and O, but she was gay;
he danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;
The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much prai
But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her voice she rai

And evermore I 'm whistling or lilting what you sung;
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongu
But you 've as many sweethearts as you 'd count on both y
hands,
And for myself, there 's not a thumb or little finger stands.

O, you 're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I 'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way and see your bea
bright,
And you to be his lady, I 'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall;
O, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty 's my distress;
It 's far too beauteous to be mine, but I 'll never wish it less;
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and lo
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

— *William Allingham.*

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## EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the ri
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam
the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spi
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garde
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and c
fessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows a
night-dews.

ung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
emed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
s, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
assed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
lent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
leaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
ver her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
none on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
ave when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
s if a hand had appeared and written upon them "Upharsin."
nd the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Vandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O, my beloved!
rt thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
rt thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
h! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
h! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
h! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
hou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
Vhen shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
oud and sudden and near the note of a whip-poor-will sounded,
ike a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
arther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
nd, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There 's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say:
'Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!'

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunking from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat — jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud —
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd —
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud
On the road to Mandalay —

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was dropping slow,
She 'd git 'er little banjo an' she 'd sing *"Kullalo-lo!"*
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay —

But that 's all shove be'ind me — long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;
An' I 'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells
"If you 've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothing else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells
On the road to Mandalay —

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and —
Law! wot do they understand?
I 've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener, land!
On the road to Mandalay —

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there are n't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it 's there that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea —
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

— *Rudyard Kipling.*

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## BUTTERFLIES

At sixteen years she knew no care;
How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies all white.

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew,
And lo, there came from out the skies
Butterflies all blue.

Before she guessed her heart was gone;
The tale of love was swiftly told,
And all about her wheeled and shone
Butterflies all gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn;
She wept and sobbed, "Oh love, come back!"
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies all black.

— *John Davidson*

## "MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART"

*Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.**

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
*Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
*Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
*Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone.
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
*Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.*

— *Lord Byron.*

* My life, I love you.

## "GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O!
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arm about my dearie, O!
An' warl'ly cares, an' warl'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye 're naught but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e 'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!

—*Robert Burns.*

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## A PETITION TO TIME

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!

Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
*Our* ambition, *our* content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us *gently,* gentle Time!

—*Bryan Waller Procter*

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## ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden, she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
  Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
  In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
  Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we,
  Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
  In her sepulcher there by the sea,
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

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## SANDALPHON

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
  Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,— the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
  Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
  With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
  Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
  With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
  By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
  With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands, listening breathless
  To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
  In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
  Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
  Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
  Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
  Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
  But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
  All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
  His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME

Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen!
I 'll tell ye o' a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'T is to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

*When the kye come hame,*
*When the kye come hame,—*
*'Tween the gloomin' an' the mirk,*
*When the kye come hame.*

'T is not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown;
'T is not on couch o' velvet,
Nor yet in bed o' down:
'T is beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the tapmost bough
O, a happy bird is he!

There he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme;
And he 'll woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his ee,
Then the lavrock, frae the blue lift,
Draps down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
That lingers on the hill;
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he dinna gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O, there 's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame!
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils an' its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame?

—*James Hogg.*

# RAND, SUBLIME, AND REVERENTIAL STYLES

## OROTUND VOICE

The Orotund voice, or the voice that is used in the expres- of impassioned selections, needs now to be specially consid-, as we are about to treat of various classes of composition depend upon that voice for their appropriate interpretation. What is the Orotund voice, and wherein does it differ from natural or conversational voice? These questions are per- nt to the present discussion.

The Natural and Orotund voices are manufactured in the e way, and differ only in their intensity and volume of sound. drum-head be tapped by the finger, a feeble report is heard; if you beat the drum with great force, a very much louder rt follows each blow, and a consequent resonance is heard le as the sound passes from one head of the drum to the other. vith these voices. In the case of the Natural voice, the sound e in the glottis, as we talk, is not sufficiently loud to produce resonance, except a slight one in the head; but when by the on of the abdominal muscles, the air in the lungs is thrown the glottis with great force, a loud explosion of sound is heard, a consequent resonance takes place in the cavities of the body, cially in the chest; hence the term, chest tone.

The most direct answer that we can make to the inquiry, what ne Orotund voice and wherein does it differ from the Natural ce, is this: The Orotund voice is that full, deep and resonant nd heard in all impassioned sublimity, oratory and fierce emo-, and it differs specifically from the Natural voice in that its th, fullness and roundness arise chiefly from resonance in the ities of the body.

The use of the Orotund voice in impassioned styles is so com- n a thing in ordinary life that the mention of a single example serve to dissipate the absurd notion that elocutionary rules are

arbitrary and conventional. For example, when the boy l
finger he does not talk, he roars; he has so much feeling to g
of that he cannot find vent in the Natural voice, and is forc
an irresistible impulse to use a larger voice in order that h
find relief. You can *read* an essay, but you must *speak* an or
The emotion that fills the orator's soul as he denounces an e
or excites his countrymen to heroic deeds, must find an out
the full, strong and ample tones of the Orotund.

There are three kinds of Orotund voice, Effusive, Exp
and Explosive, each of which will receive a separate consider

## EFFUSIVE OROTUND

This kind of Orotund is used in the rendition of all *g*
*sublime,* and *reverential* styles. It is the appropriate voi
prayer, of all the prayer services of the church, of nearl
hymns — since they are but prayers in verse — of the grand
sages of the Prophets and Psalms, as well as the sublime
ances of the Revelation. It is also the appropriate voice fo
expression of all emotions that are excited by the grandeur,
ness, or splendor of natural objects. The prevailing pitch of
is low, and in profound awe, despair and horror, we descer
the lowest pitch.

Care should be taken to avoid all harshness of tone, as in
qualities of voice are more readily detected in the full,
drawn notes of the Effusive Orotund than in any other sty
reading or speaking. A deep, full, sonorous quality of v
free from all false intonations, sudden transitions, or conv
tional inflections, should be cultivated for the proper expre
of this class of selections.

# RAND, SUBLIME, AND REVERENTIAL SELECTIONS

## HYMN TO MONT BLANC

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial black —
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought —
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

— *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

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## THE BURIAL OF MOSES

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-: but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." — Deut. xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;

Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
  The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
  To lay him in the grave? —

In that deep grave, without a name,
  Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — most wondrous thought! —
  Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
  On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
  With the Incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
  O, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
  And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of Grace —
  Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
  Of him he loved so well.

— *Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.*

## APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
  By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
  I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
  From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
  Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
  Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
  The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
  When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
  Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
  The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
  Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
  These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
  Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,— what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
  And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
  The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
  Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
  Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or gale or storm,
  Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
  Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
  Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
  Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
  I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
  Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror,— 't was a pleasing fear;
  For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

— *Lord Byron.*

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## THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ,
  I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
  Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
  Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
  Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
  Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
  With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
  Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
  From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexéd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

— *Adelaide A. Procto*

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## HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## THE BARDS

When the sweet day in silence hath departed,
And twilight comes with dewy, downcast eyes,
The glowing spirits of the mighty-hearted
Like stars around me rise.

Spirits whose voices pour an endless measure,
Exhaustless as the choral founts of night,
Until my trembling soul, oppressed with pleasure,
Throbs in a flood of light.

Old Homer's song in mighty undulations
Comes surging ceaseless up the oblivious main:—
I hear the rivers from succeeding nations
Go answering down again.

Hear Virgil's strain through pleasant pastures strolling,
And Tasso's sweeping round through Palestine
And Dante's deep and solemn river rolling
Through groves of midnight pine.

I hear the iron Norseman's numbers ringing
Through frozen Norway like a herald's horn;
And like a lark, hear glorious Chaucer singing
Away in England's morn.

In Rhenish halls, still hear the pilgrim lover
Chant his wild story to the wailing strings,
Till the young maiden's eyes are brimming over
Like the full cup she brings.

And hear from Scottish hills the souls unquiet
Pouring in torrents their perpetual lays,
As their impetuous mountain runnels riot
In the long rainy days;

The world-wide Shakespeare — the imperial Spenser:
Whose shafts of song o'ertop the angels' seats,—
While, delicate as from a silver censer,
Float the sweet dreams of Keats!

Nor these alone — for through the growing present,
Westward the starry path of Poesy lies —
Her glorious spirit, like the evening crescent,
Comes rounding up the skies.

— *Thomas Buchanan Read.*

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## RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
  *Amen.*

— *Rudyard Kipling.*

# ORATORICAL STYLES

## EXPULSIVE OROTUND

This form of the Orotund is used in the expression of all o torical styles. The air instead of flowing from the mouth in a c tinuous stream as in the Effusive Orotund, is gathered up i tense, compact volume and thrown into the glottis, whence it iss in the form of a short shout.

The key to the effective and easy expression of all orator styles requires a separate impulsion of air for each tone or w that is uttered. The tones of the orator thus formed resemble firm resonant strokes of a bell, or the compact and solid blows a hammer on an anvil. Flabbiness of tone, which destroys vigor of expression, and imperfect vocalization, producing hus ness, would be speedily overcome if the tones were made firm energetic expulsion of the air in the pronunciation of each wo Daily practice on the vowels and numerals, securing a sturdy a resonant tone in the enunciation of each word, is the most dir and simple way to acquire this form of expression.

Two essential points of advantage are gained by the adopt of these suggestions: First, economy of breath; second, distinctn of utterance. The tones being made in such a firm and comp manner, it is apparent that the liability of air escaping unvocaliz is diminished, and what is used is put in such form as to secu the greatest amount of sound with the least possible expen ture of breath. In short, the speaker is working at his best w the least possible outlay of physical exertion.

Indistinctness is practically impossible, as each word is ma by a separate impulsion of breath, and hence the speaker mu be distinct in his utterance, if he pronounces individual words d tinctly.

# ORATORICAL SELECTIONS

## SOUTH CAROLINA

If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President,— and I
it not in a boastful spirit,— that may challenge comparison
h any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, uncalculating
otion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to
hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheer-
y made; no service she has hesitated to perform. She has ad-
ed to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity, she has
ng to you with more than filial affection.

No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs;
ugh deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded
h difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the
ce of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; — every man
ame at once reconciled to his brethren; and the sons of Carolina
e all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gift
he altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolu-
n? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious
ggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think
east equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quar-
of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer
m to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute.

Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor
men to create a commercial relationship, they might have
nd in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be
ever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling
all consideration, either of interest or of safety, they rushed
o the conflict; and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred
se of freedom.

Never were there exhibited in the history of the world, higher
mples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance

than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The wh
State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an ov
whelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished
the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the
The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood
her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places wh
had been the habitations of her children!

Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost imp
etrable swamps,—even there the spirit of liberty survived;
South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and
Marions, proved by her conduct that, though her soil might
overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible!

—*Robert Young Hayne.*

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Long before the guns of Beauregard opened fire upon F
Sumter "blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people." T
hustings in America had become a battleground, and every r
of debatable territory a ring for controversial mills, always tum
tuous, and sometimes sanguinary. No sooner had the campfi
of the Revolution died out, than there began to burn, at fi
fitfully, then to blaze alarmingly in every direction, a successi
of forest fires, baffling the energies and resources of the good a
brave men who sought to put them out. Mr. Webster, at or
a learned jurist and prose poet, might thunder expositions of t
written law to quiet the fears of the slave-owner, and to l
the waves of agitation. Mr. Clay, by his resistless eloquence a
overmastering personality, might compromise first one and th
another of the irreconcilable national issues. To no purpo
except to delay the fatal hour. There were moving to the fo
ground moral forces which would down at no man's biddin
The still, small voice of emancipation, stifled for a moment
self-interest, playing upon the fears of the timid, recovered
breath and broke into a cry of abolition. The cry for abolitio
rose in volume to a roar. Slowly step by step the forces
freedom advanced to meet the forces of slavery. Gradually the

ity discordant elements approached the predestined line of le; the gains for a while seeming to be in doubt, but in reality n one side. There was less and less of middle ground. The dlemen who ventured to get in the way were struck down, bsorbed by the one party or the other. The Senate had its tysburg, and many and many a Shiloh was fought on the r of the House. Actual war raged in Kansas. The mysterious ent upon Harper's Ferry, like a fire-bell in the night, might e warned all men of the coming conflagration. Greek was ting Greek at last, and the field of politics became almost as hurous and murky as an actual field of battle. Amid the noise confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright, and the ning of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern p one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man , in spite of an appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's of beauty, yet with an air of command, and, pausing to utter ngle sentence, that might be heard above the din, passed on for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with ning. The man bore a commission from God on high. He . "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe Government cannot endure permanently half free and half e. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect House to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." at man was Abraham Lincoln. He was himself a Southern n. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left ntucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was y young, and he grew to manhood in a Kentucky colony; for at was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony, grown e somewhat out of proportion. He was in no sense what we the South used to call a "poor white." Awkward perhaps; un-nly perhaps, but inspiring: the spirit of a hero beneath that gged exterior, the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; courage of a lion back of those patient kindly eyes, and long ore he was of legal age, a leader. His first love was a Rut-ge; his wife was a Todd. Let the romancist tell the story of romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the rt and simple annals of the poor. We know he was a prose-t, for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettys-rg. We know he was a statesman, for has not time vindicated

his conclusions? But the South does not know that he w
friend. The one friend who had the power and the will to
it from itself. He was the one man in public life, who c
have come to the head of affairs in 1861, bringing with him n
of the embittered resentment growing out of the anti-sla
battle, and the direst blow that could have been laid upon
prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that str
him down.

What was the mysterious power of this mysterious man,
whence?

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense
action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enric
by experience, and unhindered by fear. "He was a common ma
'says his friend Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportio
well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beat
pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready wit
remedy." Inspired he was truly; as Shakespeare was inspired,
Mozart was inspired, as Burns was inspired; each, like him, spru
directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells
story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping
the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, no
trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I
this motherless lad growing to manhood amid the scenes, t
seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books;
charts, except his own untutored mind; no compass except
own undisciplined will; no light save light from Heaven, y
like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through t
trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see t
full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity
movement and strength of limb. I see the mind, grown
robust as the body, throw off the phantoms of the imagination a
give itself wholly to the earning of bread. I see the party lead
self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was n
his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing h
convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fello
with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressi
than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among h
fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone
all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents, a

distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because roughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being n first to last, the poor child weeping over a dead mother, great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war, flinching from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the n realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. l, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, e him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which had rendered "the last, full measure of devotion," the flag of country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any refuse his homage to his memory? Surely he was one of l's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstances, or acci- t. Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plow- ? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were ed up by God; inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and housand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with per feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and th.

—*Henry Watterson.*

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## THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE

Imagine a chain of Federal forts, built in between with walls living men, the line flung northward out of sight and south- d beyond Lookout. Imagine a chain of mountains crowned h batteries and manned with hostile troops through a six-mile ep, set over against us in plain sight, and you have the two nts,— the blue, the gray. Imagine the center of our line pushed a mile and a half towards Mission Ridge, and you have the ation as it was on the morning before Thanksgiving. And at a work was to be done! One and a half miles to traverse, h narrow fringes of woods, rough valleys, sweeps of open ls, rocky acclivities, to the base of the Ridge, and no foot in the breadth withdrawn from rebel sight. The base attained, at then? A hill struggling up out of the valley four hun- d feet, rained on by bullets, swept by shot and shell; an-

other line of works, and then, up like a Gothic roof, rough w rocks, a-wreck with fallen trees, four hundred more; another of fire and iron, and then the crest, and then the enemy.

To dream of such a journey would be madness; to devise a thing incredible; to do it, a deed impossible. But Grant guilty of them all, and was equal to the work.

The bugle swung idly at the bugler's side. The warbling and rumbling drum were unheard. There was to be louder t Six guns at intervals of two seconds, the signal to advance. Str and steady a voice rang out: "Number one, fire! Number t fire! Number three, fire!" It seemed to me the tolling of clock of destiny. And when at "Number six, fire!" the throbbed out with the flash, you could have seen the dead that had been lying behind the works all day, all night, all again, leap like a blade from its scabbard, and sweep witl two-mile stroke toward the Ridge. From divisions to briga from brigades to regiments, the order ran. A minute, and skirmishers deploy. A minute, and the first great drops begin patter along the line. A minute, and the musketry is in full p like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire. Men go down h and there before your eyes.

But I may tell you they did not storm that mountain as would think. They dash out a little way, and then slacken; t creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing and wavering halting, from the first line of works toward the second; t burst into a charge with a cheer and go over it. Sheets of fla baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and rig It is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all. Ten fifteen — twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. T batteries roll like a drum. The hill sways up like a wall bef them at an angle of forty-five degrees; but our brave mountaine are clambering steadily on — up — upward still! And what these men follow? Your heart gives a great bound when y think what it is,— the regimental flag,— and, glancing along front, count fifteen of those colors that were borne at Pea Rid waved at Shiloh, glorified at Stone River, riddled at Chickamau Three times the flag of the 27th Illinois goes down. And y know why. Three dead color sergeants lie just there; but flag is immortal — thank God! — and up it comes again, and men move on.

I give a look at the sun behind me; it is not more than a hand-adth from the edge of the mountain. Oh, for the voice that ld bid that sun stand still! I turn to the battle again. Those ee flags have taken flight. They are upward bound! The e of the flags is growing every moment more terrible. The n sledge beats on. Hearts, loyal and brave, are on the anvil all way from base to summit of Mission Ridge, but those dreadful nmers never intermit. Things are growing desperate up aloft; enemy tumble rocks upon the rising line; they light the fuses l roll shells down the steep; they load the guns with handfuls cartridges in their haste; and, as if there were powder in the rd, they shout "Chickamauga!" down upon the mountaineers. But all would not do, and just as the sun, weary of the scene, s sinking out of sight, with magnificent bursts all along the e, exactly as you have seen the crested seas leap up at the break-ter, the advance surged over the crest, and in a minute those gs fluttered along the fringe where fifty guns were kenneled.

—*Benjamin F. Taylor.*

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## A PLEA FOR CUBA

On the twelfth of March, 1898, Senator John M. Thurston and his e landed at the harbor of Matanzas to make an independent investi-ion of affairs in Cuba. Mrs. Thurston toiled day and night in behalf the suffering Cubans until her strength sank beneath the strain, and spirit of the noble woman passed away. Her last request was that husband should not allow her death to delay his efforts in behalf of ban liberty. So, on the twenty-fourth of March, Mr. Thurston de-ered the following speech before the United States Senate.

*Mr. President*—I am here by command of silent lips to speak ce and for all upon the Cuban situation. I trust that no one s expected anything sensational from me. God forbid that the terness of a personal loss should induce me to color in the ghtest degree the statement that I feel it my duty to make. I ll endeavor to be honest, conservative, and just. I have no rpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and perative to meet the duties and necessities of American respon-ility, Christian humanity, and national honor. I would shirk s task if I could, but I dare not. I cannot satisfy my conscience cept by speaking, and speaking now.

I went to Cuba firmly believing that the condition of aff there had been greatly exaggerated by the press, and my own forts were directed in the first instance to the attempted expo of these supposed exaggerations. There has undoubtedly b much sensationalism in the journalism of the time, but as to condition of affairs in Cuba there has been no exaggeration, cause exaggeration has been impossible.

The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving rec centrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousa I never saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplor a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their desp ing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. M women, and children stand silent, famishing with hunger. T have no homes to return to; their fields have grown up to wee they have no oxen, no implements of husbandry with which to gin anew the cultivation of the soil. Their only hope is to rem where they are, to live as long as they can on any insuffici charity, and then die.

The government of Spain will not appropriate one dollar save these people. They are now being attended and nursed administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of spectacle! We are feeding these citizens of Spain; we are nurs the sick; we are saving such as can be saved, and yet there those who still say it is right for us to send food, but we must k hands off. I say that time has come when muskets ought to with the food. We asked the governor if he knew of any re for these people except through the charity of the United Sta He did not. We asked him, "When do you think the time v come that these people can be placed in a position of self-support He replied to us, with deep feeling, "Only the good God, or great government of the United States can answer that questio I hope and believe that the good God by the great government the United States will answer that question. Spain is power to end the conflict, to rehabilitate the island, or to relieve the s fering, starvation, and distress. The time for action then come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than ex to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to awful story of misery and death. Only one Power can intervene

United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the w World, the mother of American republics. She holds a ition of trust and responsibility toward the peoples of the whole estern Hemisphere. It was her glorious example which inspired patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills. e cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New orld. We must act! What shall our action be? Some say, ie acknowledgment of the belligerency of the revolutionists. The ar and the opportunity for that have passed away. Others say, t us by resolution or official proclamation recognize the inde- idence of the Cubans. It is too late even for such recognition be of great avail. Others say, Annexation to the United States. d forbid! I would oppose annexation with my latest breath. ie people of Cuba are not our people: they cannot assimilate with Let the world understand that the United States does not pose to annex Cuba, that it is not seeking a foot of Cuban soil a dollar of Spanish treasure.

There is only one action possible, if any is taken; that is, inter- ition for the independence of the island; intervention that means landing of an American army on Cuban soil, the deploying of American fleet off Havana; intervention which says to Spain, ave the island, withdraw your soldiers, leave the Cubans, these thers of ours, to form and carry on a government for them- ves. Against the intervention of the United States in this holy ise there is but one voice of dissent; that voice is the voice of the ney-changers. They fear war! Not because of any Christian ennobling sentiment against war and in favor of peace, but be- ise they fear that declaration of war, or the intervention which ght result in war, would have a depressing effect upon the ck market. Let them go. They do not represent American timent; they do not represent American patriotism. Let them ke their chances as they can. Their weal or woe is of but little portance to the liberty-loving people of the United States. They ll not do the fighting; their blood will not flow; they will keep dealing in options on human life. Let the men whose loyalty to the dollar stand aside while the men whose loyalty is to the g come to the front.

Mr. President, there are those who say that the affairs of iba are not the affairs of the United States, who insist that we

can stand idly by and see that island devastated and depopulat its business interests destroyed, its commercial intercourse with cut off, its people starved, degraded, and enslaved. It may be naked legal right of the United States to stand thus idly by. have the legal right to pass along the street and see a helpless stamped into the earth under the heels of a ruffian. I can p by and say that is not my dog. I can sit in my comfortable p lor with my loved ones gathered about me, and through my pl glass window see a fiend outrage a helpless woman near by, I can legally say this is no affair of mine — it is not happening my premises; and I can turn away and take my little ones in arms, and, with the memory of their sainted mother in my he look up to the motto on the wall and read, "God bless our hom But if I do it I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and G knows, unfit to die.

And yet I cannot protect the dog or save the woman with the exercise of force. We cannot intervene and save Cuba wi out the exercise of force, and force means war: war means blo The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the div doctrine of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." N peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not g will toward men who despoil, enslave, degrade, and starve death their fellow men. I believe in the doctrine of peace; b men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace. Wh has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except force? What barricade of wrong, injustice, and oppression h ever been carried except by force?

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the gr Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Indepen ence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; fo beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastile a made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crim force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and mark the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held t broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanoo and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched wi Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of t Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force sav the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. T

e for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of erican patriots once more take up the song:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigured you and me,
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on."

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may ad for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay, but me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to wer to my conscience, my country, and my God.

Mr. President, in the cable that moored me to life and hope strongest strands are broken. I have but little left to offer at altar of Freedom's sacrifice, but all I have I am glad to give. n ready to serve my country as best I can in the Senate or in the d. My dearest wish, my most earnest prayer to God is this, t when death comes to end all, I may meet it calmly and fear- ly as did my beloved, in the cause of humanity, under the erican flag.

—*John M. Thurston.*

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## THE NEW SOUTH

"There was a South of slavery and secession — that South lead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, nk God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These rds delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at mmany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make text to-night.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, ccept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging the old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood, and traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the ry they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught m the splendor and grace of their civilization, never equalled, d perhaps never to be equalled in its chivalric strength and ace. There is a New South, not through protest against the d, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you ase, new ideas and aspirations.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master hand, t picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in t pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marchi with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a r tion's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of anotl army that sought its home at the close of the late war? An ar that marched home in defeat and not in victory; in pathos a not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hea as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to y the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gr jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from App mattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starv heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his co rades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face t the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pu his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful jou ney. What does he find? — let me ask you who went to yo homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, f payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find, when, ha ing followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming od dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches t home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, l barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his soc system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people withc law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of oth heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditic gone; without money, credit, employment, material training; a besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ev met human intelligence — the establishment of a status for t vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gol Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a d Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired h in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelmir never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from t trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal gu

ched before the plough; and the fields that ran red with human
od in April were green with the harvest in June.

But in all this what have we accomplished? We have found
that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We
e planted the school-house on the hilltop and made it free to
te and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of
ories, and put business above politics. We have learned that
$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will
ce us rich, when the supplies that make it are home raised.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is
red with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day
alling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness
a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-
ured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the
n air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she under-
nds that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wis-
n of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies
e beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South
nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to the
ntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did
make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to
e back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that
wns its central hills — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its
ing side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of
rave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith.
t for all the glories of New England — from Plymouth Rock
the way — would I exchange the heritage he left me in his
lier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my chil-
n's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his
oic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory,
ich I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause
which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged
higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that
omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty
nd, and that human slavery was swept forever from America's
— the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated
und. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is
red as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests

it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died fo your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those wh died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat — sacred soil to all of u rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Wi she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the co querors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Wi she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in the hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may pe petuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, th hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to L at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happ people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captai filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glor fying his path to the grave, will she make this vision, on which th last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat an delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for con radeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does n — if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of goo will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivere in this very Society forty years ago, amid tremendous applaus be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standin hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united a we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members o the same government, united all, united now, and united forever.

—*Henry W. Grady.*

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## THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION

*(From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, January 9, 1900)*

The question of our policy toward the Philippine Islands deeper than any question of party politics; deeper than an question of the isolated policy of our country even; deeper eve than any question of constitutional power. It is elemental. It racial. God has not been preparing the English-speaking an Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain an idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has mad

he master organizers of the world to establish system where s reigns. He has given us the spirit of progress to over- lm the forces of reaction throughout the earth. He has made idepts in government that we may administer government ng savage and senile peoples.

Were it not for such a force as this, the world would relapse barbarism and night. And of all our race He has marked the rican people as His chosen nation to finally lead in the regen- on of the world. This is the divine mission of America, and lds for us all the profit, all the glory, all the happiness, pos- to man. We are trustees of the world's progress, guardians ts righteous peace. The judgment of the Master is upon "Ye have been faithful over a few things; I will make ruler over many things."

What shall history say of us? Shall it say that we renounced holy trust, left the savage to his base condition, the wilder- to the reign of waste, deserted duty, abandoned glory, forgot sordid profit even, because we feared our strength, and read charter of our powers with the doubter's eye and the quibbler's d? Shall it say that, called by events to captain and com- d the ablest, noblest race of history in history's largest work, declined that great commission? Our fathers would not have it so. No! They founded no paralytic government inca- e of the simplest acts of administration. They planted no gard people, passive while the world's work calls them. They blished no reactionary nation. They unfurled no retreating flag. That flag has never paused in its onward march. Who dares it now — now, when history's largest events are carrying rward; now, when we are at last one people, strong enough ny task, great enough for any glory destiny can bestow? How es it that our first century closes with the process of consolidat- the American people into a unit, and quick upon the stroke of great hour presses upon us our world opportunity, world , and world glory, which none but a people welded into an visible nation can achieve or perform?

Blind indeed is he who sees not the hand of God in events so , so harmonious, so benign. Reactionary indeed is the mind perceives not that this vital people is the strongest of the ng forces of the world; that our place, therefore, is at the l of the constructing and redeeming nations of the earth; and

that to stand aside while events march on is a surrender of
interest, a betrayal of our duty as blind as it is base. Craven
deed is the heart that fears to perform a work so golden and
noble; that dares not win a glory so immortal.

Do you tell me that it will cost us money? When did Amer
ever measure duty by financial standards? Do you tell me of
tremendous toil required to overcome the vast difficulties of
task? What mighty work for the world, for humanity, even
ourselves, has ever been done with ease? Even our bread m
we eat by the sweat of our faces. Why are we charged w
power such as no people ever knew of if we are not to use
in a work such as no people ever wrought? We will disp
the divine meaning of the fable of the talents.

Do you remind me of the precious blood that must be sh
the lives that must be given, the broken hearts of loved ones
their slain? And this is indeed a heavier price than all combin
And yet, as a Nation, every historic duty we have done, ev
achievement we have accomplished, has been by the sacrifice of
noblest sons. Every holy memory that glorifies the flag is
those heroes who died that its onward march might not be stay
It is the nation's dearest lives yielded for the flag that makes
dear to us; it is the nation's most precious blood poured out
it that makes it precious to us. That flag is woven of heroi
and grief, of the bravery of men, and women's tears, of righteo
ness and battle, of sacrifice and anguish, of triumph and glo
It is these which make our flag a holy thing. Who would t
from that sacred banner the glorious legends of a single bat
where it has waved on land or sea? What son of a soldier of
flag whose father fell beneath it on any field would surrend
that proud record for the heraldry of a king? In the cause
civilization, in the service of the Republic anywhere on ear
Americans consider wounds the noblest decorations man can w
and count the giving of their lives a glad and precious duty.

Pray God that spirit never fails. Pray God time may ne
come when Mammon and the love of ease shall so debase o
blood that we will fear to shed it for the flag and its imper
destiny. Pray God the time may never come when Americ
heroism is but a legend like the story of the Cid, American faith
our mission and our might a dream dissolved, and the glory
our mighty race departed.

And that time will never come. We shall renew our youth the fountain of new and glorious deeds. We shall exalt our erence for the flag by carrying it to a noble future as well as remembering its ineffable past. Its immortality will not pass, ause everywhere and always we will acknowledge and discharge solemn responsibilities our sacred flag, in its deepest meaning, ts upon us. And so, with reverent hearts, where dwells the r of God, the American people move forward to the future of ir hope and the doing of His work.

— *Albert J. Beveridge.*

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## THE SYMMETRY OF LIFE

There are three directions or dimensions of human life to ich we may fitly give these three names, Length and Breadth d Height. The Length of a life, in this meaning of it, is, of urse, not its duration. It is rather the reaching on and out a man, in the line of activity and thought and self-develop-ent, which is indicated and prophesied by the character which natural within him, by the special ambitions which spring up t of his special powers. It is the push of a life forward to its vn personal ends and ambitions. The Breadth of a life, on e other hand, is its outreach laterally, if we may say so. It the constantly diffusive tendency which is always drawing a an outward into sympathy with other men. And the Height a life is its upward reach towards God; its sense of childhood; s consciousness of a Divine Life over it with which it tries to ve in love, communion and obedience. These are the three imensions of a life — its length and breadth and height — with-ut the due development of all of which no life becomes complete. he life which has only length, only intensity of ambition, is arrow. The life that has length and breadth, intense ambition nd broad humanity, is thin; it is like a great, flat plain, of which ne wearies, and which sooner or later wearies of itself. The life hich to its length and breadth adds height, which to its personal mbition and sympathy with men, adds the love and obedience f God, completes itself into the cube of the eternal city and is he life complete.

Think for a moment of the life of the great apostle, the manly, nany-sided Paul. "I press toward the mark for the prize of my

high calling," he writes to the Philippians. That is the length of life for him. "I will gladly spend and be spent for you," he writes to the Corinthians. There is the breadth of life for him. "God hath raised us up and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," he writes to the Ephesians. There is the height of life for him. You can add nothing to these three dimensions when you try to account to yourself for the impression of completeness which comes to you out of his simple, lofty story.

We need not stop with him. Look at the Lord of Paul. See how in Christ the same symmetrical manhood shines yet more complete. See what intense ambition to complete His work, what tender sympathy with every struggling brother by His side, and at the same time what a perpetual dependence on His Father, in Him. "For this cause came I into the world." "For their sakes I sanctify myself." "Now, O Father, glorify Thou me." Leave either of those out and you have not the perfect Christ, not the entire symmetry of manhood.

If we try to gather into shape some picture of what the perfect man of heaven is to be, still we must keep the symmetry of these his three dimensions. It must be that forever before each glorified spirit in the other life there shall be set one goal of peculiar ambition, his goal, after which he is peculiarly to strive, the struggle after which is to make his eternal life to be forever different from every other among all the hosts of heaven. And yet it must be that as each soul strives towards his own attainment, he shall be knit forever into closer and closer union with all the other countless souls which are striving after theirs. And the inspiring power of it all, the source of all the energy and all the love, must then be clear beyond all doubt; the ceaseless flood of light forever pouring forth from the self-living God to fill and feed the open lives of His redeemed who lived by him. There is the symmetry of manhood perfect. There, in redeemed and glorified human nature, is the true heavenly Jerusalem.

I hope that we are all striving and praying now that we may come to some such symmetrical completeness. This is the glory of a young man's life. Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to do something with all your might. Do not add act to act and day to day in perfect thoughtlessness, never asking yourself whither the growing line is leading. But at the same time do not dare

e so absorbed in your own life, so wrapped up in listening
ne sound of your own hurrying heels, that all this vast pathetic
ic, made up of the mingled joy and sorrow of your fellow-
, shall not find out your heart and claim it and make you
ice to give yourself for them. And yet, all the while, keep
upward windows open. Do not dare to think that a child
God can worthily work out his career, or worthily serve God's
r children unless he does both in the love and fear of God
r Father. Be sure that ambition and charity will both grow
n unless they are both inspired and exalted by religion.
rgy, love, and faith, those make the perfect man. And Christ,
is the perfectness of all of them, gives them all three to
young man who, at the very outset of his life, gives up him-
to Him.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West,
of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant,
who preeminently and distinctly embody all that is most
erican in the American character, I wish to preach, not the
trine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life,
life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that
hest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires
e easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger,
m hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins
splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely
m lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things,
as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only
t what every self-respecting American demands from himself
l from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as
vhole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that
ce, is to be the first consideration in their eyes — to be the
imate goal after which they strive?

You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of
inois have done your share, and more than your share, in mak-
America great, because you neither preach nor practise such
loctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons
work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach

your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spe in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those w possess it, being free from the necessity of working for th livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of no remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploratic in historical research — work of the type we most need in t country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most hon upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire t man who embodies victorious efforts, the man who never wron his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has tho virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual lif It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succee In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effo in the present merely means that there has been stored up effo in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work on by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, an the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, wheth as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or i the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves h good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actu labor as a period not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, eve though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfi himself to hold his own with his fellows, if the need to do s should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a ver satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfi those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no histor Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far bett it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even thoug checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spiri who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live i the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat. If, i 1861, the men who loved the Union had believed that pea was at the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of a things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have save

dreds of thousands of lives; we would have saved hundreds millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood treasure we then lavished we would have prevented the heart-ak of many women, the dissolution of many homes, and we ld have spared the country those months of gloom and shame, n it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat.

We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking n strife. And if we had thus avoided it, we would have wn that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand ng the great nations of the earth. Thank God, for the iron the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom Lincoln and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant.

Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal the mighty days — let us, the children of the men who carried great civil war to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; t the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, re unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured, for in end the slave was free, the Union restored, and the mighty erican Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among ions.

— *Theodore Roosevelt.*

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## THE MARTYRDOM OF JOAN OF ARC

At the time of Joan of Arc's appearance in history, France had become rovince of England, the great city of Orleans had been for a year in a e of siege, the people were suffering incredible hardships, and the uphin, who had not yet been crowned, was about to give up the struggle in pair. The young peasant girl from Domrémy, who seemed the very em-liment of patriotic fervor, made her way to the court, rekindled the ional pride, and proceeding to Orleans at the head of the French troops, sed the siege and entered in triumph. After other victories, she con-ted the king to Rheims, where he was solemnly crowned. Then, feeling t her mission was ended, she begged to be allowed to return to her native lage. But in vain. Her services were still demanded, and she was iged to enter upon more than one military plan which she did not approve. iny misfortunes followed, till at last she was captured by the Burgundians, o basely surrendered her to the English.

Her trial was conducted by the Bishop of Beauvais, a Frenchman who s sold to English interests, and who hoped, by favor of the English leaders, reach the highest preferment. From beginning to end the proceedings

were barbarously cruel and unjust. Finally, the innocent young Maic
Orleans was condemned as a witch, and sentenced to be burned at the st

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being t
about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent
martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by ei
hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, construc
of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and p
ter, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for
creation of air-currents. "Ten thousand men," says M. Mic
let himself, "ten thousand men wept;" and of these ten thousa
the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords
superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with
angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier — w
had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold — suddenly to t
away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seer
dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she h
stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shr
for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And if all this were
sufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life, as valid on h
behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executio
had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. T
fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominic
monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in
sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in
prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fi
stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of gi
think only for *him,* the one friend that would not forsake her, a
not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for
own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose lat
breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion,
not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. N
she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

* * * * * *

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold,
thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of li
both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates
death are opening and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentim
the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal tormer
both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kinc
into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast up

u two, bishop and shepherd girl — when the pavilions of life re closing up their shadowy curtains about you — let us try, rough the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your parate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France — she from her ngeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel th fire, as she entered her last dream — saw Domrémy, saw the untain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her child- od had wandered. The Easter festival, which man had denied her languishing heart — that resurrection of springtime, which e darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her,* hungering ter the glorious liberty of forests — were by God given back to her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. ith those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into es), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By ecial privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that,* sad th the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission had w been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of at mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to ckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in se- et had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had en faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in r last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; vic- riously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this mfort from her farewell dream, she had died — died, amidst e tears of ten thousand enemies — died, amidst the drums and umpets of armies — died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, lleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! you also, entering your final dream, saw omrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, owed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, r the holy dawn could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent ood upon its surface. By the fountain, Bishop, you saw a woman ated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises r wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the atures of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, Bishop, well! Oh, ercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside ie Bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the

woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to esc the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. the forests to which he prays for pity, will be find a respite? W a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, wh only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembli towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong departed hours. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so ra are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the ch of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a tr Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat, a again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audie is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his pla Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Co sel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counse there is none now that would take a brief from *me:* all are silen Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas, the time is short, the tumult wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I w search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebo that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Do rémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheim Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking t furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor th had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. She is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, th would plead for you; yes, Bishop, SHE — when heaven and ear are silent.

— *Thomas De Quincey.*

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## THE APOSTROPHE TO THE VOLUNTEERS

This oration was delivered at the time of the threatened invasion of En land by France, under Napoleon. E. Paxton Hood, Robert Hall's biograph writes as follows:

"At the time these words were pronounced, the entire country might said to be waiting breathless with anxiety. About this time it was that N poleon struck the famous medal, 'London taken, 1804.' His armies we

ad all along the heights of Boulogne, waiting for the fleet which was to l them on our shores. * * * Ours was the only unconquered piece of itory worth conquering in Europe. It was, perhaps, the last great gasp of riotism our country ever felt. Another such occasion has never occurred. pray that it never may!"

From the most fixed principles of human nature, as well as m the examples of all history, we may be certain the conquest this country, should it be permitted to take place, will not ter- nate in any ordinary catastrophe, in any much less calamitous n utter extermination. Our present elevation will be the ct measure of our future depression, as it will measure the fears l jealousies of those who subdue us. While the smallest vestige nains of our former greatness, while any trace or memorial sts of our having been once a flourishing and independent em- e, while the nation breathes, they will be afraid of its recover- its strength, and never think themselves secure of their con- st till our navy is consumed, our wealth dissipated, our com- rce extinguished, every liberal institution abolished, our nobles irpated; whatever in rank, character, and talents gives distinc- n in society, called out and destroyed, and the refuse which re- ins swept together into a putrefying heap by the besom of truction. The enemy will not need to proclaim his triumph; will be felt in the most expressive silence of extended desolation.

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be essary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to ex- d your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most tain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have n gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Swit- land, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that astrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, o are in the possession of equal laws and a free constitution. eedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought asylum in a country which she always chose for her favorite ode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with de- uction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the ole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, st critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be suc- ssfully repelled, in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as e interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far

of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capa
of the federal representatives of the human race; for with
it is to determine (under God) in what condition the la
posterity shall be born: their fortunes are entrusted to your c
and on your conduct at this moment depends the color and c
plexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished
the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever
emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it?
remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at wh
voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages,
run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and go
the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invi
the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled
rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of e
quence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and a
and embellished life with innumerable institutions and impro
ments, till it became a theater of wonders; it is for you to dec
whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with
funeral pall and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessa
to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to pr
yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is affli
ing in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, a
you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized worl

While you have everything to fear from the success of t
enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so th
it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertio
The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justi
of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, shou
you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have t
satisfaction — the purest allotted to man — of having perform
your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrio
dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revol
the events of this period, will turn to you a reverential eye.
cannot but imagine that virtuous heroes, legislators, and patrio
of every age and country, are bending from their elevated sea
to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be broug
to a favorable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy th
repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when y
ascended; and thousands inflamed with your spirits, and i
patient to tread in your steps, are ready *to swear by Him th*

*h upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever,* they will
ect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause
h you sustained by your labors, and cemented with your
d. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to
m the shields of the earth belong, *gird on Thy sword, Thou*
*mighty:* go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Im-
in addition to their hereditary valor, that confidence of suc-
which springs from Thy presence! Pour into their hearts
spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own; and,
e led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open
u their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain,
t the prophet beheld by the same illumination — chariots of
and horses of fire! *"Then shall the strong man be as tow,*
*the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together,*
*none shall quench them."*

* * * * * *

*— Robert Hall.*

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## EULOGY ON CHARLES SUMNER

At the opening of the session in the fall of 1872, Mr. Sum-
introduced two measures which, as he thought, should com-
e the record of his political life. One was his Civil Rights
, and the other, a resolution providing that the names of the
les won over fellow-citizens in the war of the Rebellion,
uld be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and
n the army register. This resolution called forth a new storm
inst him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers
he Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned
rels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood
a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories
depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom!
w strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No
lized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our
s, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous
durable form the mementoes of victories won over fellow-
zens in civil war. Why not?

Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as

the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed same dictate of wisdom and patriotism. The Irishman, w fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Sc Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the color any reminiscence of the Vendée. No Hungarian at Sad was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of lagos. No German regiment, from Saxony or Hanover, charg under the iron hail of Gravelotte, was made to remember by wo written on a Prussian standard that the black eagle had conque them at Koniggratz and Langensalza. Should the son of So Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic aga some foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the col floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired t killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlig ened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progr be less wise, less large-hearted, than the ancients were two th sand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are day? Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which t brought home from the war with the glorious record of th victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our st houses and armories. But let the colors of the army, under wh the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in comm patriotism, speak of nothing but union,— not a union of conqu ors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equa tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace and l among her children.

Such were the sentiments which inspired that resolution. S were the sentiments which called forth a storm of obloquy. S were the sentiments for which the Legislature of Massachus passed a solemn resolution of censure upon Charles Sumner Massachusetts, his own Massachusetts, whom he loved so arden with a filial love,— of whom he was so proud, who had hono him so much in days gone by, and whom he had so long and faithfully labored to serve and to honor!

How thankful I am, how thankful every human soul in M sachusetts, how thankful every American must be, that he

die then! How thankful that he was spared to see the day
n the heart of Massachusetts came back to him full of the old
and confidence, assuring him that he would again be her
en son for her representative seat in the House of States; —
n the lawgivers of the old commonwealth, obeying an ir-
tible impulse of justice, wiped away from the records of the
slature, and from the fair name of the State, that resolution
nsure which had stung him so deeply.

Now we have laid him into his grave, in the motherly soil of
sachusetts, which was so dear to him. He is at rest now, the
art, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so
re, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his
r with a pathetic plea for universal peace and charity, and
e whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting strug-
which left him all covered with scars. And we can do noth-
for him but commemorate his lofty ideals of liberty and
lity, and justice, and reconciliation, and purity, and the
estness and courage and touching fidelity with which he
ht for them; so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in
eal, so heroic in his devotion.

— *Carl Schurz.*

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## IDOLS

t is a grave thing when a State puts a man among her jew-
the glitter of whose fame makes doubtful acts look heroic.
honors we grant mark how high we stand, and they educate
future. The men we honor and the maxims we lay down
easuring our favorities, show the level and morals of the time.
me has been in every one's mouth of late, and men have ex-
ted language in trying to express their admiration and their
ct. The courts have covered the grave of Mr. Choate with
gy. Let us see what is their idea of a great lawyer. We are
that "he worked hard," "he never neglected his client,"
flung over the discussions of the forum the grace of a rare
arship," "no pressure or emergency ever stirred him to an
nd word." A ripe scholar, a profound lawyer, a faithful
nt of his client, a gentleman. This is a good record surely.
he sleep in peace. What he earned, God grant he may have.
the bar that seeks to claim for such a one a place among great

jurists must itself be weak indeed. Not one high moral t specified; not one patriotic act mentioned; not one patriotic s ice even claimed. Look at Mr. Webster's idea of what a law should be in order to be called great, in the sketch he drew Jeremiah Mason, and notice what stress he lays upon the relig and moral elevation, and the glorious and high purposes wi crown his life. Nothing of this now; nothing but inces eulogy. But not a word or one effort to lift the yoke of crue unequal legislation from the neck of its victim; not one atte to make the code of his country wiser, purer, better; not one fort to bless his times or breathe a higher moral purpose into community. Not one blow struck for right or for liberty, w the battle of the giants was going on about him; not one pa otic act to stir the hearts of his idolaters; not one public ac any kind whatever about whose merit friend or foe could e quarrel, unless when he scouted our great charter as a glitte generality, or jeered at the philanthropy which tried to prac the sermon on the mount.

When Cordus, the Roman senator, whom Tiberius murde was addressing his fellows he began: "Fathers, they accuse m illegal words; plain proof that there are no illegal deeds v which to charge me." So with those eulogies. Words, notl but words; plain proof that there were no deeds to praise. this is the model which Massachusetts offers to the Pantheon the great jurists of the world!

Suppose we stood in that lofty temple of jurisprudence,— either side of us the statues of the great lawyers of every age clime,— and let us see what part New England — Puritan, e cated, free New England — would bear in the pageant.

Rome points to a colossal figure and says, "That is Papin who, when the Emperor Caracalla murdered his own brot and ordered the lawyer to defend the deed, went cheerfully death, rather than sully his lips with the atrocious plea; and t is Ulpian, who, aiding his prince to put the army below the I was massacred at the foot of a weak but virtuous throne."

And France stretches forth her grateful hands, crying, "T is D'Aguesseau, worthy, when he went to face an enraged k of the farewell his wife addressed him: 'Go, forget that you h a wife and children to ruin, and remember only that you h France to save.'"

England says: "That is Coke, who flung the laurels of eighty
s in the face of the first Stuart, in defense of the people.
is Selden, on every book of whose library you saw written
notto of which he lived worthy, 'Before everything, liberty!'
t is Mansfield, silver-tongued, who proclaimed, 'Slaves can-
breathe in England; if their lungs receive our air, that mo-
they are free.'

This is Romily, who spent life trying to make law synony-
s with justice, and succeeded in making life and property
in every city of the empire. And that is Erskine, whose
ience, spite of Lord Eldon and George the Third, made it
to speak and to print."

Then New England shouts, "This is Choate, who made it
to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they
n to steal!"

— *Wendell Phillips.*

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## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

ome doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti and stand
nose fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had,
ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that
not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of
Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of
chmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask
. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it
been October, 1859, you might have come by way of quaking
inia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this,— that we Saxons were slaves
t four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers
r raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Chris-
ty and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of Amer-
melted away their chains. Every race has been, some time
ther, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened
degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own
rs, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the bat-
eld, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo.

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his
rance. In 1805 he said to the white men, "This island is
; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him

stood the South American republics, planted by the best blood
the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They top
over so often that you could no more daguerreotype their cru
bling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And y
at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to hims
Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every sh
destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education fr
her sons; let her be ignorant and penniless, with nothing but
hands to begin the world again,— how much could she do
sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but
will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of
colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh
tion in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior
morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. To
saint L'Ouverture made her what she is. Toussaint was inc
putably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance,— these
the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has
been able to root it up.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with
to the commencement of the century, and select what statesm
you please. Let him be either American or European; let h
have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him h
the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it
better education of practical life; crown his temples with
silver of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon line
for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel r
as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way
empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This m
never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cro
well was only a soldier, and the state he founded went do
with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but
great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rath
than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his d
minions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history
with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hen
when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phoc
for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for En
land, Lafayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, c

ate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ruit of our noon-day; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, vrite in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the sol- the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

— *Wendell Phillips.*

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## IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

[y Lords, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. ngs governs the part of Asia subjected to the British em- Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince; ne is to use arbitrary power; and, of course, all his acts are ed with that shield. "I know," says he, "the Constitution ia only from its practice." Will your Lordships submit to the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of Gov- ent?

'e have arbitrary power! My Lords, the East India Com- have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no ar- y power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the nons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary r to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither nan can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully n himself according to his own will, much less can one per- e governed by the will of another. We are all born in sub- n, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, bjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to ır devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to ır ideas and all our sensations, antecedent to our very exist- by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of niverse, out of which we cannot stir.

'his great law does not arise from our conventions or com- ; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts he force and sanction they can have; — it does not arise our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God; all power God; — and He, who has given the power, and from whom it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be prac- upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If, all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine dis- on, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him that gave it, with

which no human authority can dispense; neither he that exer it, nor even those who are subject to it: and if they were enough to make an express compact that should release magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, libe and properties dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his capricious will, that covenant would be void.

This arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor any sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succee fraud, rapine, and violence. Those who give and those who re arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man b bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall s its face to the world.

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name a magistrate, and I will name property; name me power, a will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms; it is l phemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any can have arbitrary power. In every patent of office the dut included. For what else does a magistrate exist? To suppose power, is an absurdity in idea. Judges are guided and gove by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject. may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to k ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed by *l* and he that will substitute *will* in the place of it, is an enem God.

My Lords, I do not mean to go further than just to ren your Lordships of this,— that Mr. Hastings's government one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole sys of the English government, in order to vest in the worst of natives all the power that could possibly exist in any governm in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought, in c mon, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of Englan charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last ment of my application to you.

Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the C mons of Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of H crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Bri in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abu

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great B ain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, ts, and liberties he has subverted.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose prop- he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes. And peach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws ustice, which ought equally to pervade every age, condition, , and situation, in the world.

— *Edmund Burke.*

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## CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

There are but three individuals upon whom mankind, with e approach to general consent, have bestowed the epithet of e Great." Shall we compare our Washington for a moment h each of them? Shall we compare him with Peter the Great Russia, who flourished in the beginning of the century, and ed that political colossus of the North into form and sym- ry? A sovereign of vast, though often most ill-directed rgy; a fearless, and, on some occasions, a beneficent reformer; onsummate organizer, who, with a kind of rough tact, truly the pulses of national life in the Titanic frame which he ed into being; pursuing a few grand ideas, though often by ntric methods bordering on madness, but with a resolution ch no labors could weary and no dangers appall, and forcing n with an iron will upon an unsympathizing and apathetic peo- These are his titles to the epithet of "Great"; but with them he was an unmitigated tyrant,— the murderer, perhaps the turer, of his own son; a man who united the wisdom of a phi- pher and the policy of a great prince with the tastes of a r, the manners of a barbarian, and the passions of a fiend; lty of crimes so hideous and revolting, that if I attempted to cribe them I should drive you shrieking from this hall. You ely would not permit me to place the name of Washington in parison with his.

Or shall we compare him with Frederick the Second of Prus- to whom complacent public opinion has also accorded the thet of "Great"? He was no doubt a military and a civil

genius of the first order; by the energy of his character he built a kingdom scarcely known by that title when he came to the throne, into a first-rate power; the fearless soldier, the profo strategist, the heroic chief; nor less a master of political comb tion, a zealous promoter of the material prosperity of his s jects, who doubled the population of his little kingdom, increased all the resources in more than the same proportion, withstanding the wars in which he was continually involved; at the same time a pedant, ostentatious, of superficial literary tainments, a wretched poetaster, a dupe of the insipid adula of godless foreign wits, who flattered him to his face and ridicu him behind his back; a German sovereign who yet preferred write and speak poor broken French, in which Voltaire said th was not a sentence which you would not know to be the langu of a foreigner; a prince raised by Providence in the bitter sch of adversity to an absolute throne, entertaining the most exal ideas of the kingly prerogative, drawing everything, even the ministration of justice, into an arbitrary centralization, who yet trained his undevout heart to believe that blind chance blind destiny occupies the throne of the universe; that the heav and the earth could do without a God, though the paltry elect ate of Brandenburgh could not do without a king; and that wh it was impossible for him to hold the scattered provinces of little realm together without a daily outgoing of civil, military judicial power, moved by one intellect and one will, could yet lieve that the systems and systems which compose the univer beyond the power of human speech to enumerate, or hum thought to conceive, are thrown out into one vast anarchy, whe ing and hurtling through the regions of space without a lawgi and a head; who, so thinking and so believing while he liv when he came to die, in order to mark more emphatically his c tempt for the species to which he belonged, instead of allowing "poor old carcass," as he himself called it, to be laid by side of his kindred, ordered that it should be buried with favorite dogs at Potsdam!

Or shall we compare Washington with the third greatness his age, the illustrious captain of the last generation in Fran that portentous blazing star which began to flame in the east sky as our benignant luminary was sinking in the west, ami the golden clouds of a nation's blessings? I have no wish

ple on the memory of Napoleon the First, whom I regard by
eans as the most ambitious of conquerors, the most arbitrary
espots, or the worst of men. The virtues and the feelings,
the talents, the opportunities, and the fortunes of this extraor-
ry man, are on too colossal a scale to be measured by ordi-
standards of morality. The prevalent opinions in this coun-
f his character and career have come to us through a British
um, discolored by a national prejudice and the deadly strug-
f a generation; or by natural reaction have been founded on
panegyrics of grateful adherents and admiring subjects, who
every Frenchman a partner in the glory of their chief.
erity and impartial history will subdue the lights and relieve
shadows of the picture. They will accord to him a high,
aps the highest, rank among the great masters of war, placing
ame upon an equality with the three great captains of antiq-
if not above them; will point to his code as a noble monu-
t of legislative wisdom; will dwell upon the creative vigor
which he brought order out of the chaos of the Revolution,
eving the dilapidated finances and restoring the prostrate
stry of France; will enumerate the harbors, the canals, the
ges, the public buildings, the Alpine roads, the libraries, the
eums, and all the thousand works of industrious peace and
uctive art; will not withhold their admiration for the giant
p of his genius and the imperial grandeur of his fortunes,
deny a tribute of human sympathy to his calamitous decline
fall; — but the same impartial history will record more than
ineffaceable stain upon his character, and never, to the end of
, never on the page of historian, poet or philosopher; never
a taste for true moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of
by a mean admiration of success and power; never in the
rtations of the prudent magistrate counseling his fellow-citi-
for their good; never in the dark ages of national fortune,
n anxious patriots explore the annals of the past for examples
ublic virtue; never in the admonition of the parent forming
minds of his children by lessons of fireside wisdom; never, O
r, will the name of Napoleon, nor of any of the other of the
ous conquerors of ancient and modern days, be placed upon
vel with Washington's.

And while we on the 22d of February celebrate with solemn
joyous rites the great anniversary of our Washington, our

fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the So
ern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same office
gratitude and love. Nor we, nor they alone,— beyond the O
beyond the Mississippi, along the stupendous trail of immigra
from East to West, which, bursting into States as it moves w
ward, is already threading the Western prairies, swarming thro
the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down t
slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that grac
night will travel with the silver queen of heaven through sixty
grees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in
brightness through the golden gate of California, and pa
serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian st
There and there only, in barbarous archipelagos, as yet unti
den by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown;
there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, i
honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

— *Edward Everett.*

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## EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE

There have been those who have denied to Lafayette the n
of a great man. What is greatness? Does goodness belong
greatness, and make an essential part of it? If it does, wh
would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run thro
such a career with so little reproach, justly or unjustly bestow
Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatn
Lafayette was intrusted by Washington with all kinds of serv
— the laborious and complicated, which required skill and
tience; the perilous, that demanded nerve; and we see him
forming all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is
readiness to meet vast responsibilities a proof of greatness?
memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us that there was a moment
1789, when Lafayette took upon himself, as the head of the n
tary force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis
the Revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of giga
power a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the Rev
tion, and when, as commander-in-chief of the National Guard,
organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popu
purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion,
behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affe

is selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. e voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of s, at a moment like that, when, in 1815, the ponderous ma- ry of the French Empire was flying asunder,— stunning, ng, crushing thousands on every side,— a mark of greatness? y, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy- , to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution; to ge the dynasty; to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military nand of three and a half millions of men; to take up, to per- , and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous s, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is eat to disregard the bribes of title, office, money; to live, to , and suffer for great public ends alone; to adhere to prin- under all circumstances; to stand before Europe and America icuous, for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the owledged admiration of all good men?

But it is more than time, fellow-citizens, that I commit the ory of this great and good man to your unprompted con- lation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago, when your fathers, your military, your children, your whole population, ed itself out, in one throng, to salute him; when your can- proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos, and your accla- ons were answered, from steeple to steeple, by festal bells,— what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate ls — "I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept respectful and warm thanks of a heart which has for nearly a century been devoted to your illustrious city!"

That noble heart,— to which, if any object on earth was dear, object was the country of his early choice, of his adoption, his more than regal triumph,— that noble heart will beat nore for your welfare. Cold and still, it is already mingling the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his ence; you gazed with admiration on his placid features and rable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his er; and now that he has departed, you have assembled in this le of the liberties for which, with your fathers, he risked his to pay the last honors to his memory. You have thrown open e consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train, which has e to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since

their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have associated the memory of Lafayette in those distinguished ho which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jeffe

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty has not dropped his head when he has heard that Lafayette i more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South Amer republics — every country where man is struggling to recover birthright,— have lost a benefactor, a patron in Lafayette. what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his s less fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his m ory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. W nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and c try, and freedom itself? To the suppression of licentiousness,– the sanctity of plighted faith,— to the love of liberty protecte law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fath and of your Pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life — *the lov liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these celebrated walls to form the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of y benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion v the spirit of the place — the temple worthy of the new name wl we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, w we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the grims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back voices of other days! Glorious Washington, break the l silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips; te US THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW.

— *Edward Everett.*

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## GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY

Has the gentleman *done?* Has he *completely* done? He unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his spe There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to orde

y? because the limited talents of *some* men render it impos-
e for them to be severe *without* being unparliamentary. But
ore I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and par-
nentary at the same time.

On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in
ting with silent contempt anything which might fall from
t honorable member; but there are times when the insignif-
ce of the *accuser* is lost in the magnitude of the *accusation.*
know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under
en he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of
characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say
ich would injure me. The public would not believe the charge.
espise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest
n, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit
vn. But I shall first reply to it when *not* made by an honest
n.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unim-
ched traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by any
thet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was
act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not cour-
to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it
uld be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will
call him a fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the
hequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of
rliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which,
spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow.*
care not how high his situation, how low his character, how
ntemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite,
answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The
rge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable
ntleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foun-
tion of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee
re was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But
corn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a polit-
l coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false
re of courage or not.

I have returned,— not as the right honorable member has
d, to raise another storm,— I have returned to discharge an
norable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a

great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was
greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Con
tution of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassi
tion of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his
worthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and th
at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their count
I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, gi
to the public under the appellation of a report of the commit
of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial.
dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy
government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth.
tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it. I
here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the fl
of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.

— *Henry Grattan.*

## BRUPT AND STARTLING SELECTIONS

### EXPLOSIVE OROTUND.

Under this head come all *abrupt* and *startling emotions,* as r, alarm, terror, hurry and commotion, anger, etc.

The chief peculiarity of this form of the Orotund is that the es, as they issue from the glottis, resemble the successive re-ts of a pistol. In the case of the Expulsive Orotund, the m of utterance was a short shout. Here it has no prolonga-n whatsoever, but is a sudden, instantaneous burst of voice. ithout this sharp, clear and pistol-like utterance, all pieces of ger and fierce emotion, as well as the fury and intensity of ttle scenes, would be lost, and the words charged with fire d passion would fall from the lips of the speaker lifeless and t. On the other hand, if this explosive utterance were ap-ed to oratory, it would crush out all the dignity of persuasive oquence, and turn the prudent and manly utterance of the ator into angry denunciation.

The only style of oratory in which the voice assumes any-ing like an explosive form is that of fierce invective.

The prevailing pitch of the Explosive Orotund is *high,* and metimes *very high,* and the movement of the voice quick or pid.

### ELECTIONS OF BOLD ADDRESS, ANGER, HURRY, COMMOTION, ETC.

#### MARMION AND DOUGLAS

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And noble Earl, receive my hand." —

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
" My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone
From turret to foundation-stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And —" This to me! " he said,—
" An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas's head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied! "—

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms,— what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—

Lord Marmion turned,— well was his need! —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

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## BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum:
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.

Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea-wave;
When rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.

The lake is pass'd, and now they gain,
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply —
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight-wood?

—"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay level'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide,—
—"We 'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest-deer,
We 'll drive them back as tame."—
Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer-force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.

Above the tide each broadsword bright,
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;

And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.
I heard the lances' shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
— "My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake,—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"

The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne,—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

## THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

On the heights of Killiecrankie
  Yester-morn our army lay;
Slowly rose the mist in columns
  From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
  And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
  From their lair amidst the broom.

Then we belted on our tartans,
  And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
  And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
  And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
  And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
  On his war-horse black as night,—
Well the Cameronian rebels
  Knew that charger in the fight! —
And a cry of exultation
  From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
  And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence —
  "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
  On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
  Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
  For his Country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr,—
  Think of what his race endure,—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
  On the field of Magus Nuir: —

By his sacred blood I charge ye,
  By the ruined hearth and shrine,—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland
  By your injuries and mine,—
Strike this day as if the anvil
  Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors
  Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
  Backward o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
  How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor
  Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their Prince's anger
  As we loath his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
  If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
  Search for him that was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
  With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
  In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
  Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
  Flashing eye and burning cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
  And they harder drew their breath.
For their souls were strong within them
  Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
  Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
  And the voices of the foe;
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
  Till the Lowland ranks drew near,

Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert,—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountains
Start to life with arméd men!

Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band,—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us,—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.

And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer;
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest,—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen,—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time;
Honor may be deemed dishonor,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! — and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

— *W. Edmondstoune Aytoun.*

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## MILES STANDISH'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS

ter a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
ched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
omen at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-
paint,
ated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the wl
men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and saber and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among th
advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatr
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawam
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards
wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said,— these words they had learn
from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltri
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standi
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the wh
man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets a
powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plag
in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them t
Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to blust
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Ca
tain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawam
Is not afraid of the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightnin
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Watt
wamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on h
left hand,

d it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
ing, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:
ile with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
wing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
y and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
is is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
ping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
gning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
awing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
t undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
t when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt and the insult,
the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
iled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
adlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
nged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
ll with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
aight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
d like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
ift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
en came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
t of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
ightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,

Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawan
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutch
the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fath
Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart M
Standish.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## THE BATTLE OF IVRY

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant l
of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the wat
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daught
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls ann
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flo
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high

ht graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
wn all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the
King!"
nd if thy standard-bearer fall, — as fall full well he may,
never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
ss where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
l be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

rrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
e fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
th all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
w, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
rge for the golden lilies now,— upon them with the lance!
housand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
housand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,
d in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
idst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

w, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
his rein,
Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish Count is slain;
eir ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
e field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
d then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
t out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
wn, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."
! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
eep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return;
! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
at Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls!
! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brav
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

—*Lord Macaulay.*

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## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back — but not,
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
  Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred.

— *Lord Tennyson.*

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## THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY

MAY 11, 1745

hrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
nd, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
or town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
nd well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.

As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispers
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,—
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their hea
Steady they step adown the slope — steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load — steady they fire, moving right onward st
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fa
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's oce
banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the groun
Bombshell, and grape, and roundshot tore, still on they march
and fired —
Fast from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on my household cavalry;" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock — not unavenged th
died.
On through the camp the column trod — King Louis turns h
rein;
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then,— fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish; there are yo
Saxon foes!"
The marshal almost smiled to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who 're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day —
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's pa
ing cry,

:ir priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—
h looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
hed on to fight a nobler band than those proud exiles were.

3rien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
ix bay'nets — Charge!" Like mountain-storm, rush on these fiery bands.
in is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
:, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
ey dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind —
eir bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
e volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
ith empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
1 Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!"

ce lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
ght up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
ight was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
1rough shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
1e English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled —
1e green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead;
:ross the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
'hile cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
1 Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
'ith bloody plumes the Irish stand — the field is fought and won!

— *Thomas Davis.*

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## HERVÉ RIEL

1 the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,— woe to France!
1d the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full ch
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfrevi
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick,— or, quic
still,
Here 's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass
laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred a
scored,
Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here 's the English at our heels; would you have them take
tow
All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground;"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

ive the word!" But no such word
s ever spoke or heard;
or up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these,—
aptain? A lieutenant? A mate,—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,—
poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
l "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools or rogues?
k to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the river disembogues?
you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying 's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there 's a way!
ly let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
ke the others follow mine.
d I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,—
Keel so much as grate the ground,—
ny, I 've nothing but my life; here 's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

t a minute more to wait.
teer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
ptains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profou
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last;
And just as Hervé Riel halloos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Greve;
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outbursts all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward,

'h, our sun was near eclipse!
)mand whate'er you will,
'nce remains your debtor still.
to heart's content, and have! or my name 's not Damfreville."

n a beam of fun outbroke
) the bearded mouth that spoke,
the honest heart laughed through
)se frank eyes of Breton blue;
nce I needs must say my say,
ince on board the duty 's done,
nd from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
e 't is ask and have I may,—
ince the others go ashore,—
ne! A good whole holiday!
eave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got,— nothing more.

me and deed alike are lost;
t a pillar nor a post
n his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
t a head in white and black
a single fishing-smack.
memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack —
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the
bell.
to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
for better or for worse,
ervé Riel, accept my verse!
my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
ve the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore.

— *Robert Browning.*

## WARREN'S ADDRESS

Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves:
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
  Hope ye mercy still?
What 's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
  Ask it,— ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! — they 're afire!
  And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! — and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
  Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,— and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
  Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
  Of his deeds to tell.

— *John Pierpont.*

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## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

: a word to each other; we kept the great pace,—
:k by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
ırned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
en shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
uckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
r galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

was a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
ceren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
d from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
d against him the cattle stood black every one,
stare through the mist at us galloping past;
d I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
ith resolute shoulders, each butting away
e haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;
d his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
r my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
d one eye's black intelligence,— ever that glance
er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
d the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
is fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
our Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her;
'e 'll remember at Aix,"— for one heard the quick wheeze
f her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
d sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.
we were left galloping, Joris and I,
st Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
he broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
eath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
ill over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
d "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

" How they 'll greet us! "— and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or go
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghe

*— Robert Browning.*

# MISCELLANEOUS

The selections under this head are of varied emotion, and no satisfactory classification can be made unless each piece is analyzed; hence, it has been thought best to rely upon the suggestions already given as the best means for successful interpretation.

The student, after careful study of the leading styles of composition which have been considered, will have acquired such familiarity with the written forms of impassioned literature, that he will be prepared to analyze the spirit and temper of all selections involving a variety of emotions.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

### KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
*De sede et exaltavit humiles;*"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,

"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints,
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;

ished through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
o right and left each seneschal and page,
id hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
s white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
om hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
oices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
ntil at last he reached the banquet room,
azing with light and breathing with perfume.

here on the dais sat another king,
earing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
ng Robert's self in feature, form and height,
it all transfigured with angelic light!
was an Angel; and his presence there
ith a divine effulgence filled the air.

moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
he throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
ho met his look of anger and surprise
ith the divine compassion of his eyes;
hen said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
o which King Robert answered with a sneer,
I am the King, and come to claim my own
rom an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
nd suddenly, at these audacious words,
p sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords!
he Angel answered with unruffled brow,
Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
enceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
nd for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
hou shalt obey my servants when they call,
nd wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

eaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
hey thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
group of tittering pages ran before,
nd as they opened wide the folding-door,
is heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
he boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms.

And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,— he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name

m Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
:o King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
letter summoned them forthwith to come
Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
: Angel with great joy received his guests,
l gave them presents of embroidered vests,
l velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
l rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
:n he departed with them o'er the sea
) the lovely land of Italy,
ıose loveliness was more resplendent made
the mere passing of that cavalcade,
th plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

d lo! among the menials, in mock state,
on a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
; cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
e solemn ape demurely perched behind,
ıg Robert rode, making huge merriment
all the country towns through which they went.

e Pope received them with great pomp and blare
bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
ving his benediction and embrace,
rvent, and full of apostolic grace.

hile with congratulations and with prayers
: entertained the Angel unawares,
bert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
:o their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
am the King! Look and behold in me
bert, your brother, King of Sicily!
ıis man who wears my semblance to your eyes,
an impostor in a king's disguise.
) you not know me? does no voice within
ıswer my cry, and say we are akin?"
ıe Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
ızed at the Angel's countenance serene;

The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if a better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,

d through the open window, loud and clear,
ey heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
ove the stir and tumult of the street:
Ie has put down the mighty from their seat,
d has exalted them of low degree!"
d through the chant a second melody
se like the throbbing of a single string:
am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

ng Robert, who was standing near the throne,
ted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
t all appareled as in days of old,
ith ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
d when his courtiers came, they found him there
eeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

*— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;

The foot are fourscore thousand,
  The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
  Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
  Upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber
  Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
  To Rome men took their flight
A mile around the city,
  The throng stopped up the ways
A fearful sight it was to see
  Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
  Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
  Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
  They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
  With tidings of dismay.

They held a council standing
  Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
  For musing or debate.
Outspake the Consul roundly:
  "The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
  Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
  All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
  Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
  The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
  Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer, fast and nearer,
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play,—
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:

"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And outspake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array,
Forth went the dauntless Three.
Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the hill of vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is Astur;
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might;
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow,
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces,
And on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome;
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

And now he feels the bottom; —
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands.
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

— *Lord Macaulay.*

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## THE VAGABONDS

We are two travelers, Roger and I,
Roger 's my dog: — come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen,— mind your eye!
Over the table,— look out for the lamp! —

he rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we 've tramped through wind and weather,
nd slept outdoors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved together.

/e 've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there 's been frozen),
lenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This outdoor business is bad for the strings),
'hen a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

[o, thank ye, sir,— I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
.re n't we, Roger? — see him wink! —
Well, something hot then,— we won't quarrel.
Ie 's thirsty, too,— see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
Ie understands every word that 's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

.he truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I 've been so sadly given to grog,
wonder I 've not lost the respect
(Here 's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
3ut he sticks by through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
\nd rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He 'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

.here is n't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir! — see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water! —
.hat is, there 's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We 'll have some music, if you 're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,— that 's five; he 's mighty knowing!
The night 's before us, fill the glasses! —
Quick, sir! I 'm ill,— my brain is going! —
Some brandy,— thank you,— there! — it passes!

Why not reform? That 's easily said;
But I 've gone through such wretched treatment
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach 's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I 'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,— but I took to drink,—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You need n't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you would n't have guessed

t ever I, sir, should be straying
om door to door, with fiddle and dog,
ged and penniless, and playing
o you to-night for a glass of grog!

's married since,— a parson's wife;
was better for her that we should part,—
er the soberest, prosiest life
han a blasted home and a broken heart.
e I seen her? Once; I was weak and spent
n the dusty road, a carriage stopped;
little she dreamed, as on she went,
ho kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

've set me talking, sir; I 'm sorry;
makes me wild to think of the change!
at do you care for a beggar's story?
it amusing? you find it strange?
d a mother so proud of me!
was well she died before — Do you know
e happy spirits in heaven can see
he ruin and wretchedness here below?

ther glass, and strong, to deaden
his pain; then Roger and I will start.
nder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
ching thing in place of a heart?
is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
o doubt, remembering things that were,—
irtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
nd himself a sober, respectable cur.

better now; that glass was warming.
ou rascal! limber your lazy feet!
must be fiddling and performing
or supper and bed, or starve in the street.
a very gay life to lead, you think?
ut soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink; —
he sooner the better for Roger and me!

— *J. T. Trowbridge.*

## LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE *

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,

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The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

*—Edwin Markham.*

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## O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

aptain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won,
port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
le follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead !

aptain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells;
up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores
a-crowding.
you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning
Here Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head !
It is some dream that on the deck
You 've fallen cold and dead.

Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
n fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

*— Walt Whitman.*

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Launcelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in a golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd:
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coalblack curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Launcelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly
And her eyes were darkened wholly
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knights and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
*The Lady of Shalott.*

—*Lord Tennyson*

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## BILL MASON'S BRIDE

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you 're through.
*On time?* well, yes, I guess so —
Left the last station all right;
She 'll come round the curve a-flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? *No?* He 's engineer,
Been on the road all his life —
I 'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chuck of a wife.
'T was the day the mill hands struck,
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donovan's son.

Bill had n't been married mor'n an hour,
  Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
  And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
  And went up on Number One,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
  And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
  To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she had n't a' done so,
  She 'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must a' been nigh midnight
  When the mill hands left the Ridge;
They come down — the drunken devils,
  Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a-workin'
  And guessed there was somethin' wrong —
And in less than fifteen minutes,
  Bill's train it would be along!

She could n't come here to tell us,
  A mile — it would n't a' done;
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
  And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
  And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
  A-swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
  And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
  On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
  An' holdin' on to the light —
Hello! here's the train — good-bye, sir,
  Bill Mason's on time to-night.

— *Bret Harte.*

## CASSIUS ON HONOUR

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl.— Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

— *William Shakespeare.*

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## THE HUNTERS

In the bright October morning
Savoy's Duke had left his bride;
From the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Flowed the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering.
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullioned chamber casement
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
Here she came, a bride, in spring.
Now the autumn crisps the forest;
Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hark! the game 's on foot, they scatter:
Down the forest riding lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop.
Hark! a shout — a crash — a groan!

Pale and breathless, came the hunters;
On the turf, dead lies the boar,
But the Duke lies stretched beside him,
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Clothed in smiles, beneath the dais
Sat the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!
Tramp of men and quick commands! —
"'T is my lord come back from hunting."
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired, came the hunters;
Stopped in darkness in the court.—
"Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the hall! What sport, what sport?"

Slow they entered with their Master;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife;
Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces:
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna by the Danube
Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna by the Danube
Feast and dance her youth beguiled.
Till that hour she never sorrowed;
But from then she never smiled.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

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## SCENE FROM THE LITTLE MINISTER

Within a squirrel's leap of the wood, an old woman was stand-
t the door of a mud house, listening for the approach of the
that was to take her to the poorhouse. It was Nanny Web-
She was not crying. She had redd up her house for the
ime, and put on her black merino. Her mouth was wide
while she listened. If you had addressed her, you would
thought her polite and stupid. When she heard the dog-
she screamed.

No neighbor was with her. If you think this hard, it is be-
you do not understand. Perhaps Nanny had never been
lovable except to one man, and him, it is said, she lost through
own vanity.

The door stood open, and Nanny was crouching against the
site wall of the room, such a poor, dull kitchen, that you
d have thought the furniture had still to be brought into it.
blanket and the piece of old carpet that was Nanny's cover-
were already packed in her box. The plate rack was empty.
the round table and the two chairs, and the stools and some
were being left behind.

"Well, Nanny," said Doctor McQueen, "I have come, and
see Mr. Dishart, the minister, is with me."

Nanny rose up bravely. She knew the doctor was good to
and she wanted to thank him. "Thank you kindly, sirs,"
aid. "Please to take a chair." Both men sat down. The doctor
ght it best they should depart at once, and so he rose.

"Oh, no, doctor," cried Nanny in alarm.

"But you are ready?"

"Ay," she said, "I have been ready this twa hours, bu micht wait a minute. Hendry Munn and Andrew Allard coming yont the road, and they would see me."

"Wait, doctor," the minister said.

"Thank you kindly, sir," answered Nanny.

"But, Nanny," the doctor said, "you must remember I told you about the poorhouse. It is a fine place, and you be very happy in it."

"Ay, I 'll be happy in 't," Nanny faltered, "but, doct I could just hae bidden on here though I wasna happy!"

"Think of the food you will get; broth nearly every d

"It — it 'll be terrible enjoyable," Nanny said.

"And there will be pleasant company for you always," tinued the doctor, "and a nice room to sit in. Why, after have been there a week, you won't be the same woman."

"That 's it!" cried Nanny, with sudden passion. "Na I 'll be a woman on the poor's rates. Oh, mither, mither, little thocht that I would come to this!"

"Nanny, I am ashamed of you."

"I humbly speir your forgiveness, sir, and you micht just a wee yet. I 've been ready to gang this twa hours, but that the machine is at the gate, I dinna ken how it is, but terrible sweir to come awa'. Oh, Mr. Dishart, it 's richt what the doctor says about the — the place, but I canna just it in. I 'm — I 'm gey auld."

"You will often get out to see your friends," said the min

"Na, na, na, dinna say that; I 'll gang, but you manna me ever come out, except in a hearse. Dinna let onybod Thrums look on my face again."

"We must go," said the doctor firmly. "Put on your net, Nanny."

She took the bonnet from her bed and put it on slowly.

"Are you sure there 's naebody looking?" she asked.

The doctor glanced at the minister, and he arose.

"Let us pray," he said; and the three went down on knees.

It was not the custom of Auld Licht ministers to leave house until they had offered up a prayer, and to us it al seemed that when the little minister prayed he was at the k of God; but now Nanny was speaking too, and her words ch

At first she only whispered, but soon what was eating her burst out painfully, and she did not know that the min- had stopped. They were such moans as these that brought back to earth:

I 'll ha'e to gang. . . . . I 'm a base woman no' to air thankfu' to them that is so good to me. . . . . Oh, r! . . . . I wish terrible they had come and ta'en me cht. . . . . It 's a dog-cart, and I was praying it be a cart, so that they could cover me wi' straw."

This is more than I can stand," the doctor cried.

anny rose frightened.

I 've tried you, sair," she said, " but, oh, I 'm grateful, and ready now."

hey all advanced toward the door without another word, Nanny even tried to smile. But in the middle of the floor hing came over her, and she stood there. The minister her hand, and it was cold. She looked from one to the , her mouth opening and shutting.

I canna help it," she said.

It 's cruel hard," muttered the doctor. " I knew this woman she was a lassie."

he little minister stretched out his hands, " Have pity on O God! "

Nanny heard the words. " O, God," she cried, " you micht! " God needs no minister to tell him what to do, but it was His that the poorhouse should not have this woman. He made of a strange instrument, no other than the Egyptian, who opened the mud house door.

The gypsy had been passing the house, perhaps on her way to ums for gossip, and it was only curiosity, born suddenly of the ster's cry, that made her enter.

This is no place for you," said he fiercely, when Nanny, too aught to think, fell crying at the Egyptian's feet.

They are taking me to the poorhouse. Dinna let them, a let them."

How dare you! " cried the gypsy, stamping her foot; and quaked like malefactors.

You do n't see —— " the minister began, but her indigna- stopped him.

You coward! " she said.

"This is all very well," said the doctor, "but a wor
sympathy ——"

"A woman! Ah, if I could be a man for only five min
You poor dear, I won't let them take you away. Go!" she
looking triumphantly at both minister and doctor, and poi
grandly to the door.

"Is this an Egyptian, or is she a queen?" the doctor said
low voice to the minister. "Hoots, man, do n't look so sh
faced. We are not criminals. Say something."

Then to the Egyptian the little minister said firmly, "
mean well, but you are doing this poor woman a cruelty in h
ing out hopes to her that cannot be realized. Sympathy is
meal and bedclothes, and these are what she needs."

"And you who live in luxury would send her to the p
house for them. I thought better of you."

"Tuts!" said the doctor, losing his patience. "Mr.
hart gives more than any other man in Thrums to the poor,
he is not to be preached to by a gypsy. We are waiting for
Nanny."

"Ay, I 'm coming. I 'll hae to gang, lassie. Dinna g
for me."

But the Egyptian said, "No, you are not going. It is t
men who are going. Go, sirs, and leave us."

"And you will provide for Nanny?" asked the doctor,
temptuously.

"Yes."

"And where is the siller to come from?"

"That is my affair, and Nanny's. Begone, both of y
She shall never want again. See how the very mention of y
going brings back life to her face."

"I won't begone," the doctor said roughly, "till I see the c
of your siller."

"Oh! the money," said the Egyptian scornfully. She
her hand into her pocket confidently, as if used to well-fi
purses, but could only draw out two silver pieces. "I had
gotten."

"I thought so," said the cynical doctor. "Come, Nanny

"You presume to doubt me!" the Egyptian said, block
his way to the door.

"How could I presume to believe you?" he answered. "Y
are a beggar by profession, and yet talk as if — Pooh, nonsen

"I could live on terrible little," Nanny whispered.

"Seven shillings a week," rapped out the doctor.

"Is that all?" the Egyptian asked. "She shall have it."

"When?"

"At once. No, it is not possible to-night, but to-morrow I bring five pounds; no, I will send it; no, you must come for You will meet me to-morrow about this hour at — say the ms of Cushie?"

"No, I won't. Even if I went to the Kaims I should not you there."

"You are a cruel, hard man," the Egyptian said, beginning lose hope. "But, see, look at this ring. Do you know its ue?"

"Mercy on us!" Nanny cried; "I believe it 's what they call iamond."

"See, I will give it to you to hold in hostage. If I am not he Kaims to get it back, you can keep it."

The doctor took the ring in his hand and examined it curi-ly.

"There is a quirk in this," he said at last, "that I do n't . Take back your ring, lassie. Mr. Dishart, give Nanny your n unless you trust this woman's word."

"You do trust me," the Egyptian said, with wet eyes.

"Yes," he said firmly, "I trust you;" and the words that had n so difficult to say were the right words —

*— J. M. Barrie.*

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## OUT THERE SOMEWHERE

I was hiking past the woods, the cool and sleepy summer woods,
saw a guy a-talking to the sunshine in the air;
hinks I, he 's going to have a fit — I 'll stick around and watch a bit;
ut he paid no attention, hardly knowing I was there.

squatted down and rolled a smoke and listened to each word he spoke;

He never stumbled, reared or broke; he never missed a word
And though he was a Bo like me, he 'd been a gent once, I co
see;
I ain't much strong on poetry, but this is what I heard:

" We 'll dance a merry saraband from here to drowsy Samarcar
Along the sea, across the land, the birds are flying South,
And you, my sweet Penelope, out there somewhere you wait
me,
With buds of roses in your hair and kisses on your mouth.

" The mountains are all hid in mist; the valley is like amethy
The poplar leaves they turn and twist; oh, silver, silver gree
Out there somewhere along the sea a ship is waiting patiently,
While up the beach the bubbles slip with white afloat betwe

" Out there somewhere " — says I to me — " By Gosh! I gu
that's poetry!
Out there somewhere — Penelope, with kisses on her mouth!"
And then, thinks I, " O poet guy, your talk it gets me in the e
The North *is* creeping in the air; the birds *are* flying South,"

And yet, the sun was shining down, a-blazing on the little tow
A mile or so 'way down the track a-dancing in the sun.
But somehow, as I waited there, there came a shiver in the ai
" The birds are flying South," says he — " The winter has begun

Says I, " Then let 's be on the float; you certainly have got n
goat;
You make me hungry in my throat for seeing things that's ne
Out there somewhere we 'll ride the range a-looking for the ne
and strange;
My feet are tired and need a change. Come on! It 's up
you! "

And then that slim, poetic guy, he turned and looked me in t
eye:
" . . . It 's overland and overland and overseas to — where?

Iost anywhere that isn't here," I says. His face went kind of queer:
'he place we 're in is always *here*. The other place is *there*."

smiled, though, as my eye caught his. "Then what a lot of *there* there is
go and see and go and see and go and see some more."
did a fancy step or two. Says he, "I think I 'll go with 'ou—"
. Two moons, and we were baking in the straits at Singapore.

ound the world and back again; we saw it all, the mist and rain
England and the dry old plain from Needles to Berdoo.
e kept a-rambling all the time. I rustled grub, he rustled rhyme —
nd-baggage, hoof it, ride or climb—we always put it through.

—*Henry Herbert Knibbs.*

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## GUINEVERE

Queen Guinevere had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice: one low light betwixt them burn'd,
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

And while the Queen sat brooding thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, "The King!" She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor:
There, with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair,
She made her face a darkness from the King:

And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's,
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honor'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang — which, while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn — is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,

Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-molded form,
And beauty such as woman never wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee —
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that, too, is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries,
'I loathe thee:' yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou

Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband — not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me, their King, to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike again the man they call
My sister's son — and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more —
Farewell!"
And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement.

Then she stretched out her arms and cried aloud:
"Gone — my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord, the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years.
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.

I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the world.
What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope;
His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and let me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights —
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb —
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light —
I wanted warmth and color which I found
In Lancelot — now I see thee what thou art;
Thou art the highest and most human, too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
Now — ere he goes to the great battle? none:
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

— *Lord Tennyson.*

## ECHO AND THE FERRY

y, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
e looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
hey had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven!
small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh! a girl was no
good!"
he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl — only seven!
t home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.
he pear-trees looked on in their white, and bluebirds flashed
about,
nd they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven — eleven!

Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
nd all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;
nd under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
/hile hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
pity — a very great pity. One should be eleven.
ut soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,
nd I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
hen I knew, for I peeped, and I felt it was right they should
scold.
ggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
nd then some one else — oh; how softly! — came after, came
after
With laughter — with laughter came after.

nd no one was near us to utter that sweet, mocking call,
hat soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
ut this was the country — perhaps it was close under heaven;
h! nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.
knew about heaven. But this was the country, of this
ight, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings not at all.
ot at all. No. But one little bird was an easy forgiver:
he peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,
hen flashed down her hole like a dart — like a dart from the
quiver,
nd I waded atween the long grasses, and felt it was bliss.

— So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall —
A little, low wall — and looked over, and there was the ri
The lane that led on to the village, and then the sweet river,
Clear shining and slow, she had far, far to go from her snow;
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her l
flow,
And she murmured, methought, with a speech very soft — v
low.
"The ways will be long, but the days will be long," quoth
river,
"To me a long liver, long, long!" quoth the river — the river.

I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,
The voice that had mocked coming after and over and under.
But at last — in a day or two, namely — Eleven and I
Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.
He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of bee
That had learned how to laugh? Could it laugh in one's ear a
then fly,
And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo"— he whispered
low —
"Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could s
And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he;
But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.
Yet I that had money — a shilling, a whole silver shilling —
We might cross if I thought I would spend it." "Oh! yes,
was willing"—
And we ran hand in hand; we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear ar
merry
When they called for the ferry; but, oh! she was very — was ve
Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver crie
"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry — the ferry!"
By the still water's side she was heard far and wide — she replie
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, "You man of t
ferry,
You man of — you man of the ferry!"

Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling;
cross the clear reed-bordered river he ferried us fast.
uch a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it surpassed
ll measure her doubling — so close, then so far away falling,
hen gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once unaware,
nd the mouth that had mocked; but we might not (yet sure she
was there),
or behold her wild eyes, and her mystical countenance fair.
Ve sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead;
n the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked overhead;
y the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow deep-nested, in
brown;
Not Echo, fair Echo! for Echo, sweet Echo! was flown.

o we came to the place where the dead people wait till God call.
The church was among them, gray moss over roof, over wall.
Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green, grassy mound
And looked in at the window, for Echo, perhaps, in her round
Might have come in to hide there. But, no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible — old, old, very old,
And the parson's great Prayer-book beside it; we heard the slow
beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver and play
On the low chancel step and the railing; and Oliver said,
'Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to be wed
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all white was her
gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her."
Then quoth small Seven:
'Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to walk upon ever?"
All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth Eleven;
"You 're so little, you know, and the church is so old, it can never
Last on till you 're tall." And in whispers — because it was old
And holy, and fraught with strange meaning, half felt, but not
told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old days, of old
folk,
Neither heard nor beheld, but about us — in whispers we spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand to the strand,

While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter the lan
And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry.

Ay, here — it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To that little low church? and will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over — passed on

— *Jean Ingelow.*

## THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

Napoleon was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map o Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, move the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right I will capture him there!"

"Who, sir?" said an officer.

"Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," an the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard The 22d, Larmes, with the army of Genoa, held Padua. So far all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand men; dispatched Murat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps, and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out; and Napoleon reached the field to see Larmes beaten, Champeaux dead, Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy General, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. He had followed the vic-

orious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat!"

The boy did not stir.

"Gamin, beat a retreat!"

The boy stopped, grasped his drumsticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,— oh! I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids; I beat that charge at Mount Tabor; I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said: "We are beaten; what shall we do?"

"Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time enough to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!"

A moment later the corps, following the sword-gleam of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austrians. They drove the first line back on the second — both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on, and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle, but they forget that a general only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."

— *Anonymous.*

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## MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY

Who all time dodgin' en de cott'n en de corn?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all time stealin' ole massa's dinner-horn?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she tek 'im in 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who tek 'e stick 'n hit ole possum dog so hard?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En climb up en 'er lap,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all the time er-rippin' big hole en es frock?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she wipe es li'l' eyes,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all de time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, scoot fer yer mammy
En she hide yer f'om yer ma,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all de time er-trottin' ter de kitchen fer er bite?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who mess 'esef wi' taters twell his clothes dey look er sight?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
En 'e run ter es mammy
Fer ter git 'im out er trouble,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can't play?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
En 'e come ter es mammy
Ter rock 'im en 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo!

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, li'l' baby, shoo!
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo,
Shoo . . . .

Deir now, lay right down on mammy's bed en go 'long back sleep,— shoo-shoo!

— *H. S. Edwards.*

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## MRS. LOFTY AND I

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I;
She 's no proudèr with her coachman
Than am I
With my blue-eyed laughing baby,
Trundling by;
I hide his face lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace,—
Mine a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes home in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,—
Inside I;
She will leave hers at Death's portal,
By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die;
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth; — mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I 've one true heart beside me —
Glad am I;
I 'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in his balance,
By-and-by;
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

— *Anonymous.*

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## THE GRAY SWAN

"O, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"

The sailor's eyes were dim with dew:
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip:
"What little lad? What ship?"

"What little lad? as if there *could* be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away!"

"The other day?"— the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise,—
"The other day? the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir! here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on!"
"And so your lad is gone?

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
*I* stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he 'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! The man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had;—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"

"Hold! if 't was wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! What would you have?"

"Gone, twenty years,— a long, long cruise!
'T was wicked thus your love to abuse!
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?"— "Miserable man!
You 're mad as the sea,— you rave.
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"O God, my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

— *Alice Cary.*

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## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, oh Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's arm that felled him,
'T was his own that struck the blow —
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray —
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming; quick, my falchion,
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

— *Wm. H. Lytle.*

## GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you 're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you 're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you 'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that 's got it,
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.
He was " Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippery hitherao!
Water, get it! Panee lao!
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl
We shouted " Harry By! "
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could n't serve us all.
It was " Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some juldee in it
Or I 'll marrow you this minute
If you do n't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din! "

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e did n't seem to know the use o' fear.

If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E 'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha' n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I 've drunk,
I 'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere 's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E 's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e 's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I 'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone —

Where it 's always double drill and no canteen;
'E 'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I 'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I 've belted you and flayed you,
By the living God that made you,
You 're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

— *Rudyard Kipling*

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## SONG OF THE GREEK BARD

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,— we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; — strike other chords;
Fill high the cup of Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

— *Lord Byron.*

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## JIM BLUDSOE

Wall, no! I can't tell where he lives,
Because he do n't live, you see;
Leastways, he 's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you have n't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludsoe passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He war n't no saint — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike —
One wife in Natchez-Under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row —
But he never flunked, and he never lied —
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had —
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He 'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip',
And her day came at last —
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she would n't be passed,

And so came a-tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
Ther' was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I 'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludsoe's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word.
And sure 's you 're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludsoe's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of Prairie Belle.

He war n't no saint — but at judgment
I 'd run my chance with Jim
Longside of some pious gentleman
That would n't shook hands with him.
He 'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

— *John Hay.*

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## THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

*Cas.* That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
*Bru.* You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
*Cas.* I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
*Cas.* Chastisement!
*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,— shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.
*Cas.* I am.
*Bru.* I say you are not.
*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.
*Bru.* Away, slight man!
*Cas.* Is 't possible?
*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
*Bru.* All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break

o, show your slaves how choleric you are,
nd make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
[ust I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
nder your testy humor? By the gods,
ou shall digest the venom of your spleen,
hough it do split you; for from this day forth
'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
/hen you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:
et it appear so; make your vaunting true,
nd it shall please me well: For mine own part,
shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus;
said an elder soldier, not a better;
id I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;
may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.
here is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
or I am armed so strong in honesty,
hat they pass by me as the idle wind,
/hich I respect not. I did send to you
or certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
or I can raise no money by vile means:
y Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
nd drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
rom the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
y any indirection. I did send
o you for gold to pay my legions,
/hich you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
ould I have answered Caius Cassius so?
/hen Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: — he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.— Brutus hath rived my h
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
*Bru.* And my heart too.
*Cas.* O Brutus! —
*Bru.* What 's the matter?
*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,
hen that rash humor which my mother gave me
akes me forgetful?
*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
hen you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
e 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

— *William Shakespeare.*

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## SHAN VAN VOCHT

ihan Van Vocht: an Irish phrase meaning the Poor Old Woman; here nifying Ireland. The song was written just before the Irish rebellion 98.

The sainted isle of old,
The parent and the mould
Of the beautiful and bold,
Has her sainted heart waxed cold?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Oh! the French are in the bay;
They 'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
On the Currach of Kildare;
The boys they will be there
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
  Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What will the yeomen do?
  Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
  To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what color will they wear?
  Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color will they wear?
  Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What color *should* be seen,
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal green?
  Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
  Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
  Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes! Ireland *shall* be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for liberty!
  Says the Shan Van Vocht.

— *Anonymous.*

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## TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
  Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

## LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none,
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh.
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

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## THE PICKET GUARD

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro.
By a rifleman off in the thicket.

"'T is nothing — a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack — his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree —
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle — "Ah! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket 's off duty forever.

— *Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers.*

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## FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'ed a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

## MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL

Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago —
Dwelt a lady in a villa,
Years and years ago; —
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'T was the trilling of a linnet;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime-trees when they shake —
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.
Orphaned both of sire and mother,
Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
How I wooed that maiden fair,
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
And obtained an entrance there.

Ah! that lady of the villa!
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago,
*Ay de mi!* — Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night, recalling
Years and years ago.

Once again I 'm sitting near thee,
Beautiful and bright;
Once again I see and hear thee
In the autumn night;
Once again I 'm whispering to thee
Faltering words of love;
Once again with song I woo thee
In the orange grove,
Growing near that lonely villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla —
Years and years ago.

'T was an autumn eve: the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silver gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light rising slowly
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head;
And the thin moon, newly nascent,
Shone in glory meek and sweet,
As Murillo paints her crescent
Underneath Madonna's feet.
And we sat outside the villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla —
Years and years ago.

There we sate — the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along
Silent, dreamy Guadalquivir,
Famed in many a song.

Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
Yellow with the golden grain,
Gliding down through deep, rich meadows,
Where the sated cattle rove,
Stealing underneath the shadows
Of the verdant olive grove;
With its plenitude of waters,
Ever flowing calm and slow,
Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odors in a shower
From orange and from citron trees.

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain —
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased — her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
"Say, are maids as fair and loving —
Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.

"Wooed not quickly, won not lightly —
But when won, forever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
Time can ne'er the knot undo."

"And the men?" — "Ah! dearest lady,
Are — *quien sabe?* who can say?
To make love they 're ever ready,
When they can and where they may;

"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day —
*Como brisas, como rios,*
*No se sabe, sabe Dios.*"

"Are they faithful?" — "Ah! *quien sabe?*
Who can answer that they are?
While we may we should be happy." —
Then I took up her guitar,
And I sang in sportive strain,
This song to an old air of Spain:

## "QUIEN SABE"

### I

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That you know not the region from whence it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither — who knows?
Who knows?
Hither and thither — but whither — who knows?

### II

"The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends a' down to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses — who knows?
Who knows?
And away flows the river — but whither — who knows?

### III

"Let *me* be the breeze, love, that wanders along
The river that ever rejoices in song;

Be *thou* to my fancy the orange in bloom,
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them? — who knows?
Who knows?
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them? — who knows?

As I sang, the lady listened,
Silent save one gentle sigh;
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
Of that false and heartless strain,
Which I sang in words concealing
What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
Bootless now to think or tell —
Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
By the mighty master-spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
Heard with flushings that reveal,
Spite of woman's studied coldness,
Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,
Meaningless, yet meaning all
That the lips have left unspoken,
That we never may recall.

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand —
"*Hola! Senor,*" very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa,
With a stately Spanish air —

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"—
"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand.

"Magdalena, say"—the maiden
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.

"Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorrilla y—"

"No more, sir,
'T is as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him, with a frown;
"*Mucha bulla para nada,*
*No palabras,* draw your 'spada;"
"If you 're up for a duello
You will find I 'm just your fellow—
Senor, I am PETER BROWN!"

By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light,
A fight of death or life.

Don Camillo slashed my shoulder;
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close, and closer still I pressed;
Fortune favored me at last.
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the caballero's breast—

Down to the earth went Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y — one groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
    Pensive, puffing a cigar
In my chamber lone reposing,
Musing half, and half a-dozing,
    Comes a vision from afar
Of that lady of the villa
In her satin, fringed mantilla,
And that haughty caballero
With his capa and sombrero,
Vainly in my mind revolving
    That long, jointed, endless name;—
'T is a riddle past my solving,
    Who he was, or whence he came.
Was he that brother home returned?
Was he some former lover spurned?
Or some family *fiancé*
That the lady did not fancy?
Was he any one of those?
*Sabe Dios.* Ah! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
    Much I long to know
How fares the lady of the villa
    That once charmed me so,
When I visited Sevilla
    Years and years ago.

Has she married a Hidalgo?
Gone the way that ladies all go
In those drowsy Spanish cities,
Wasting life — a thousand pities —

Waking up for a fiesta
From an afternoon siesta,
To "Giralda" now repairing,
Or the Plaza for an airing;
At the shaded *reja* flirting,
At a bull-fight now disporting;
Does she walk at evenings ever
Through the gardens by the river?
Guarded by an old duenna
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
With her goggles and her fan
Warning off each rakish man?
Is she dead, or is she living?
Is she for my absence grieving?
Is she wretched, is she happy?
Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien sabe?*
Does she smile, or does she frown,
When she thinks of — PETER BROWN.

— *J. F. Waller.*

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## THE THREE BELLS

This poem refers to the well-known rescue of the crew of an American sinking in mid-ocean, by Captain Leighton, of the English ship Three Unable to take them off, in the night and the storm, he stayed by them morning, shouting to them from time to time through his trumpet, er fear, hold on; I'll stand by you!"

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that thy answer,
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,—
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,—
The lights of the Three Bells.

And ship to ship made signals;
Man answered back to man;
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry;
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

—*John G. Whittier*

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## THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
  Caldron, that glowed,
  And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
  Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

All is finished! and at length
  Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
  And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great Sun rises to behold the sight.

The Ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands!
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals, fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old Sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand:
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts — she moves — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"
How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress

Of tenderness and watchful care!
  Sail forth into the sea, O, ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
  The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
Oh, gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
  Humanity, with all its fears,
  With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
  Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
  Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale;
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
  Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
  Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## BETSY AND I ARE OUT

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it 's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we 've passed by very well;
I have no other woman — she has no other man;
Only we 've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we 've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We 've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 't would take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven — a difference in our creed
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast — we arg'ed the thing at tea
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we could n't agr

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain — the question was only
How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and had n't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp to say,—
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

d there have been days together — and many a weary week —
ıen both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to
speak;
d I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer
and fall,
I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

d so I 've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
d we have agreed together that we can never agree;
d what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
d I 'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

rite on the paper, lawyer — the very first paragraph —
all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
r she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
d it 's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

ve her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
t women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
d I have always determined, and never failed to say,
ıat Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

ıere 's a little hard money besides, that 's drawin' tol'rable pay.
couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
fe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
it in another clause there, and give her all of that.

ee that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
s, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
rue and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
id Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

hen I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
or me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
nd all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
nd for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

nce, when I had a fever — I won't forget it soon —
was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon —
ever an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
ıe nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we 've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I 'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it 's all right;
And then in the mornin' I 'll sell to a tradin' man I know —
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me did n't occur;
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we 'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I would n't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we 've quarreled here.

— *Will M. Carleton.*

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## ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.— Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

— *Leigh Hunt.*

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## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savéd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast;
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## AMY ROBSART AND RICHARD VARNEY

FROM "KENILWORTH"

Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, having re-ntly married Amy Robsart, has concealed her at Cumnor Place, fearing at, if his marriage is made public, he may lose court favor. The Queen, no has been led to believe that Amy is the wife of the Earl's unprincipled rvant Varney, orders her to be present at the approaching festivities at enilworth Castle. Influenced by the designing Varney, Leicester writes a tter to Amy, conjuring her, for reasons nearly concerning his own life and

honor, to come to Kenilworth as the supposed wife of his servant. Varn himself is the bearer of the letter. He enters the apartments of the Counte his dress in disorder from hasty riding through a dark night and foul wa

"You bring news from my lord, Master Varney — Gracio Heaven, is he ill?"

"No, madam, thank Heaven! Compose yourself, and pern me to take breath ere I communicate my tidings."

"No breath, sir; I know your theatrical arts. Since yo breath hath sufficed to bring you hither, it may suffice to tell yo tale, at least briefly, and in the gross."

"Madam, we are not alone, and my lord's message was f your ear only."

"Leave us, Janet, and Master Foster, but remain in the ne apartment, and within call."

Foster and his daughter retired, agreeably to the Lady Leice ter's commands into the next apartment.

All was as still as death, and the voices of those who spoke i the inner chamber were, if they spoke at all, carefully subdued to tone which could not be heard in the next. At once, however, the were heard to speak fast, thick, and hastily.

"Undo the door, sir, I command you! Undo the door! I wi have no other reply! What ho! without there! Janet, alarm th house! Foster, break open the door — I am detained here by traitor! Use axe and lever, Master Foster — I will be your war rant!"

"It shall not need, madam; if you please to expose my lord' important concerns and your own to the general ear, I will no be your hindrance."

Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; an more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthon Foster went to Richard Varney.

"What in the name of Satan, have you done to her?" sai Foster to his friend.

"Who, I — nothing, nothing but communicated to her he lord's commands, which, if the lady list not to obey, she know better how to answer it than I may pretend to do."

"Now, by Heaven, Janet, the false traitor lies in his throat He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonor of my noble lord he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own equally execrable and unattainable."

"You have misapprehended me, lady; let this matter rest till
passion be abated, and I will explain all."
"Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so," said the
ntess. "Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the
ide of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was
lord's pleasure — nay, more, my wedded lord's command,
I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen
nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should
owledge him — *him* there, that very cloak-brushing, shoe-
ning fellow — *him* there, my lord's lackey, for my liege
and husband; furnishing against myself, great God! whenever
as to vindicate my right and my rank, such weapons as would
my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be
rded as an honorable matron of the English nobility!"
"You hear her, Foster, and you, young maiden, hear this
; you hear that her heat only objects to me the course which
good lord, for the purpose to keep certain matters secret, sug-
s in the very letter which she holds in her hands."
"Never will I believe that the noble Dudley gave counte-
ce to so dastardly, so dishonorable a plan. Thus I tread on his
my, if indeed it be, and thus destroy its remembrance for-
."
So saying, she tore in pieces Leicester's letter, and stamped, in
extremity of impatience, as if she would have annihilated the
ute fragments into which she had rent it.
"Bear witness, she hath torn my lord's letter, in order to
den me with the scheme of his devising; and although it prom-
naught but danger and trouble to me, she would lay it to my
rge, as if it had any purpose of mine own in it."
"Thou liest, thou treacherous slave! Thou liest! Let me go,
et. Were it the last word I have to speak, he lies; he had his
foul ends, and broader he would have displayed them, had my
sion permitted me to preserve the silence which at first encour-
d him to unfold his vile projects."
"Madam, I entreat you to believe yourself mistaken."
"As soon will I believe light darkness. Have I drank of ob-
on? Do I not remember former passages, which, known to
cester, had given thee the preferment of a gallows, instead of
honor of this intimacy? I would I were a man but for five
nutes! It were space enough to make a craven like thee confess

his villainy. But go! begone! Tell thy master, that when I take foul course to which such scandalous deceits as thou hast rec mended on his behalf must necessarily lead me, I will give hi rival something worthy of the name. He shall not be suppla by an ignominious lackey, whose best fortune is to catch a gif his master's last suit of clothes ere it is threadbare. Go! beg sir! I scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been a with thee."

— *Sir Walter Scott*

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## THE COUNTESS AMY AND HER HUSBAND

FROM "KENILWORTH"

Amy Robsart was confined in a room in one of the towers, while Q Elizabeth, attended by court-ladies and gentlemen, went on a hunting e dition. When they returned, Lord Leicester determined to see Amy. guised as a servant of Varney, who had free access to Amy's room under character of her husband, Lord Leicester passed the sentinel in safety, entered the room.

"Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husb hung round his neck, and, unheeding the presence of Varney, o whelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a fl of tears; muttering, at the same time, but in broken and disjoir monosyllables the fondest expressions which Love teaches votaries.

He received and repaid her caresses with fondness ming with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to obse until the first transport of her own joy was over; when, look anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

"Not in my body, Amy," was his answer.

"Then I will be well, too.— O Dudley! I have been ill very ill, since we last met! I have been in sickness, in grief, an danger. But thou art come, and all is joy and health, and safet

"Alas! Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone me!"

"I, my lord?" said Amy, her cheek at once losing its tr sient flush of joy — "how could I injure that which I love be than myself?"

"I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the Earl; "but

not here contrary to my express commands — and does not presence here endanger both yourself and me?"

Does it, does it, indeed!" she exclaimed eagerly: "then why here a moment longer? Oh, if you knew by what fears I urged to quit Cumnor Place! — but I will say nothing of lf — only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly n thither; — yet if it concern your safety ——"

We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; ı shall go to one of my northern castles, under the personage will be needful, I trust, for a very few days — of Varney's "

How, my lord of Leicester!" said the lady, disengaging her- from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give dishonorable sel to acknowledge herself the bride of another — and of all the bride of that Varney?"

Madam, I speak in earnest; Varney is my true and faithful ınt, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn as you do."

I could assign one, my lord, and I see he shakes even under assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he ue to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too far. But enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all ——"

It is a temporary deception, madam, necessary for both our ies, endangered by you through female caprice, or the prema- desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under ition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If roposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. e is no other remedy — you must do what your own impatient hath rendered necessary — I command you."

I cannot put your commands, my lord, in balance with those onor and conscience. I will *not,* in this instance, obey you. may achieve your own dishonor, to which these crooked poli- naturally tend, but I will do naught that can blemish mine."

My lord, my lady is too much prejudiced against me, ppily, to listen to what I can offer; yet it may please her r than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master und Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to con-

sent to be her companion to Lidcote Hall, and there she r
remain in safety until time permitted the development o
mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy,
eyes which seemed to glow as much with suspicion as disple

The countess only said, "Would to God I were in my fa
house! When I left it I little thought I was leaving pea
mind and honor behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation, "Doubtles
will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's cou
but surely the countess will be warrant for the honor of M
Tressilian, and such of her father's family ——"

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven, I will
my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tressilian as a pa
of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the countess; "unless th
counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a man of stainless
and integrity. My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me
is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian v
for your sake. I will not do him the further injustice of
silent when his honor is brought into question. I can forbear,
said, looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but
not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, ye
determined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause;
Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mi
with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the mic
distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, v
would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished
ment of the rank which she held.

She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dig
air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shak
firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You
spoken your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties
which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply.
gentleman — this person I should say — has hinted at an
scheme, to which I object not, but as it displeases you. Will
lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman
your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extrem

Leicester was silent, but bent his head toward the countess, as intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," proceeded; "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity h which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate rself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful mmels. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the otstool of Elizabeth's throne; say that 'in a moment of infatua- n moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now ce even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.' You ll then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honor; l should law or power require you to part from me, I will ose no objection, since then I may with honor hide a grieved l broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew . Then — have but a little patience,— and Amy's life will not g darken your brighter prospects."

"I am not worthy of you, Amy, that could weigh aught which bition has to give against such a heart as thine! I have a bitter nance to perform, in disentangling all the meshes of my own eitful policy. And the queen — but let her take my head, as has threatened!"

"Your head, my lord! because you use the freedom and liberty an English subject in choosing a wife? For shame; it is this trust of the queen's justice, this misapprehension of danger, ich cannot be but imaginary, that, like scare-crows, have in- ced you to forsake the straightforward path, which, as it is the t, is also the safest."

"Ah, Amy, thou little knowest! Fear not, thou shalt see dley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly com- unicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own castle."

"O my good lord, make no faction in a peaceful state! There o friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honor. ing but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole ny of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and other defense will be fruitless. Truth, my noble lord, is well nted unarmed."

"But Wisdom, Amy, is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue t with me on the means I shall use to render my confession as e as may be; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what

we will.— Varney, we must hence.— Farewell, Amy, whom I to vindicate as mine own, at an expense and risk of which th alone couldst be worthy! You shall soon hear further from m

He embraced her fervently, muffled himself as before, a accompanied Varney from the apartment.

— *Sir Walter Scott*

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## EXTRACT FROM *MORITURI SALUTAMUS*

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning of these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell,
And coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stairway leading underground.

Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite, in threatening attitude,
With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood;
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceilings with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call;
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead; —
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death, the flaming jewel, Life,
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar, whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## SHAMUS O'BRIEN

Jist after the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'T was the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial — barrin' sich as was shot.
There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
It 's them was hard times for an honest gasson:
If he missed in the judges — he 'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it 's many 's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
Wid small share iv restin' or atin' or sleepin'

An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet —
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all,
Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv Glingall.

His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheeks never warmed with the blush of the red.

An' for all that he was n't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself could n't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
An' in fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Mulloney a fut;
An' for lightness of fut there was n't his peer,
For, begorra, he could almost outrun the red deer!
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turned crazy, he done it so quare;
An' begorra, the whole world gev in to him there.
An' it 's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it 's often he run, an' it 's often he fought,
An' it 's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done: an' it 's often I heerd tell
How he frightened the magistrates in Caharbally,
An' 'scaped through the sodgers in Aherloe valley;
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

w SHAMUS, look back on the beautiful moon,
r the door of the prison must close on you soon,
' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
at falls on the mountain and valley this night;
e look at the village, one look at the flood,
' one at the sheltering far-distant wood;
rewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
rewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
d farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail.

ell, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
e terrible day iv the thrial kem on,
ere was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;
' the courthouse so full that the people were bothered,
' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
' counselors almost gev over for dead,
' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big
ith his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
' silence was called, an' the minute it was said
e court was as still as the heart of the dead,
' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
' SHAMUS O'BRIEN kem into the dock.

r one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
' he looked at the bars so firm and so strong,
' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
d they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
' JIM did n't understand it nor mind it a taste,
' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
re you guilty or not, JIM O'BRIEN, av you plase?"

' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
' SHAMUS O'BRIEN made answer and said:

"My lord, if you ask me, if in my lifetime
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow
Before GOD and the world I would answer you, No!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, Yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it 's my glory that then
In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge was n't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it 's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then SHAMUS' mother, in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"O judge! darlin', do n't, O, do n't say the word!
The crather is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he did n't know what he was doin';
You do n't know him, my lord — O do n't give him to
ruin!
He 's the kindliest crathur, the tendherest-hearted;
Do n't part us forever, we that 's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you — O do n't say the word!"

That was the first minute that O'BRIEN was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mountin' pride,
He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide,
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', do n't break you
poor heart,

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it 's betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', do n't cry any more,
Do n't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour,
For I wish, when my head 's lyin' undher the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
Then towards the judge SHAMUS bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the strate?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O SHAMUS O'BRIEN! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle an' SHAMUS was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw SHAMUS O'BRIEN,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild, wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him goes down on the ground,
An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN throws one last look round.

Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the grip iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
An' with one daring spring JIM has leaped on the ground.
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabers;
He 's not down! he 's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!
Through the smoke and the hórses he 's into the crowd,—
By the heavens, he 's free! — than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken —
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father MALONE lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he 'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the divil 's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it 's yourself you must hang.

Well, a week after this time, without firing a cannon,
A sharp, Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon,
And the captain left word he was going to Cork,
But the divil a bit, he was bound for New York.
The very next spring, a bright morning in May,
Just six months after the great hangin' day,
A letter was brought to the town of Kildare.
An' on the outside was written out fair,
"To ould Mistress O'Brien in Ireland or elsewhere."
And the inside began, "My dear, good old mother,
I 'm safe — and I 'm happy — and not wishing to bother
You in the readin' (with the help of the priest),
I send you inclosed in this letter at least
Enough to pay him and fetch you away
To this land of the free and the brave, Amerikay.
Here you 'll be happy and never nade cryin'
So long as you 're mother of Shamus O'Brien.
An' give me love to swate Biddy, and tell her beware

Of that spalpeen who calls himself Lord of Kildare.
An' just tell the Judge I do n't now care a rap
For him or his wig, or his dirty black cap;
An' as for dragoons, them paid men of slaughter,
Just say that I love them as the divil loves holy water.
An' now, my good mother, one word of advice:
Fill your bag with pittatyes and whiskey and rice,
An' when you start from ould Ireland, take passage at Cork
An' come straight over to the town of New York,
An' there ax the mayor the best way to go
To the state of Cincinnati in the town of Ohio;
For 't is there you will find me without much tryin'
At the Harp and the Eagle kept by Shamus O'Brien."

— *J. S. Le Fanu.*

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## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

; Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
n one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
l nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
n 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he
sighed:
h truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
a r and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

a ped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
b bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with
their paws;
V n wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
ti all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother,
b bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
a Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we 're better here than
there!"

e Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively dame,
n smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed
the same;
thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be.
e urely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
l drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked on him
smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his pla
Then threw the glove,— but not with love,— right in the l
face.
"By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."
—*Leigh Hu*

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## A PAIR OF SHOES

The fussy old gentleman in the slouch hat, and loosely h
ing clothes, tried the door-handle of Fortunato Vicenzo's co
shop for the second time in one day, and said: "Pshaw! Psha
when it refused to yield. He had a pair of shoes carefully wra
in a newspaper under his arm, and he did not desire once
to carry them back the two dusty miles he had borne them hi
It was unbusinesslike of Fortunato to keep his shop closed
whole of an ordinary week-day. He determined to remons
with Fortunato, and give him the choice of a closer atte
to business, or the discontinuance of his valuable patronage.

A trolley car came bounding rhythmically along the vi
street, and stopped at the switch by the shoe shop. The gentle
thrust his pointed anemic face forward, scanning the seats
the truant shoemaker. His face brightened and he cried, "A
Fortunato was there, descending from the trolley car. The ge
man cleared his throat. But the sallow-faced young Italian
the thin black mustache did not march straight to his shop,
unlock the door. He grinned at the gentleman instead
cheerful recklessness, turned, and helped a buxom brown It
girl down the steps of the car. The gentleman stared, as
natural under the circumstances. For the girl was good to
with the peach-glow beneath the tan of her skin, the curved
exquisitely modeled for love or for disdain. She wore no
only a gaudy shawl that lay loosely on her shiny black hair,
there by magic, or some deftly concealed pin. Fortunato, c
ing a little bundle obviously not made in New England, m

rds his shop. *"Eccola!"* he cried, pointing excitedly. It a mite of a place, one story, with a shed roof that covered rooms — and two rooms only — the shop in front, the bed-kitchen behind; but the girl gazed at it as though she seeing turrets and shining parapets; and her breath came went, as though she had been running a long way.

I've been here twice today with this pair of shoes," said ussy gentleman testily, as Fortunato and his lady approached. u ought to stick to business or — " the delighted grin on For-o's face, somewhat dampened the old gentleman's powder. o getta married," said Fortunato. "She come from ma coun-from Ischia. She come thissa morning. We getta married. ma wife." The girl took a step forward and held out her . The fussy gentleman, somewhat amazed, took it and dropped ' Glad to meet you," he said. Then, turning to Fortunato, ut these shoes," he added, untying the string carefully, l show you." Fortunato unlocked the door, and let the girl in, saying something softly in Italian. She looked up quickly, her smile of unconcealed and simple-hearted rapture was a flame breaking across her face. "You see," went on the gentleman, with his forefinger on the toe of one of the shoes, s a new pair, but they pinch here." He turned his head. ortunato and his lady were disappearing through the low-ined doorway that led to the apartment in the rear. The eman's temper rose, "Mr. Vicenzo, I've been here twice . Do you want my trade or don't you?" Fortunato re-ared in the doorway. "Excusa me," he said gently. "I fix bimeby. I no t'ink shoes today. I wait for my gal four — an' today she come!" The old gentleman did not hear or the triumphant rapture of the tones. "Just a minute," he sted. "You see it's right here that they pinch, and — "

Fortunato," called a soft voice, all music. "The toes," sted the old gentleman. "I no givva damn!" cried the reck-hoemaker. "I getta married today. Today I no work." He ded the old gentleman over the threshold, in spite of his sh protests; and shut the door in his face. "Well, well!" imed the man outside, bewildered. But the man inside cried, rmela!" and as his lady came running with a shout into his he drew her to his breast, sobbing suddenly as he held

the warm, jubilant body close, and mingling a tear or two
her joyous tears; for he had waited long for her.

The fussy old gentleman in the slouch hat swallowed his p
something less than a year later, and, with a pair of shoes
fully wrapped in a newspaper under his arm, again tried the
knob of Fortunato Vicenzo's cobbler shop. Again it res
him. He muttered and tried the knob more vigorously, grow
to himself. He was about to depart, when he heard a ste
side. A moment later the key was turned and the door op
by Fortunato, beaming possibly more radiantly than u
"Young man," said the fussy gentleman, sourly, "do you
your shop closed all the time?" "Excusa me," Fortunat
plied in his soft voice. "My wife she gotta lilla baby."
want these shoes soled and heeled," remarked the old gentle
untying the bundle, "and —" "Fine boy" exclaimed Fortu
"Born two hour ago." "They pinch a little across the t
the gentleman went on. "Yezzir, I fix 'em bimeby," answ
the happy shoemaker. "She say — my wife — he look lak
"Yes of course," said the old gentleman hastily. "But pl
one moment — do you understand? They 're to be soled
heeled and stretched as much as possible in the toes."

"I un'erstan', I fix 'em good," said Fortunato, adding e
ingly, "Say, you wanna see baby? Fine baby. My wife
have awful pain, but she a' right now. I show you baby." I
as he was speaking he disappeared through the curtains. W
he returned a moment later with the little red-faced bundl
feeble squawks in his arms, the fussy old gentleman was g
Carmela and Fortunato found that two and a baby made an
more joyous combination than two alone. She had dreame
this life of theirs together for four long years, while Fortu
was finding himself and his work in the far country, and it
all immensely better than the dream. Humanly speaking, Car
and Fortunato lived in a little two-room hovel with a shed
beneath a stark and stricken elm; but, in a deeper sense, they
high halls and shimmering turrets for their habitation.
hovel was substantial and made of wood; the castle was un
stantial, and raised with the masonry and marble of dream
the tireless architect, who has his drafting-rooms in the hea
man. Life, the mentor, looked on both and smiled pitif
and bided his time.

Two miles in from the country, with a bundle of shoes carefully tied up in a newspaper under his arm, the fussy old gentleman came down the road six months later. He stopped at Fortunato Vicenzo's shop and grasped the knob of the door, grimly confident that it would resist him once more. He was almost disappointed when it turned, letting him enter. Fortunato was not in his shop. The old gentleman tapped vigorously on the floor with his cane, and when there was no answer tapped again more peremptorily. Still no answer. He sniffed burning candle-grease. Fortunato appeared in the doorway. His hair was wildly rumpled, and his face was pale and livid as a blurred moon. The gentleman thought he had been drinking. "This pair of shoes is almost worn out," he said carefully untying the string, "but if you could possibly sole them again, and heel them, of course, and stretch them a little, where they pinch at the toes—" "I take 'em," answered Fortunato faintly. "I find out whereby." "I'd rather you told me at once," remarked the old man, firmly. "If they are worth fixing, tell me, and if they are not worth fixing—" From within came the sound of a low, long-drawn moan. "I t'inka about it," said Fortunato, drawing back. "But," persisted the old gentleman. Two tears rolled down Fortunato's cheeks, followed by many more.

"My boy," he said brokenly. "My boy—he go die last night. He in dere." Then after a moment: "He beautiful boy. You wanta see?" The old gentleman's face twitched. He said something about not wanting to intrude, and beat a quick retreat. Fortunato turned again to the inner room. The shades of the windows were drawn. In the light of the four candles Carmela sat beside the table, her hands on her knees, her eyelids half closed over her dryad eyes. Grief in marble. The castle was a ruin, the romance was broken glass. Painfully they girded themselves for the labor of life.

—*Hermann Hagedorn.*

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## THE HIGHWAYMAN

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding —
Riding — riding —
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He 'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at h
chin
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigl
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yar
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locke
and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waitin
there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter.
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say —

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I 'm after a prize tonight,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I 'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt lik
a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

ıen he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away
to the West.

e did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
ıd out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon
hen the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
red-coat troop came marching —
Marching — Marching —
ng George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

ıey said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
ıt they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her
narrow bed;
wo of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
ıere was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
ır Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would
ride.

ıey had tied her up to attention with many a sniggering jest;
ıey had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her
breast!
Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
e heard the dead man say —
*ok for me by moonlight;*
*Watch for me by moonlight;*
*ll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!*

e twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
e writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or
blood!
ıey stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled
by like years,
ll, now, on the stroke of midnight
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
ıe tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

ıe tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
ɔ, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,
e would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
ır the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to h
love's refrain.

*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs rin
ing clear;
*Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot,* in the distance? Were they deaf that they d
not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding
Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straig
and still!

*Tlot-tlot,* in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breat
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him — wi
her death.

He turned, he spurred to the West; he did not know who stoo
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her ow
red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew gray to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in th
darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier bra
dished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden moon; wine-red was h
velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of la
at his throat.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in th
trees,*

*n the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,*
*n the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,*
*ghwayman comes riding —*
*Riding — riding —*
*ghwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*r the cobbles he clatters, and clangs in the dark inn-yard;*
*aps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;*
*whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there*
*the landlord's black-eyed daughter,*
*Bess, the landlord's daughter,*
*ing a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

— *Alfred Noyes.*

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## AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatoré;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls of purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
*"Non ti scordar di me?"*

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothèd and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad; —
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm.

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled;

And I turned and looked; she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And the jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between: —
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past,)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we 'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There 's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
*"Non ti scordar di me,*
*Non ti scordar di me!"*

—*Robert Bulwer-Lytton.*

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## THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in th Western division of our Army. When Aaron Burr made his fir dashing expedition down to New Orleans, he met, as the Dev would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow. Bu marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him, and t the time Burr departed, Nolan was enlisted body and soul Burr's treasonable schemes. Nolan, from that time, though he d not yet know it, lived as *A Man Without a Country*. Durir Nolan's trial for treason, there was evidence enough that he w sick of the service, was willing to be false to it, and would ha

eyed any order to march anywhere, with anyone who would low him, had the order been signed by Aaron Burr.

And when old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the Court, ed Nolan, at the close of his trial, whether he wished to say thing to show that he had always been faithful to the United ites, he cried out in a fit of frenzy —"Damn the United States! vish I may never hear of the United States again!" Morgan led the Court into his private room, and returned in fifteen nutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court de- es, subject to the approval of the President, that you never ar the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed it, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The details of his punishment were then adopted, and sub- ntially carried out till Nolan died. He was to be provided th such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for officer of his late rank. The officers on board were to make y arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. was to be exposed to no indignity of any kind. He was ver unnecessarily to be reminded that he was a prisoner, *but der no circumstances was he ever to hear of his country, or to any information regarding it.* No officer's mess liked to have n permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home, of the prospect of return — more than half the talk men liked have at sea. He was not permitted to talk with the crew, less an officer was by.

The Captain always asked him to dinner on Mondays, and ery mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. His eakfast he ate in his own state-room — he always had a state- om — which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, uld see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate drank alone. Everybody was permitted to lend him books, *they were not published in America, and made no allusion to it.* nce at the Cape of Good Hope, the Captain of the boat bor- wed a lot of English books from an officer in the English fleet,

and among them, as the Devil would order, was the *Lay of t Last Minstrel,* which they had all of them heard of, but whi most of them had never seen. Well, nobody thought there cou be any risk of anything national in that, and Nolan was pe mitted to join the circle one afternoon, when a lot of them s on deck smoking and reading aloud.

It so happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and re to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in t circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Bord chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan re steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank som thing, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for t first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himse went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:

> This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw that something was to pay; but he expecte to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand?
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well,

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing ther was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had nc quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crim son and staggered on:

> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self:

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on; but starte up, swung the book into the sea, and vanished into his state-room

After he came out of his state-room he never was the sam man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bibl or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. He very seldon spoke, unless he was spoken to. The boat on which he first saile was coming home, but to the surprise of everybody it made one o the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week

*Warren* came to the same rendezvous. The boats exchanged
ls, and the Captain of the *Warren* said they were outward-
d to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps
e boat back to try his second cruise. The last days of Nolan's
s told by Captain Danforth, the Commander of the vessel in
n he made his last cruise, and on which he died. My ac-
ntance with Philip Nolan began five or six years before his
. He selected me as his most devoted friend, and was as kind
e as though he had been my Father.

One morning the doctor came to me, and told me that dear
Nolan was very sick; unable to leave his bed, and that he
ed to see me. I had never been in his state-room, nor indeed
anyone else; not even the doctor until that morning. I went
now, full of anxiety and eager curiosity, and there to be
the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he
me his hand. I could not help a glance around, which
ed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was
in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around
cture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle,
lightnings blazing from his beak, and his foot clasping the
e globe, which his wings overshadowed. He saw my glance,
said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a Country!"
n he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I saw a great map
he United States, which he had drawn from memory, and
h he could look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names
on it, in large letters: Indiana Territory, Mississippi Ter-
y, and Louisiana Territory. "O Captain Danforth, I know
n dying! I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me some-
g now? Stop! Stop! Do not speak till I say what I am
you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in
rica — God bless her — a more loyal man than I. There
ot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it
do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars on
w, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know
t their names are. There has never been one taken away;
ank God for that. I know by that that there has never been
successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth, how like a wretched
t's dream a boy's idea of personal fame, or of separate sov-
gnty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as
e! But tell me — tell me something — tell me everything,
forth, before I die!"

I swear that I felt like a monster, that I had not told everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no deli who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expi in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason?

"Mr. Nolan, I will tell you everything you ask about. C where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! he pressed my hand and said: "God bless you! Tell me names," and he pointed to the stars on the flag. It was a thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him - emigration, and the means of it — of steamboats and railr and telegraphs — of inventions, and books, and literature - the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School. He d it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me to go away. Then he asked me to bring his Prayerbook, said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place — so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me: "For selves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, t notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy l Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness" — an to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the en the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: "M heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and l Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all ot in authority."

"Danforth, I have repeated those prayers night and mor for fifty-five years." He bent me down over him and kissed and said, "Look in my Bible, when I am gone."

I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was t and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him be alone. But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's ba of the Order of the Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at

ace where he had marked the text: "They desire a country, en a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their od: for He hath prepared for them a city." On this slip of per he had written: "Bury me in the sea; it has been my me, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for y memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may t be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

*In memory of*

PHILIP NOLAN

LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

*e loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands*

*— Edward Everett Hale.*

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## HER LETTER

I 'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I 'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I 've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits — on the stairs — for me yet.
They say he 'll be rich,— when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"

"And is n't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds, and silks, and all that?"
"And are n't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,— if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor, dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You 'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"
In the mists of a *gauze de Chambéry,*
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,— that to me was the rarest;
Of — the something you said at the gate,—
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
To "the best paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it 's all past; yet it 's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of someone who breasted highwater,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I 'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I 'm spooning on Joseph,— heigh-ho!
And I 'm to be "finished" by travel,—
Whatever 's the meaning of that,—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat.

Good-night,— here 's the end of my paper;
Good-night,— if the longitude please,—
For maybe while wasting my taper,
*Your* sun 's climbing over the trees.
But know if you have n't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart 's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you 've struck it,— on Poverty Flat.

— *Bret Harte.*

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## THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—*Lord Tennyson.*

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## AMERICA FOR ME

'T is fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings —
But now I think I 've had enough of antiquated things.

*So it 's home again, and home again, America for me!*
*My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,*
*In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,*
*Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

Oh, London is a man's town, there 's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town with flowers in her hair;
And it 's sweet to dream in Venice, and it 's great to study Rome
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe 's wonderful, yet something seems to lack
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free —
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

*Oh, it 's home again, and home again, America for me!*
*I want a ship that 's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,*
*To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,*
*Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

## WIND IN THE PINE

Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry
Of the tossing trees —
Rolling your windy tides across the sky,
And splashing your silver seas
Over the pine
To the water-line
Of the moon.
Oh, I can hear you, God,
Above the wail of the lonely loon —
When the pine-tops pitch and nod —
Chanting your melodies
Of ghostly waterfalls and avalanches,
Swashing your wind among the branches
To make them pure and white.

Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze,
And your moon's wet-silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind and night,
And leave me clean and cool.

— *Lew Sarett.*

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## ROMOLA AND SAVONAROLA

By the early morning light, a woman in the dress of a nun
seen walking along a road which led from Florence. She
ed the gate, paused under a cypress-tree, lifted up the hanging
f of her cowl, and looked before her. It was Romola hurrying
y from the breath of soft hated lips warm upon her cheek, the
th of an odious mind stifling her own.

All things conspired to give her the sense of freedom and soli-
e; her escape from the accustomed walls and streets, the widen-
distance from her husband, the morning stillness, the great
of ground on the roadside making a gulf between her and
somber calm of the mountains. She was alone in the presence
the earth and sky, with no human presence interposing and
ing law for her.

Suddenly a voice close to her said — "You are Romola de Bardi,
wife of Tito Melema." She knew the voice; it had vibrated

through her more than once before; and because she knew it, did not turn round or look up. She sat shaken by awe, and inwardly rebelling against the awe. It was one of those bl skirted monks who was daring to speak to her, that was all. yet she was shaken, as if that destiny which men thought of sceptered deity had come to her and grasped her with finger flesh.

"What right have you to speak to me, or to hinder me?"

"The right of a messenger. You have put on a religious g and you have no religious purpose. You have sought the as a disguise. But you were not suffered to pass me witl being discerned. It was declared to me who you were; declared to me that you are seeking to escape from the lot has laid upon you. You wish your true name and your true p in life to be hidden, that you may choose for yourself a new n and a new place, and have no rule but your own will. An have a command to call you back. My daughter, you must re to your place."

"I will not return. I acknowledge no right of priest or m to interfere with my actions. You have no power over me."

"But it is not the poor monk who claims to interfere v you; it is the truth that commands you. And you cannot es it. Either you must obey it, and it will lead you; or you n disobey it, and it will hang on you with the weight of a cl which will drag you forever."

Romola turned with anger in her eyes and faced the spea Savonarola. She was nearly as tall as he was, and their f were almost on a level. At the look on his face, the defiant w fell back without utterance, and she was constrained to pl "My father, you cannot know the reasons which compel m go. None can know them but myself. None can judge for m have been driven by a great sorrow. I am resolved to go."

"I know enough, my daughter! You are not happy in y married life; you were warned by a message from heaven, deliv in my presence — you were warned before marriage, when might still have lawfully chosen to be free from the marriage b But you chose the bond; and in willfully breaking it, you are br ing a pledge. Of what wrongs will you complain when you y self are breaking the simplest law that lies at the foundation of trust which binds man to man — faithfulness to the spoken wo

l to break that pledge you fly from Florence; Florence, where e are the only men and women in the world to whom you the debt of fellow-citizen. I have a divine warrant to stop !"

"I was not going away to ease and self-indulgence. I was ıg away to hardship. I expect no joy; it is gone from my life."

"You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are ing some good other than the law you are bound to obey. how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice; it is a r that flows from the Invisible Throne, and flows in the path bedience. I say again, man cannot choose his duties. You may ɔse to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow bring. But you will go forth; and what will you find, my ghter? Sorrow without duty — bitter herbs, and no bread ı them."

"But if you knew, if you knew what it is to me — how impos- e it seemed to me to bear it!"

"My daughter, you carry something within your mantle; draw orth and look at it!"

She drew forth the crucifix. Still pointing toward it, he said: "There, my daughter, is the image of a supreme offering, made a supreme love, because the need of man was great. Conform r life to that image. If you forsake your place, who will fill it? your conscience, my daughter. You are a wife. You seek to ak ties in self-will and anger, not because the higher life calls n you to renounce them. The higher life begins for us when renounce our own will to bow before a Divine Law. If there vickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light ɔurity; if there is a cry of anguish, you, because you know the aning of the cry, should be there to still it. My beloved daugh- sorrow has come to teach you a new worship; the sign of it gs before you."

"My husband — he is not — my love is gone!"

"My daughter, there is the bond of higher love. If the cross ıes to you as a wife, you must carry it as a wife. You may , 'I will forsake my husband,' but you cannot cease to be a e. Live for Florence — for your own people. Bear the anguish l the smart. The iron is sharp — I know, I know — it rends the der flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips. But there is

rapture in the cup — there is the vision which makes all life b
it lost forever. Come, my daughter, come back to your place!

"Father, I will be guided. Teach me! I will go back."

Almost unconsciously she sank on her knees. Savon
stretched out his hands over her; but feeling would no lo
pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent.

— *George Eliot*

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## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 't is at a white heat nov
The billows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the fo
brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking roun
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass th

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound he
below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright,— O Vulcan, what a glow!
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright, the high sun sh
not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show,—
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid r
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster s
Sinks on the anvil,— all about the faces fiery grow;
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out:" bang, bang,
sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strew
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains fl
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, p
"Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let 's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;

r a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
ıd I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
ıe low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
om stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board,
ıe bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains;
t courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
ıd not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,
ıen moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing,— here am I!"
ring in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,
ur blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
t while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
ıe Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;
rike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!
ır hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
ır anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
r a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
ır anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
r the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
hen, weighing slow, at eve they go far, far from love and home,
ıd sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last.
shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
hat pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
he hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 't were now
o go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
ıd feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

. . . . . .

— *Samuel Ferguson.*

## THE VOICES AT THE THRONE

A little child,
A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve
A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody,— no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the throne
In full glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth, unceasing. There, with a great voice
He sang the "Holy, holy evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration.

Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the "Holy, holy evermore!"
Till, trembling with excessive awe and love,
Each sceptered spirit sank before the throne
With a mute hallelujah.

But even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice — a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar —
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet!
That blended with the spirits' rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder.

Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance, smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

And when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding,— when the eternal courts
Rang with the echoes of his chant sublime,
Still through the abysmal space that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

— *T. Westwood.*

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## LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O, God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

" Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, " that ye speak so wild? "
" As God 's above," said Alice the nurse,
" I speak the truth: you are my child.

" The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

" Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, " if this be true; —
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

" Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
" But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

" If I 'm a beggar born," she said,
" I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

" Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
" But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, " Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

" Nay, now, what faith? " said Alice the nurse:
" The man will cleave unto his right."
" And he shall have it," the lady replied,
" Though I should die to-night."

" Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
" O mother, mother, mother," she said,
" So strange it seems to me.

" Yet here 's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
  She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
  With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
  Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
  And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
  "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
  That are the flower of the Earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
  I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
  "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "For I am yours in word and in deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "Your riddle is hard to read."

O, and proudly stood she up!
  Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
  And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn;
  He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
  And I," said he, "the next in blood,—

"If you are not the heiress born,
  And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
  And you shall still be Lady Clare."

*— Lord Tennyson.*

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beaches of a meadow
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow:
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses — "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath:
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face:
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble —
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he 'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet —
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon;
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer — 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds,
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops — and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnaw'd the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him,— never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## SCENE FROM HENRY THE FOURTH

*ıter King* HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
napt to stir at these indignities,
; you have found me; for, accordingly,
ɔu tread upon my patience: but be sure
will from hénceforth rather be myself,
ighty and to be fear'd, than my condition.
*Wor.* Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves
ne scourge of greatness to be used on it;
ıd that same greatness too which our own hands
ave holp to make so portly.
*King.* Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
anger and disobedience in thine eye:
ɔu were about to speak, my Lord Northumberland.
*North.* Yea, my good lord.
hose prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
hich Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
ere, as he says, not with such strength denied
; is deliver'd to your Majesty:
ther envy, therefore, or misprision
guilty of this fault, and not my son.
*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
ıt, I remember, when the fight was done,
hen I was dry with rage and éxtreme toil,
eathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
ıme there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
esh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
ow'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
e was perfumèd like a milliner;
ıd 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
pouncet-box, which ever and anon
e gave his nose, and took 't away again;
ıd still he smiled and talk'd;
ıd, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
e call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
o bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—
He should, or he should not; for 't made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,— God save the mark! —
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on Earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower.
Shall our coffers. then,

e emptied to redeem a traitor home?
nall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
o, on the barren mountains let him starve;
or I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
o ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!
e never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
ut by the chance of war: to prove that true
eeds no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
hose mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
n single opposition, hand to hand,
e did confound the best part of an hour
n changing hardiment with great Glendower.
hree times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
pon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
an fearfully among the trembling reeds,
nd hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
lood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.
ever did base and rotten policy
olor her working with such deadly wounds;
or never could the noble Mortimer
eceive so many, and all willingly:
hen let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
e never did encounter with Glendower:
tell thee,
e durst as well have met the Devil alone
s Owen Glendower for an enemy.
rt not ashamed? But, sirrah, from henceforth
et me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
end me your prisoners with the speediest means,
r you shall hear in such a kind from me
s will displease you.— My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
end us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and train.*

*Hot.* And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter* WORCESTER.

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontent
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If we fall in, good night, or sink or swim!
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honor by the locks;

But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
*Wor.* Good cousin, give me audience for awhile.
*Hot.* I cry you mercy.
*Wor.* Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—
*Hot.* I 'll keep them all;
By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I 'll keep them, by this hand.
*Wor.* You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep;—
*Hot.* Nay, I will; that 's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla *Mortimer!*
Nay,
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer,* and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

—*William Shakespeare.*

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## BOAT SONG

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends back our shout agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming in Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

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## THE TRIAL OF BEN THOMAS

It was a sultry noon and Jeffersonville was brisk. As Jeffersonville is brisk only during court week, it may be inferred that court was in session.

About the large square building little groups of farmers were gathered. Within were the usual courthouse habitués,— jurors who hope in vain to "get off," and citizens of limited income who yet hope to "get on."

Apparently, there was nothing exciting on hand just then, though a murder trial had been interrupted by a temporary

iournment. But the defendant was a negro, and a murder by negro was not a novelty. While the court was assembling, the rious might have noted the prisoner's points. His face, if it d any marked characteristic, was noted chiefly for its inexessive lines, and its appearance was one of supreme indifferce. His stout, heavy frame was clad in a common jean suit iined with months of wear, and his kinky hair was sprinkled th gray. He sat quietly, allowing his eyes to roam from face face as the genial conversation drifted about in the groups ound him. He was evidently not impressed by any sense of ril, though, when the court had adjourned, a clear case of irder had been proved against him, and only his statement and e argument remained.

Slowly the court assembled. The prisoner's counsel had roduced no testimony. A man had been stabbed by his client, d fallen dead, his hand clasped over the wound; and a knife d dropped, which the defendant's wife had seized and conaled. This had been proved by the state's witnesses.

The prisoner took the stand to make his statement. He clared emphatically that the deceased, knife in hand, had saulted him, and that he had killed him in self-defense; that e knife which fell from the relaxing hand was the dead man's. e told the story simply, and as he began it a tall, thick-set ntleman in a gray suit, walking with the aid of a stout stick, tered the room and stood silently at the door. As the prisoner sumed his seat, the newcomer entered within the rail. He ook hands gravely with a number of the older lawyers, and ok the hand the court extended to him across the desk. Then turned, and, to the astonishment of every one, shook hands th the defendant, into whose face a light had suddenly dawned, nich resolved itself into a broad, silent grin. This done, the d gentleman seated himself near the defendant's lawyer, and, ining heavily on his massive cane, listened attentively to the eech.

The speaker was not verbose. He rapidly summed up, and d the case before the jury in its best light. Really there was t much to be said, and he soon reached his peroration. He tured the blasted home of the negro; his wife and babe deprived his labor; and dwelt long on the good name he had always

borne. After summing up, he took his hat and books and ret to a secluded part of the room.

The prosecuting attorney arose, and, with a few cold wo swept away the cobwebs of the case. "The man had stab another wantonly. If the knife were the property of the decea why was it not produced in court? The defendant's wife picked it up."

He passed the case to the jury, and the judge prepared deliver his charge, when the old gentleman in gray rose to feet. "If your Honor please, the prisoner is entitled to the ing, and, in absence of other counsel, I beg you to mark my n for the defendant."

"Mr. Clerk," said the court, "mark General Robert Tho for the defense." The silence was absolute; something new coming. Only this old man, gray, grim, and majestically defi stood between the negro and the grave.

"The knife that was found by the dead man's side was own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thoma a brave man, a strong man; he would not have used a wea upon him unarmed." As he spoke he drew from his bosor long, keen knife, and rested its point gently on the table.

"It has been asked, 'Where is the dead man's knife?' me give you my theory: When Bill Fowler staggered back ur the blow of Ben Thomas, clutching his wound, and the k fell to the ground, the lightning's flash was not quicker t the change born in a moment in the bosom of that er woman, the unwitting cause of the tragedy. Up to this time had been weak and yielding; she had turned aside from the l home to gamble with strange men. In the awful moment of tragedy, when the dancers stood horrified, this woman became an inspiration, a wife again. Deceived herself, she caught the tell-tale knife, and hurled it into the swamp, destroying dence of her husband's innocence, when she thought to l destroyed one proof of his guilt. This I say is a theory. remember her cry was, 'Run!'

"But there is another evidence, gentlemen of the j Should I be forced to ask for a new trial, it will be develc that this poor woman, repentant now, thank God, walked three days, from the scene of that tragedy to my home, sev miles, to ask my aid and counsel; that eluding me at Ma

ough footsore and weary and crazed with grief, she returned the swamp, and laboring under an excitement that brought the ne so vividly to her mind that she was enabled to find the ife, did find it, and but that an accident to my vehicle delayed , it would have been produced here in evidence — "

"May it please your Honor, much as I dislike to interrupt honorable gentleman, I do not think it is proper to introduce th the argument, evidence that has not been given upon trial."

"If your Honor please, a decision upon such a proposition not needed. I willingly admit all that is claimed. But, sir, I er no evidence, not even this knife, with the name of the eased upon it, though it comes to me direct from the hand of woman who, it has been proved, snatched from under his id a weapon when he fell to the ground. I am but arguing a ory to account for the facts that have been proved. But, ntlemen of the jury, not upon this theory, not upon these facts, I base the assertion that the deceased had a knife in his hand en he made the assault. I speak from a knowledge of men. n Thomas would never have stabbed an unarmed man. Why I say this? Because I know he is as brave a man as ever ed death; a faithful man; a powerful man, and conscious of power. Such men do not use weapons upon unarmed assail- s. I speak to men who reason. True reasoning with such is strong as proof. A brave man who is full of strength never ws a weapon to repel a single assailant. The defendant drew en he saw a glittering weapon in the hand of his foe,— not m fear, because he could have fled, but to equalize the combat.

"Why do I say he is brave? Every man on this jury shoul- ed his musket during the war. Most of you followed the nented Pickett. Some, perhaps, were at Gettysburg. I was re, too! I, and the only brother God ever gave me! A part him is there yet — a part of him, but not all; for, praise God, picked up whatever was left of him and brought it back to orgia. I well remember that fight. The enemy stood brave l determined, and met our charges with a courage and grit t could not be shaken. Line after line melted away during se days, and at last came Pickett's charge. When that magni- nt command went in, a negro man, a captain's body-servant, od behind it waiting.

"You know the result.

"Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and ir a handful drifted back. From one to another this man of bl skin ran, then returned and followed in the track of the char On, on he went, on through the smoke and flame; on up to flaming cannon themselves. There he bent and lifted a fo from the ground. Together they fell and rose, until, meet them half-way, I took the burden from the hero and myself b it on in safety. That burden was the senseless form of brother; gashed, and bleeding, and mangled, but alive, tha God! And the man who bore him out, who came to me w him in his arms, himself shot with the fragments of a shell u his great heart was nearly dropping from his breast — that m O my friends, sits here under my hand. See if I speak not truth. Do you see that scar which marks his breast from to right? That scar was won by a slave in an hour that tr the souls of freemen, and put to its test the best manhood of South. No man who wins such wounds can thrust a knife i an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old to say it."

It may have been contrary to the evidence, but the ju without leaving the room, returned a verdict of "Not guilty

— *H. S. Edwards.*

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## THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
  The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
  The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.
How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer,
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might —
*"The Lord of Hosts shall arm the right!"*

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide,
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.
A moment there was awful pause —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor, cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overheard, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "War! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—

"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

— *Thomas Buchanan Read.*

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## WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Ye crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty!
I 'm with you once again! — I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad, expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he had floated there, without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up! Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him! I could not shoot!
'T was liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Once Switzerland was free! O, with what pride
I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so! It was free!
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 't was free!

Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Ay, often have I sat
In my boat, at night, when down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring — sat in it, and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master, save his own!

You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two to pass abreast? O'ertaken there
By the mountain-blast, I 've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if 't would sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there,— the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish; and I have raised my head,
And cried, in thraldom, to that furious wind,
"Blow on! — This is the land of liberty!"

— *Sheridan Knowles.*

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## THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
Oh, the pain — the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath? —
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes — it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

— *Alexander Pope.*

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## THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE

It is nearly a hundred years ago
Since the day that the Count De Rochambeau,
Our ally, against the British crown,
Met Washington in Newport town.

'T was the month of March, and the air was chill;
But bareheaded, over Aquidneck Hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side, in grand display,

A gallant army, French and fine,
Was ranged three deep in glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Conanicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and shouted with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy and admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the foot of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant Frenchman, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back with a smile at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

At the ball that night, so the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
She was speeding farther and farther away
From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and, taking gauge
Of a woman's heart in a moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
Her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a safe retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a curséd Frenchman, high or low:
And so, while the Count De Rochambeau,
On his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver, hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night,
On the little deck of the sloop Delight;
Guarded, even in darkness there,
By the watchful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck — 't was the sloop Delight!
Off Hampton Rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew,
All on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen o'er the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

Vhen Rochambeau heard the terrible tale
Ie muttered a prayer — for a moment grew pale;
'hen "*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed; "so my fine romance,
'rom beginning to end, is a rose and a glance."

. rose and a glance, with a kiss thrown in —
'hat was all; but enough for a promise of sin,
'hought the stern old squire, when he took the gauge
)f a woman's heart in a moment's rage.

o the sad old story comes to a close;
Γ is a century since; but the world still goes
)'er the same base round, still takes the gauge
)f its brightest hearts in a moment's rage.

— *Nora Perry.*

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## THE REVENGE

Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
l a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
panish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
en sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God, I am no coward;
: I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
l the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
: are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

en spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
ı fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
: I 've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
l he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
t Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
ry carefully and slow,
en of Bideford in Devon,
d we laid them on the ballast down below;
r we brought them all aboard,
d they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sigh
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight, or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were se
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane betwee

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks a
laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred ton
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of gu
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ea
When he leaps from the water to the land.

ıd the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
ıt never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
ip after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
ip after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
ip after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
ır some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more —
od of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

ır he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
ho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
nd it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
Vith a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
ut a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
nd himself he was wounded again in the side and the head
nd he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

nd the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
nd the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
ut they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
o they watch'd what the end would be.
.nd we had not fought them in vain,
ut in perilous plight were we,
eeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
ınd half of the rest of us maim'd for life
n the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
ınd the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twa
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again, and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at la
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign gra
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and tru
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts an
their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy
Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main. — *Lord Tennyson.*

## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

'T was in the prime of summer time,
  And evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
  Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
  Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
  And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
  They drave the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
  Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
  And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth
  As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
  A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
  To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
  And his bosom ill at ease,
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
  The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
  Nor ever glanced aside,—
For the peace of his soul he read that book
  In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
  And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
  With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
  And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
  And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read,—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked to him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walked the earth,
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand, thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But, when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned,— the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice,— the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
The sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme;
My gentle boy, remember, this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And it vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening, in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dare not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accurséd pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again — again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right red hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mold allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

— *Thomas Hood.*

## JEAN VALJEAN

Jean Valjean was an escaped convict. In his youth he had stolen a loaf bread for his sister's starving children, for which crime he had spent nine- n years as a galley slave.

Through the influence of a Bishop, the only man who had ever been id to him, Jean Valjean had taken a new departure in life. He went to own where he was not known, worked hard, and soon became a rich man the head of a great factory. He became so well known and so dearly oved for his many deeds of kindness that he was unanimously elected ayor of the city.

He had held this position for about five years, having assumed the name Monsieur Madeleine, when he learned that in a neighboring town an old n was to be tried for stealing, and that this man was strongly suspected being the long-lost Jean Valjean, in which case the punishment would be galleys for life. The real Jean Valjean would have to reach Arras the xt day in order to prevent an innocent man from being convicted. He ssed the night in awful conflict with himself. . . .

He examined the situation and found it an unheard of one, unheard of that, in the midst of his reverie, by some strange pulse of almost inexplicable anxiety, he rose from his chair and lted his door. He feared lest something might yet enter. A oment after he blew out his light. It annoyed him. It seemed to m that somebody could see him. Somebody? Who? Alas! what wanted to keep out of doors had entered; what he wanted to nder blind was looking upon him — his conscience.

"Well, what am I afraid of? Why do I ponder over these ings? Have I the right to disarrange what Providence ranges? No, let the matter alone! let us not interfere with od."

But the current of his thoughts had not changed. He still w his duty, written in luminous letters which flared out before s eyes. "Go! Avow the name! Denounce thyself."

Denounce himself! Great God! Give himself up! He saw ith infinite despair all that he must leave, all that he must resume. e must then bid farewell to this existence, so good, so pure, so diant, to this respect of all, to honor, to liberty! No more would go out in the fields; never again would he hear the birds singing the month of May; never more give alms to the little children; longer would he feel the sweetness of gratitude and love; stead of that, the galley crew, the iron collar, the red blouse, the ain at his foot, fatigue, the dungeon, the plank-bed, all these hor-

rors which he knew so well! At his age, after being what he w
If he were still young! But so old, to be tumbled about by
prison guard, to be struck by the jailer's stick, to endure the c
osity of strangers, who would be told, "This one is the fam
Jean Valjean, who was Mayor of M —— m!!"

At that moment there was a rap at the door of his room.
shuddered from head to foot.

"Who is there?"

"I, Monsieur Mayor."

He recognized the voice of the old woman, his portress.

"The driver says he has come for Monsieur, the Mayor."

There was a long silence. He examined the flame of the can
with a stupid air, took some of the melted wax from around
wick and rolled it in his fingers. The old woman ventured
speak again.

"Monsieur Mayor, what shall I say?"

"Say that it is right, and that I am coming down."

It was broad day when he arrived at Herdin. He stopp
before an inn to let his horse breathe and to give him some oa
The stable-boy stooped down suddenly and examined the l
wheel, then asked:

"Have you come far?"

"Five leagues from here."

"It is a miracle that you have come five leagues witho
tumbling you and your horse into some ditch on the way. Lo
for yourself."

The wheel, in fact, was badly damaged. The wheelwrig
came and examined it.

"Can you mend that wheel on the spot? I must leave in
hour at the latest."

"Impossible to-day! There are two spokes and a hub to
repaired. Monsieur cannot start again before to-morrow."

"My business cannot wait until to-morrow. Instead of men
ing this wheel, cannot it be replaced?"

"It 's of no use, Monsieur. I have nothing but cart whe
to sell. We are a small place here."

"But I can surely find in the village a horse to let?"

"It would take a better horse than there is in these parts
reach Arras before to-morrow."

Is there no livery stable in the village?"

No!"

He felt an immense joy. It was evident that Providence was e matter. It was Providence that had broken the wheel of the ry, and stopped him on his way. He had not yielded to the summons; he had made all possible effort to continue his ney; he had faithfully and scrupulously exhausted every ns.

'Monsieur," said a woman standing near, "my boy tells me you are anxious to hire a carriage?" This simple speech, e by a poor woman, made him cold. He thought he saw the l he was but now freed from reappear in the shadow behind all ready to seize him again.

'Yes, good woman, I am looking for a carriage to hire, but e is none in the place."

'Yes, there is." He shuddered. The fatal hand had closed im again. The poor woman had, in fact, under a shed, a sort illow cariole. It was a frightful go-cart; it had no springs, but ent upon two wheels, and could go to Arras. He paid what asked, and resumed the route he had followed since morning. as nearly eight o'clock in the evening when the cariole drove the yard of the Hotel de la Poste at Arras. He was not ainted with the city; the streets were dark, and he went azard. A citizen came along with a lantern.

'Monsieur, the courthouse, if you please?"

'If Monsieur wishes to see a trial he is rather late. Ordinarily, sessions close at six o'clock." However, when they reached the t square, the citizen showed him four long, lighted windows he front of a vast dark building.

'Faith, Monsieur, you are in time, you are fortunate."

Suddenly, without knowing how, he found himself near the ; he seized the knob convulsively; the door opened; he was in courtroom.

It was a large hall, dimly lighted, and noisy and silent by ns, where all the machinery of a criminal trial was exhibited n its petty, yet solemn gravity.

No man in this multitude paid any attention to him. All eyes verged on a single point, a wooden bench placed along the wall he left hand of the judge.

Upon this bench, which was lighted by several candles, was a

man between two officers. This was the man. He did not loo
him, he saw him. His eyes went towards him naturally, as if
had known in advance where he was.

Judges, clerks, a throng of heads cruelly curious — he hac
all these once before, twenty-seven years ago. He had fallen
upon these fearful things; they were before him; they m
they had being; it was no longer an effort of his memory, a m
of his fancy; he saw reappearing and living again around him,
all the frightfulness of reality, the monstrous visions of the
All this was yawning before him. Stricken with horror he c
his eyes and exclaimed from the depths of his soul, "Never!"

The judge gave an order, and a moment afterwards a
opened and an officer led in the first witness, the convict Breve

"Brevet, look well upon the prisoner, collect your rer
brance, and say on your soul and conscience whether you still r
nize this man as your former friend in the galleys, Jean Valj

"Yes, your honor, I was the first to recognize him, and
do so. This man is Jean Valjean, who came to Toulon in
and left in 1815. I recognize him now positively."

Another witness was brought in, a convict for life, as
shown by his red cloak and green cap.

The judge addressed nearly the same words to him as to Br

"Gad, do I recognize him? We were five years on the
chain."

An officer brought in Cochepaille, another convict for
His testimony was: "It is Jean Valjean, the same they called
the Jack, he was so strong."

A buzz ran through the crowd and almost invaded the
It was evident that the man was lost.

"Officers," said the judge, "enforce order; I am about to
up the case."

At this moment there was a movement near the ju
Monsieur Madeleine, who had been sitting among the privil
spectators behind the court, had risen, pushed open the low
which separated the tribunal from the bar, and was standing in
center of the hall. All eyes were strained towards him as
exclaimed, "Gentlemen of the jury, release the accused. Y
honor, order my arrest. He is not the man whom you seek; it
I am Jean Valjean!"

— *Victor Hugo*

## THE BOY ORATOR OF ZEPATA CITY

It seemed a particularly happy and appropriate circumstance
it the first business in the new courtroom should be, of itself,
an important and momentous nature, something that dealt not
ly with the present, but with the past of Zepata.

Abe Barrow had been closely associated with the early history
Zepata; he had killed in his day several of the Zepata citizens,
d two visiting brother-desperadoes, and the corner where his
mbling-house had stood was still known as Barrow's Corner.
n years before, the murder of Deputy-Sheriff Welsh had led
n to the penitentiary, and a month previous to the opening of
e new courthouse he had been freed, and arrested at the prison
te to stand trial for the murder of Hubert Thompson. The
ht with Thompson had been a fair fight — as those said who
nembered it — and Thompson was a man they could well spare;
t the case against Barrow had been prepared during his incarcer-
on by the new and youthful district attorney, "Judge" Henry
arvey, and as it offered a fitting sacrifice for the dedication of
e new temple of justice, the people were satisfied and grateful.

Barrow's wife, a thin, yellow-faced woman in a mean-fitting,
owy gown, sat at the district attorney's elbow. She was the only
oman in the room.

Harry Harvey, "The Boy Orator of Zepata City," as he was
led, turned slowly on his heels, and swept the courtroom care-
sly with a glance of his clever black eyes. The moment was his.
e saw all the men he knew — the men who made his little world
crowding silently forward, forgetful of the heat, of the suffo-
ing crush of those about them, of the wind that rattled the
ors in the corridors, and conscious only of him.

"This man," he said, and as he spoke even the wind in the
rridors hushed for a moment, "is no part or parcel of Zepata
ty of to-day. He comes to us as a relic of the past, a past that
s full of hardships and glorious efforts in the face of daily disap-
intments, embitterments, and rebuffs. But the part *this* man
ayed in that past, lives only in the rude court-records of that day,
the traditions of the gambling-hell and the saloons, and on the
adstones of his victims. Gentlemen, the 'bad man' has become
unknown quantity in Zepata City. It lies with you to see that
remains so. This man, Abe Barrow, has enjoyed a reputation

as a 'bad man,' a desperate and brutal ruffian. Free him to-d and you set a premium on such reputations. Acquit him of t crime, and you encourage others to like evil. Let him go, and will walk the streets with a swagger, and boast that you w afraid to touch him — *afraid,* gentlemen — and children a women will point after him as the man who has sent nine oth into eternity, and who yet walks the street a free man.

"For the last ten years, your honor, this man, Abner Barro has been serving a term of imprisonment in the state penitentiar I ask you to send him back there again for the remainder of l life. Abe Barrow is out of date. He has missed step with the mar of progress, and has been out of step for ten years. It cannot said of us that we have sat idle in the market-place. We ha advanced and advanced in the last ten years, until we have reach the very foremost place with civilized people. This Rip V Winkle of the past returns to find a city where he left a prai town; a bank where he spun his roulette-wheel; this magnifice courthouse instead of a vigilance committee! He is there, in t prisoner's pen, a convicted murderer and an unconvicted assassi the last of his race — the bullies and bad men of the border — thing to be forgotten and put away forever from the sight of me And I ask you, gentlemen, to put him away where he will not he the voice of man nor children's laughter, nor see a woman's smil where he will not even see the face of the warden who feeds hi nor sunlight except as it is filtered through the iron bars of a ja Bury him with the bitter past, with the lawlessness that has go — that has gone, thank God! — and which must *not* return."

The district attorney sat down suddenly, and was conscious nothing until the foreman pronounced the prisoner at the b guilty of murder in the second degree.

Judge Traux leaned across his desk and said, simply, that lay in his power to sentence the prisoner to not less than two yea confinement in the state penitentiary, or for the remainder of h life.

"Before I deliver sentence on you, Abner Barrow," he sai with an old man's kind severity, "is there anything you have say on your own behalf?"

The district attorney turned his face, as did all the others, b he did not see the prisoner — he still saw himself holding the cour room with a spell, and heard his own periods ringing against t

tewashed ceiling. The others saw a broad-shouldered man lean-
heavily forward over the bar of the prisoner's box. His face
white with the prison tan, markedly so in contrast with those
urnt by the wind and sun turned towards him, and pinched
hollow-eyed and worn. When he spoke, his voice had the
iness which comes from non-use, and cracked and broke like
ild's.

"I do n't know, Judge, that I have anything to say in my
behalf. I guess what the gentleman said about me is all there is
ay. I *am* a back number, I *am* out of date; I *was* a loafer and
ackguard. He told you I had no part or parcel in this city,
n this world; that I belonged to the past; that I ought to be
l. Now that 's not so. I have just one thing that belongs to this
and to this world — and to me; one thing that I could n't
to jail with me, and that I 'll have to leave behind me when
back to it. I mean my wife. You, sir, remember her, sir,
n I married her twelve years ago. She was Henry Holman's
ghter. I took her from the home she had with her father
nst that gentleman's wishes, sir, to live with me over my dance-
. You may remember her as she was then. She gave up every-
g a woman ought to have, to come to me. She thought she was
g to be happy with me; that 's why she come, I guess. Maybe
was happy for about two weeks. After that first two weeks her
sir, was a hell, and I made it a hell. Respectable women
ld n't speak to her because she was my wife; even them that
e friends of hers when she lived on the ranch, would n't speak
er because she was my wife — and she had no children. That
her life. She lived alone over the dance-hall, and sometimes
n I was drunk — I beat her.

"At the end of two years I killed Welsh, and they sent me
ne penitentiary for ten years, and she was free. She could have
e back to her folks and got a divorce if she 'd wanted to, and
r seen me again. It was an escape most women 'd gone down
heir knees and thanked their Maker for.

"But what did this woman do — my wife, the woman I mis-
and beat and dragged down in the mud with me? She was too
ty proud to go back to her people, or to the friends who shook
when she was in trouble; and she sold out the place and bought
nch with the money, and worked it by herself, worked it day

and night, until in ten years she had made herself an old woma you see she is to-day.

"And for what? To get *me* free again; to bring *me* thin eat in jail, and picture papers, and tobacco — when she was li on bacon and potatoes, and drinking alkali water — workin pay for a lawyer to fight for *me* — to pay for the *best* lawyer."

The man stopped suddenly and turned with a puzzled towards where his wife sat, for she had dropped her head or table in front of her, and he had heard her sobbing.

"And what I want to ask of you, sir, is to let me have years out of jail to show her how I feel about it. It 's all thought of when I was in jail, to be able to see her sitting in own kitchen with her hands folded, and me working and swea in the fields for her, working till every bone ached, trying to r it up to her.

"And I can't," the man cried, suddenly losing the co he had forced upon himself, and tossing his hands up above head, and with his eyes fixed hopelessly on the bowed head be him. "I can't! It 's too late! It 's too late! Do n't send me for life. Give me a few years to work for her — two years, year,— to show her what I feel here, what I never felt for before. Look at her, gentlemen, look how worn she is, and po and look at her hands, and you men must feel how I feel — I d ask you for myself. I do n't want to go free on my own acc My God! Judge, do n't bury me alive, as that man asked yo I only want to live with her. Give me this last chance. Le prove that what I 'm saying is true."

The man stopped and stood, searching with desperate eage from face to face. The gentlemen of the jury sat quite motion looking straight ahead. No one moved until there was a su stir around the district attorney's table, and the men stepped a and let the woman pass them and throw herself against the oner's box. The prisoner bent his tall, gaunt figure over the and as the woman pressed his one hand against her face, tou her shoulder with the other awkwardly.

"There now, do n't take on so. Now you know how I it 's all right; do n't take on."

Judge Traux looked at the paper on his desk for some sec and raised his head, coughing as he did so. "It lies — " J Traux began, and then stopped, and began again in a more ce

e. "It lies at the discretion of this court to sentence the prisoner a term of imprisonment of two years, or for an indefinite period, for life. Owing to — On account of certain circumstances ich were — have arisen — this sentence is suspended. This rt stands adjourned."

As he finished, he sprang out of his chair impulsively, and ced his hand upon the district attorney's shoulder.

"Harry! Harry, my boy, could you go to Austin and repeat speech that man has just made to the governor?"

The boy orator laughed, and took one of the older man's hands both of his, and pressed it quickly. "I 'd like mighty well to ," he said.

— *Richard Harding Davis.*

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## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the storm has ceased to blow.

— *Thomas Campbel*

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## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sw
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling can
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and dan
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lan
His days are marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
" As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall d
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

e has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
e is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

ı the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
/ith a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
s He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

— *Julia Ward Howe.*

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## THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS

A mile and a half,— it may be two miles, southeast of Bethhem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening ell of the mountain. At the side farthest from the town, close ıder a bluff, there is an extensive sheepcot, ages old. In some ng-forgotten foray, the building had been unroofed and almost molished. The inclosure attached to it remained almost intact, owever, and this was of more importance to the shepherds who ove their charges thither than the house itself.

There were six of these men, omitting the watchman: and terwhile they assembled in a group near the fire, some sitting, me lying prone. They rested and talked; and their talk was all out their flocks, a dull theme to the world, yet a theme which as all the world to them. While they talked, and before the first atch was over, one by one, the shepherds went to sleep, each lying here he had sat.

Rude and simple as they were in their lives, they had a knowlge of the true God, and a belief that they must love and serve im.

The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill untry, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure; the stillness was ore than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was ooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; times he stopped, attracted by a stir among the sleeping herds, by a jackal's cry off on the mountain-side. The midnight was ow coming to him but at last it came. His task was done; now

for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied c dren. He moved toward the fire, but paused — a light was bre ing round him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited brea lessly. The light deepened; things before invisible came to vie he saw the whole field, and all it sheltered. A chill sharper th that of the frosty air — a chill of fear smote him. He looked the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a wind in the sky; as he looked, it became a splendor; then, in terror, cried: —

"Awake, awake!"

Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away.

The herds rushed together bewildered.

The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

"What is it?" they asked, in one voice.

"See!" cried the watchman, "the sky is on fire!"

Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they cover their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shra with fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and wou have died had not a voice said to them: —

"Fear not!"

And they listened.

"Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great j which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in t city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this sh be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddli clothes, lying in a manger."

The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, a low and clear, penetrated all their beings, and filled them wi assurance. They rose upon their knees, and, looking worshipful beheld in the center of a great glory the appearance of a man, cl in a robe intensely white; above his shoulders towered the tops wings shining and folded; a star over his forehead glowed wi steady lustre, brilliant as Hesperus; his hands were stretch toward them in blessing; his face was serene and divinely beautif

The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told; y he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light, of which he seemed t center, turned roseate and began to tremble; then up, up, up, f as the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and co ing and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude char ing in unison:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will ward men."

Not once the praise, but many times.

Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one fa: f; his wings stirred, and spread slowly and majestically, he arose ghtly, and, without effort, floated out of view, taking the light with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the frain, in measure mellowed by distance: —

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will ward men."

— *Lew Wallace.*

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## IF I WERE KING

The first scene is laid in the Fir Cone Tavern in Paris. It was a favorite version of Louis XI to disguise himself, and with a single companion go out the city's haunts listening to what was said of himself.

In the Fir Cone Tavern a merry group was gathered, drinking nd dicing. It was not the kind of company that a wise man ould care to keep, for every face was familiar to the police. ittle it mattered to them that outside the walls of Paris the suc- ssful and confident Burgundian army encamped, while on the rone of France sat the weak, incompetent Louis XI. It was ident that the rogues were expecting someone. Soon the door vung noisily open and a strange figure entered, a man of middle ight, spare and slight. His face was bronzed by sun and wind, is dark hair long and unkempt, his eyes bright and quick. A cun- ing reader of features would have found a home for high thought ehind the fine forehead, lines of infinite tenderness upon the lips, he light of some noble conflagration in the eager eye. He was ressed in faded finery. His ruined cloak was tilted by a long vord and in his leathern belt a vellum bound book of verse kept mpany with a dagger. It was Francois Villon, scholar, poet, rinker, sworder, good at pen, point, and pitcher.

He poised for a moment on the threshold in a fantastic atti- ude of salutation ere he slammed the door behind him and strode rward to meet his friends.

"Well, Hearts of Gold, how are ye? Did ye miss me, lads?"

Every man thrust his own mug towards Master Francois, eseeching him to drink of it.

"What can a man do but drink when France is going to t devil, with the Burgundian camped on the fields where I played childhood, and a nincompoop sits on the throne and lets th besiege his city?"

"No doubt, you could do better than the King if you wore t king's shoes," cried one.

"If I could not do better than Louis-do-Nothing, Louis-Da Nothing, may my lips never again touch wine."

"Our Francois has made a rhyme of it, how he would car himself if he wore the King's shoes," shouted another.

"Has he, indeed?" said Louis. "May we not hear it, Mast Poet?"

"You may; you shall; for 't is a true song, though it wou cost me my neck if it came to the King's ears, very likely."

With a shout Villon sprang to his feet, draped his tatter cloak closely about him, struck a commanding attitude, and beg to recite with great solemnity:

All French folks, whereso'er ye be,
Who love your country, soil and sand
From Paris to the Breton sea,
And back again to Norman strand,
Forsooth ye seem a silly band,
Sheep without shepherd, left to chance.
Far otherwise our Fatherland
If Villon were the King of France!

The figure on the throne you see
Is nothing but a puppet, planned
To wear the regal bravery
Of silken coat and gilded wand.
Not so we Frenchmen understand
The Lord of lion's heart and glance,
And such a one would take command,
If Villon were the King of France!

The King's face was a study in sardonics.
The gang applauded and Villon glowed with their applaus

His counsellors are rogues, Perdie!
While men of honest mind are banned
To creak upon the Gallows Tree,
Or squeal in prisons over mann'd;

We want a chief to bear the brand
And bid the damned Burgundians dance;
God! Where the Oriflamme should stand
If Villon were the King of France!

A roar of enthusiasm came from the full throats of the band. ıt the poet seemed weary after so much heat. The rogues rattled ʏay to their table again and Villon was left alone with Louis, who ıestioned him dryly:

"You call yourself a patriot, I suppose?"

"By no such high-sounding title," Villon answered, "I am poor devil with a heart too big for his body and a hope too large r his hoop. Had I been born in a palace, I might have led armies d served France. I have great thoughts, great desires, great ıbitions, great appetites, what you will. I might have changed e world and left a memory. As it is I sleep in a garret under the adow of the gallows, and shall be forgotten to-morrow, even by e wolves I pack with."

— *Justin Huntly McCarthy.*

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## THE BURGUNDIAN DEFIANCE

Francois Villon has seen and dared to love the Lady Kathine de Vaucelles, who, in her beauty and pride, has refused the ing's suit. This lady, made desperate by the attentions of the rand Constable, bethinks her of the love verses sent by the tavern ıet, and asks him to rid her of her enemy. Villon makes a quarrel ith the great Lord, wounds him, and is taken prisoner by the ing and the Guards.

At this time Paris is in a state of siege, surrounded by the rces of the Duke of Burgundy, and King Louis is influenced rough a dream to believe that this same Villon is the power that ill deliver the city.

He sets Villon into the place of Grand Constable, left vacant rough Villon's sword, and hopes to lower the pride of the Lady atherine, who denied the King, by making her love, in the mblance of a valorous stranger, the wild tavern brawler.

When she begs the King for the poor prisoner's life — thinkg Villon in the dungeon, he sends her to plead her suit before the ːw Lord Constable.

It was Francois Villon's first day of power as Lord of Mo corbier, Grand Constable of France.

"My Lord, will you listen to a distressed lady?"

"Not while the lady kneels," and he looked with a stran apprehension into the frank, bright eyes of Katherine. "She d not know me," Villon's delight cried in his heart. The Lord Montcorbier, who was Grand Constable of France, might s many things that were denied to the lips of Francois Villon.

"There is a man in prison at this hour for whom I wou implore your clemency. His name is Francois Villon. Last nig he wounded Thibaut d'Aussigny —"

"Thereby making room for me."

"The penalty is death. But Thibaut was a traitor sold Burgundy. This man had seen me, thought he loved me, sent verses — I was in mortal fear of Thibaut d'Aussigny. I went this Villon and begged him to kill my enemy. He backed his lo tale with his sword — and he lies in the shadow of death. It not just that he should suffer for my sin."

"Do you by any chance love this Villon?"

"Great ladies do not love tavern bravos. But I pity him, a I do not want him to die,— though, indeed, life cannot be ve dear to him if he would fling it away to please a woman."

"That broker of ballads shall go free. Your prayer unshack him and we will do no more than banish him from Paris."

"I shall remember your clemency."

She made as if she would leave his presence, but his boldn waxed within him as a fire waxes with new wood, and he caug her lightly by the wrist.

"By Saint Venus, I envy this fellow that he should ha won your thoughts, for I am in his case and I, too, would die serve you!"

"My Lord, you do not know me."

"Did he know you? Yet when he saw you he loved you a made bold to tell you so."

"His words were no more account than the wind in the leav But you and I are peers and the words we change have meanings

Villon caught his breath.

"Though I be newly come to Paris I have heard much of t beauty and more of the pride of the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles

"I am humble enough as to my beauty, but I am very proud my pride."

"Would you pity me if I told you that I loved you?"

"Heaven's mercy, how fast your fancy gallops! I care little be flattered and less to be wooed, and I swear that I should be ry hard to win."

"I have more right to try than your tap-room bandit. I see hat he saw; I love what he loved."

"You are very inflammable."

"My fire burns to the ashes. You can no more stay me from ving you than you can stay the flowers from loving the soft air, true men from loving honour, or heroes from loving glory. I ould rake the moon from heaven for you."

"That promise has grown rusty since Adam first made it to ve. There is a rhyme in my mind about moons and lovers: —

Life is unstable,
Love may uphold;
Fear goes in sable,
Courage in gold.
Mystery covers
Midnight and noon,
Heroes and lovers
Cry for the moon.

The words were his own, but he said, carelessly, "What dog-erel!"

"Doggerel! It is divinity."

"Tell me what I may do to win your favour."

"A trifle. Save France!"

"No more?"

"No less. Are you not Grand Constable, chief of the King's rmy? There is an enemy at the gates of Paris, and none of the ing's men can frighten him away. Oh, that a man would come o court! For the man who shall trail the banners of Burgundy n the dust for the King of France to walk on, I may, perhaps, ave favours. I go to the Queen." And so, with a swift salutation, racious as the dip of a dancing wave, she entered the palace and eft him standing there, dazed and ardent, as a man might be who ad just been vouchsafed the vision of an angel. He was so rapped in his sweet contemplations that he did not hear the tower

door gently open, did not hear the soft, creeping footsteps of the King as he shuffled across the soft grass toward his plaything.

A touch on the shoulder roused Villon and he turned with a start to find the sable figure of the King at his side and the sinister visage smiling upon him.

"Good afternoon, Lord Constable, does power taste well?'

"Nobly, sire. On my knees let me thank your majesty."

"Nonsense, man; I 'm pleasing myself. You sang yourself into splendour. 'If Francois were the King of France,' eh? Well I could n't very well make you King, you know, and I should n't if I could, for I have a fancy for the task myself. I said, 'I will make him my Grand Constable for a week.'"

"A week, sire?"

"Good Lord, did your vanity credit a permanent appointment? Come, friend, come, that would be pushing the joke too far!"

All the sunlight seemed to have gone out of the world, all the scent out of the roses. Villon could only repeat to himself: "A week! A week! And then go back to the garret and the kennel, the tavern and the brothel!"

Louis' malign smile deepened. "No, no, not exactly. You do n't taste the full force of the joke yet. In a week's time you will build me a big gibbet in the Place de Greve, and there your last task as Grand Constable will be to hang Master Francois Villon. You read Louis of France a lesson, and Louis of France returns the compliment. You mouthed your longing for the chance to show what you could do. Here is your chance! Take it or leave it. But, remember, that I never change my mind. You may have your week of wonder if you wish, but if you do, by my word as a King, you shall swing for it."

Villon rose to his feet and caught at his throat. "Heaven help me! Life, squalid, sordid, but still life, with its tavern corners and its brute pleasures of food and drink and warm sleep, living hands to hold and living laughter to gladden me — or a week of cloth of gold, of glory, of love — and then a shameful death!"

"One further chance, fellow. If the Count of Montcorbier win the heart of Lady Katherine de Vaucelles within the week, he shall escape the gallows and carry his lady love where he pleases."

"On your word of honor, sire?"

"My word is my honor, Master Francois. Well?"

At this very moment it pleased heaven that Katherine, sitting

the terrace, began to sing. The tune was quaint and plaintive, der as an ancient lullaby, the words were the words of the tor- ed poet, and as he heard them a new hope seemed to come into heart.

"Well, you cry for the moon; I give it to you."

"And I take it at your hands! Give me my week of wonders, ough I die a dog's death at the end of it. I will show France l her what lay in the heart of a poor rhymester."

"Spoken like a man! But, remember, a bargain 's a bargain. you fail to win the lady, you must, with heaven's help, keep rself for the gallows. No self-slaughter, no flinging away your on some other fool's sword. I give you the moon, but I want price for it."

"Sire, I will keep my bargain. Give me my week of oppor- nity, and if I do not make the most of it I shall deserve the ath to which you devote me."

Even as he spoke the air was stirred with a cheerful flourish trumpets and the quiet garden was invaded by a company of diers, escorting a tall and stately gentleman, whose gorgeous ard proclaimed him to be the herald of the Duke of Burgundy. e news of his coming had run through the palace, and the ter- e was suddenly flooded with courtiers and ladies eager to hear at the enemy's envoy had to say and what answer the King uld send back to him. Louis seated himself on the marble ch and drew Villon down beside him.

"Listen well to this man's words, my Lord Constable. Your ssage, sir?"

"In the name of the Duke of Burgundy and of his allies and thers-in-arms, assembled in solemn leaguer outside the walls of ris, I hereby summon you, Louis of France, to surrender this y unconditionally, and to yield yourself in confidence to my ister's mercy."

"And if we refuse, Sir Herald?"

"The worst disasters of war, fire and sword, and famine, ch blood to shed, and much gold to pay, and, for yourself, no pe of pardon."

"Great words."

"The angels of great deeds."

"The Count of Montcorbier, Constable of France, is my coun-

sellor. His voice delivers my mind. Speak, friend, and give th messenger his answer."

"As I will, sire?"

"Yes, go on, go on. 'If Villon were the King of France!'

Villon leaped to his feet and advanced toward the herald. wild exultation filled his veins with fire. He had always dream of the great deeds he would do, and now great deeds were possib to him, and, at least, he would try to do them. He looked straig into the herald's changeless face, but his heart shrined Katheri as he spoke.

"Herald of Burgundy, in God's name, and the King's, I b you go back to your master and say this: 'Kings are great in th eyes of their people, but the people are great in the eyes of Go and it is the people of France who answer you in the name of th epitome. The people of Paris are not so poor of spirit that th fear the croak of the Burgundian ravens. We are well victualle we are well armed; we lie snug and warm behind our stout wall we laugh at your leaguer. But when we who eat are hungr when we who drink are dry, when we who glow are frozen, wh there is neither bite on the board, nor sup in the pitcher, nor spa upon the hearth, our answer to rebellious Burgundy will be th same. You are knocking at our doors, beware lest we open the and come forth to speak with our enemy at the gate. We give yo back defiance for defiance, menace for menace, blow for blow. Th is our answer — this and the drawn sword. God and St. Denis f the King of France!"

There was contagion in his burning words, and every soldi present bared his blade and pointed it to heaven while Villon cry was repeated upon a hundred lips. Katherine came swift down the steps and flung herself at Villon's feet.

"My Lord, with my lips the women of France thank yo for your words of flame."

"Mistress, what does this mean?"

"It means, sire, that a man has come to court!"

— *Justin Huntly McCarthy.*

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## THE LION AND THE MOUSE

"The Lion and the Mouse" is a story of American life the present day. John Burkett Ryder, a great commercial pirat

o is known as the richest man in the world, is the Lion of the y. He wishes to remove from office Judge Rossmore of the ited States Circuit Court, because this judge has sustained an nction against him in regard to some railroad scheme. Mr. der is aroused more than anything else by the idea that anyone uld thwart his will.

Shirley Rossmore, the daughter of the Judge, has written a k on the life of Ryder. She has given a fictitious name to the ncipal character, but everyone recognizes the man to be Ryder. has also signed herself under the *nom de plume* of Miss Green. ferson Ryder, the son of the rich man, is in love with Shirley, l his father, knowing this fact, is bitterly opposed to the match.

Impressed by the cleverness of the writer, Mr. Ryder asks to become his private secretary, not knowing she is the daughter the man he hates. She consents, as she thinks by this means will be able to obtain some letters which will prove her father ocent of charges Ryder holds against him. She begins to write der's biography, and, in the meanwhile, Jefferson takes the ers from his father's desk, and sends them to Judge Scott, a ily friend of Judge Rossmore. The letters are received too e, and, as a last resort, Judge Scott brings back the letters to n Ryder and begs him to have mercy on his friend, Judge ssmore. But Ryder, beside himself with rage against his son, ause he loves Shirley Rossmore and because he has taken the ers, dismisses Judge Scott from his presence and sends for ferson. The following scene is laid in the beautiful library of n Ryder's home. Mr. Ryder and Shirley Rossmore are present en Jefferson enters the room, and the scene proper begins.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Yes. Have you seen these letters before?"

"Yes, I took them out of your desk and sent them to Mr. tt in the hope they would help Judge Rossmore's case."

"So! You deliberately sacrificed my interests to save this man's father — you hear him, Miss Green? Jefferson, my son, hink it 's time you and I had a final accounting. Please do n't Miss Green. As the writer of my biography, you are sufficiently ll acquainted with my family affairs to warrant your being pres- at the epilogue. Besides, I want an excuse for holding my tem- . Sit down, Miss Green. For your mother's sake, my boy, I ve overlooked your little eccentricities of character. But now

we have arrived at the parting of the ways — you have gone
far. The one aspect of this business I cannot overlook is y
willingness to sell your own father for the sake of a woman."

"My own father would not hesitate to sell me if his busin
and political interests warranted the sacrifice."

Shirley attempted the role of peacemaker. Appealing to
younger man, she said:

"Please do n't talk like that, Mr. Jefferson." Then she turr
to Ryder, "I do n't think your son quite understands you, M
Ryder, and, if you will pardon me, I do n't think you quite und
stand him. Do you realize that there is a man's life at stake — th
Judge Rossmore is almost at the point of death and that favoral
news from the Senate to-morrow is perhaps the only thing th
can save him?"

"Ah, I see, Judge Scott's story has aroused your sympathy."

"Yes, I — I confess my sympathy is aroused. I do feel for th
father whose life is slowly ebbing away — whose strength is bei
sapped hourly by the thought of the disgrace — the injustice th
is being done him! I do feel for the wife of this suffering man!"

"Ah, it 's a complete picture," cried Ryder mockingly. "T
dying father, the sorrowing mother — and the daughter, what
she supposed to be doing?"

"She is fighting for her father's life."

"His removal is a political necessity. If he goes back on t
bench, every paltry justice of the peace, every petty official w
think he has a special mission to tear down the structure that ha
work and capital have erected. No, this man has been especial
conspicuous in his efforts to block the progress of amalgamat
interests!"

"And so, he must be sacrificed?" cried Shirley indignantly.

"He is innocent of the charges brought against him," urg
Jefferson.

"Mr. Ryder is not considering that point. All he can see
that it is necessary to put this poor old man in the public pillor
to set him up as a warning to others of his class, not to act
accordance with the principles of Truth and Justice — not to da
to obstruct the car of Juggernaut set in motion by the money go
of the country!"

"It 's the survival of the fittest, my dear."

"Ah! Use your great influence with this governing body f

d, not evil! Urge them to vote not in accordance with party cy and personal interest, but in accordance with their con- nces — in accordance with Truth and Justice! Ah, for God's , Mr. Ryder! do n't permit this foul injustice to blot the name he highest tribunal in the Western world! Suppose,— suppose daughter promises that she will go away to some foreign ntry?"

"No!" burst in Jefferson. "Why should she? If my father ot man enough to do a simple act of justice without bartering a nan's happiness and his son's happiness, let him find comfort in self-justification!"

Ryder made a quick movement towards his son and took him he arm. Pointing to Shirley he said in a low tone:

"You see how that girl pleads your cause for you! She loves , my boy!" Jefferson started. "Yes, she does. She 's worth a sand of the Rossmore woman. Make her your wife, and —"

"Make her my wife! Make her my wife?" he repeated incred- sly.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Ryder, Sr.

"Yes, yes, Shir — Miss Green, will you?"

Seeing that Shirley made no sign he said, "Not now, father; ill speak to her later."

"No, no, to-night, at once!" Addressing Shirley, he went "Miss Green, my son is much affected by your disinterested al in his behalf. He — he — you can save him from himself — son wishes you — he asks you to become his wife! Is it not so, erson?"

"Yes, yes, my wife!"

The girl shrank back in alarm.

"No, no, no, Mr. Ryder, I cannot, I cannot!"

"Why not?" demanded Ryder. "Ah, do n't decide ily —"

Shirley, her face set and drawn, and keen mental distress show- in every line of it, faced the two men, pale and determined. time had come to reveal the truth. This masquerade could go no longer. It was not honorable either to her father or to elf. Her self-respect demanded that she inform the financier of true identity.

"I cannot marry your son with these lies upon my lips! I can-

not go on with this deception. I told you you did not k who I was, who my people were. My story about them, name, everything about me is false, every word I have utt is a lie, a fraud, a cheat! I would not tell you now, but trusted me and are willing to entrust your son's future, your fa honor, in my keeping, and I can't keep back the truth from Mr. Ryder, I am the daughter of the man you hate! I am woman your son loves. I am Shirley Rossmore!"

Ryder rose slowly to his feet.

"You? You?"

"Yes, yes, I am the Rossmore woman! Listen, Mr. Ry Do n't turn away from me. Go to Washington on behalf of father, and I promise you I will never see your son again — ne never!"

"No, no, I will not. You have wormed yourself into my c dence by means of lies and deceit. You have tricked me, fo me to the very limit! Oh, it is easy to see how you have begu my son into the folly of loving you! And you — you have brazen effrontery to ask me to plead for your father! No! No! Let the law take its course, and now, Miss Rossmore — will please leave my house to-morrow morning."

"Yes, I will leave your house to-night. Do you think I w remain another hour beneath the roof of the man who is as b to justice, as deaf to mercy, as incapable of human sympath you are!"

"Leave the room!" shouted Ryder, beside himself, and po ing to the door.

"Father!" cried Jefferson, starting forward to protect the he loved.

"You have tricked him as you have me!"

"It is your own vanity that has tricked you! You lay t for yourself and walk into them. You compel everyone aro you to lie to you, to cajole you, to praise you, to deceive you! least, you cannot accuse me of flattering you! I have never faw upon you as you compel your family and your friends and y dependents to do. I have always appealed to your better nat by telling you the truth, and, in your heart, you know that I speaking the truth now."

"Go!"

"Yes, let us go, Shirley!" said Jefferson.

"No, Jeff, I came here alone, and I 'm going alone!"

"You are not. I shall go with you. I intend to make you wife!"

"No. Do you think I 'd marry a man whose father is as deep iscredit to the human race as your father is! No, I would n't ry the son of such a merciless tyrant! He refuses to lift his e to save my father. I refuse to marry his son!

"You think if you lived in the olden days you 'd be a Cæsar an Alexander. But you would n't! You 'd be a Nero — a ro —. Sink my self-respect to the extent of marrying into your ily!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Never! I am going to shington without your aid. I am going to save my father, if I e to go on my knees to every United States Senator. I 'll go he White House; I 'll tell the President what you are! Marry r son — no, thank you! No, thank you!" And Shirley swept m the room, leaving Ryder speechless, staring at his son.

When she reached her room she broke into a fit of violent bing. She realized it was too late to leave the house that night, must wait until morning.

In the library a solitary figure paced to and fro — to and fro — was having his first fight with himself. For the first time in his , John Ryder realized there was something in the world beyond . He had seen with his own eyes the sacrifice a daughter will ke for the father she loves, and he asked himself what manner a man that father could be to inspire such devotion in his child. probed into his own heart and conscience and reviewed his t career. Had his insensate craving for gold and power led him neglect those other things in life which contribute more truly to n's happiness?

Yes, it was true, what this girl charged,— he had been merci- and unscrupulous in his dealings with his fellow-man. It was e that hardly a dollar of his vast fortune had been honestly ned. It was true that it had been wrung from the people by ud and trickery.

John Ryder pondered long and deeply, and the more he rumi- ed the stronger the conviction grew upon him that the girl was it and he was wrong.

Presently he called the long distance to Washington, then went Shirley's room. She was sitting as she had been, but when she rd the knock she rose, went to the door and opened it, but when

she saw who it was all her old hauteur came back — she again the daughter fighting for her father — even though quished, still proud. Coldly she waited for him to speak.

"You make it very hard for me to begin — I 've had Washton by 'phone this morning — you need n't worry any more about your father."

"You mean that you are going to Washington and going save my father?"

"Not for his sake — for yours — you are the first living that has ever beaten John Burkett Ryder — and still I do n't that I 've been beaten so badly after all — for I always try to the best of everything for the family. I still want the best for son — that 's why I want you in the family."

— *Charles Klein.*

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## HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers run by two, by three;
"Pull! if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth hee.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells!
Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby!*"

Men say it was a "stolen tyde,"—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all,
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall;
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth! —
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow,
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long — ay, long ago —
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of *Enderby*.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene.
And lo! the great belle farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,

And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
*The Brides of Mavis Enderby.*

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of *Enderby.*

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys, warping down,—
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring *The Brides of Enderby?*"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea-wall" (he cried) "is downe!
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."

He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby!*
They rang *The Brides of Enderby.*

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,—
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout,
Then beaten foam flew round about,—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,—
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night;
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high,—
A lurid mark, and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang *Enderby.*

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I,— my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O, come in life, or come in death!
O lost, my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare,
The waters laid thee at his doore
  Ere yet the early dawn was clear!
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That *flow* strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That *ebbe* swept out the flocks to sea,—
A fatal *ebbe* and *flow*, alas!
  To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourne his own (she sayth),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
  By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
    Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.
I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
    Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,—
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

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## HER FIRST APPEARANCE

It was the first night of "The Sultana," and every men of the Lester Comic Opera Company, from Lester himself d to the wardrobe woman's son, who would have had to worl his mother lost her place, was sick with anxiety.

As Van Bibber passed the stage door, Lester came off the ıge and beckoned to him violently. "Come here," he said, ou ought to see this; the children are doing their turn. You ınt to hear them. They 're great!"

There were over a dozen children before the footlights, with e prima donna in the center. They seemed entirely too much at me and too self-conscious to please Van Bibber, but there was e exception. The one exception was the smallest of them, a ry, very little girl, with long auburn hair and black eyes; such very little girl that every one in the house looked at her first, d then looked at no one else. She had big gentle eyes and o wonderful dimples, and in the excitement of the dancing d the singing, her eyes laughed and flashed, and the dimples epened and disappeared and reappeared again. She was as ppy and innocent looking as though it were nine in the morning d she were playing school at some kindergarten. From all over e house the women were murmuring their delight, and the men re laughing and pulling their mustaches, and nudging each other "look at the littlest one."

There was a roar from the house that went to Lester's head e wine. There were four encores, and then the children came jubilant and happy, with the littlest girl's arms full of wers.

Van Bibber hunted up the wardrobe woman, and told her he ınted to meet the littlest girl.

"This is the little girl, sir. Her name is Madeline. Speak the gentleman, Madeline; he wants to tell you what a great hit youse made."

The little girl was seated on one of the cushions of a double rone, so high from the ground that the young woman who was lling off the child's silk stockings and putting woolen ones on their place did so without stooping.

Van Bibber took the littlest girl's small hand in his and shook solemnly and said, "I am very glad to know you. Can I sit here beside you, or do you rule alone?"

"Yes, ma'am — yes, sir."

He did not know exactly what to say next, and yet he wanted talk to the child very much. There was a doll lying on the o of a chest near them, and he picked this up and surveyed it tically. "Is this your doll?"

"No, it 's 'at 'ittle durl's; my doll he 's dead."

"Dear me!" said Van Bibber, "that 's very sad. But d dolls do come to life again."

But Madeline yawned a very polite and sleepy yawn, clo her eyes, and let her curly head fall on his elbow and rest the

Van Bibber was looking a long way ahead at what the fut was to bring to the confiding little being at his side, and of evil knowledge and temptations that would mar the beauty of quaintly sweet face, and its strange mark of gentleness refinement.

"Does she come of professional people?" Van Bibber as of the wardrobe woman.

"Yes."

"Are — are you her mother?"

"No."

"Who is her mother?"

The woman looked at the sleeping child and then up at h almost defiantly. "Ida Clare was her mother."

Van Bibber's protecting hand left the child as suddenly though something had burned it, and he drew back so quic that her head slipped from his arm, and she awoke and rai her eyes and looked up at him questioningly. He looked b at her with a glance of the strangest concern and of the deep pity. Then he stooped and drew her towards him very t derly, put her head back in the corner of his arm, and watch her in silence while she smiled drowsily and went to sleep aga

"And who takes care of her now?" he asked.

"I do," she said. "After the divorce Ida came to me used to be in her company when she was doing 'Aladdin,' and th when I left the stage and started to keep an actors' boardi house, she came to me. She lived on with us a year, until died, and she made me the guardian of the child. I train ch dren for the stage, you know, me and my sister, Ada Dy You 've heard of her, I guess. I 'm expecting to get what I sp on her from what she makes on the stage. She 's great, she she 'll be just as good as her mother was."

Van Bibber winced visibly, but turned it off into a cou "And her father,— does he —"

"Her father," said the woman, tossing back her head, " looks after himself, he does. We do n't ask no favors of *hi*

e 'll get along without him or his folks, thank you. Call him a ntleman? Nice gentleman he is! But perhaps he 's a friend yourn?"

"I just know him."

Van Bibber sat for several minutes thinking, and then looked quickly, dropped his eyes again as quickly, and said, with an fort to speak quietly and unconcernedly: "If the little girl is t on in this act, would you mind if I took her home? I have cab at the stage door, and she 's so sleepy it seems a pity to keep r up. The sister you spoke of or some one could put her to d."

"Yes," the woman said doubtfully, "Ada 's home. Yes, you n take her around, if you want to."

He stepped into the cab at the stage entrance, and after looking about to see that no one was near enough to hear him, said the driver: "To the Berkeley Flats, on Fifth avenue." The ll-boy at the Berkeley said, Yes, Mr. Caruthers was in, and e young English servant who opened the hall door to Mr. aruthers' apartment watched Van Bibber with alarm as he laid e child on the divan in the hall, and pulled a covert coat from e rack to throw over her.

Mr. Caruthers was standing by the mantel over the empty eplace, wrapped in a long, loose dressing-gown, which he was ing around him as Van Bibber entered.

"Excuse my costume, will you?" he said. "I turned in ther early to-night, it was so hot."

"Yes, it is hot. I was at the first night of 'The Sultana' is evening."

"Oh, yes, Lester's new piece. Was it any good?"

"I do n't know — yes, I think it was. I did n't see it from e front. There were a lot of children in it — little ones; they nced and sang, and made a great hit. One of them had never en on the stage before. It was her first appearance.

"It seems to me that it is a great pity — I say, it seems a pity at a child like that should be allowed to go on in that business. A grown woman can go into it with her eyes open, or a rl who has had decent training can, too. But it 's different ith a child. She has no choice in the matter; they do n't ask er permission, and she is n't old enough to know what it means; nd she gets used to it and fond of it before she grows to know

what the danger is. And then it 's too late. It seemed to me th if there was any one who had the right to stop it, it would be very good thing to let that person know about her — about t child, I mean; the one who made the hit — before it was t late. It seems to me a responsibility I would n't care to ta myself. I would n't care to think that I had the chance to st it, and had let the chance go by. You know what the life is a what the temptations a woman — I mean we all know — eve man knows."

Mr. Caruthers was looking at him with his lips pressed clos together, and his eyebrows drawn into the shape of the letter He leaned forward and looked at Van Bibber intently.

"What is all this about? Did you come here, Mr. V Bibber, simply to tell me this? Why did you come?"

"Because of your child."

Young Van Bibber was quite prepared for an outbreak some sort, and mentally braced himself to receive it. In cons quence he was quite unprepared for what followed. For M Caruthers raised his face without a trace of feeling in it. Wh he spoke, it was in a tone of quiet politeness.

"Mr. Van Bibber, you are a very brave young man. Y have dared to say to me what those who are my best friends - what even my own family would not care to say. They a afraid it might hurt me, I suppose. They have some absu regard for my feelings; they hesitate to touch upon a subje which in no way concerns them, and which they know must very painful to me. But you come here, unasked and uninvite to let me know what you think of my conduct; to let me unde stand that it does not agree with your own ideas of what I oug to do, and to tell me how I, who am old enough to be your fathe should behave. You have rushed in where angels fear to trea I suppose I ought to thank you for it; but I have always sa that it is not the wicked people who are to be feared in this worl or who do the most harm. It is the well-meaning fool who mak all the trouble. I think, if you will allow me to say so, that y have demonstrated my theory pretty thoroughly, and have do about as much needless harm for one evening as you can possib wish. And so, if you will excuse me, I will ask to say goo night, and will request of you that you grow older and wis and much more considerate before you come to see me again."

It is very easy to call a man a fool, but it is much harder to
lled a fool, and not to throw the other man out of the win-
But that, you see, would not do any good, and I have
thing to say to you first. I am quite well aware that I did
nconventional thing in coming here — a bold thing or a
sh thing, as you choose — but the situation is pretty bad, and
l as I would have wished to be done by if I had had a child
g to the devil and did n't know it. I should have been glad
arn of it even from a stranger. However, there are other
ly disposed people in the world besides fathers. There is an
perhaps, or an uncle or two; and sometimes, even to-day,
is the chance Samaritan — Good-night."
Wait just one minute, please, Mr. Van Bibber. Before you
want to say — I want you to understand my position."
Oh, that 's all right."
No, it is not all right. Since you have done me the honor
ake my affairs your business, I would prefer that you should
rstand them fully. I do not care to have you discuss my
uct at clubs and afternoon teas with young women until
—"
Oh, I would n't say that if I were you."
I beg your pardon. That was a mistake. I was wrong.
your pardon. But you have tried me very sorely. You have
ded upon a private trouble that you ought to know must be
painful to me. But I believe you meant well. I know you
e a gentleman, and I am willing to think you acted on
lse, and that you will see to-morrow what a mistake you have
. It is not a thing I talk about; I do not speak of it to my
ds, and they are far too considerate to speak of it to me.
ou have put me on the defensive: you have made me out more
ss of a brute, and I do n't intend to be so far misunderstood.
e are two sides to every story, and there is something to be
about this, even for me. When I married, I did so against
vishes of my people and the advice of all my friends. You
all about that. God help us! who does n't? It was very
rare reading for you, and for every one else who saw the daily
s, and we gave them all they wanted of it. I took her out
at life and married her because I believed she was as good
man as any of those who had never had to work for their
, and I was bound that my friends and your friends should

recognize her and respect her as my wife had a right t
respected; and I took her abroad that I might give all you
sitive, fine people a chance to get used to the idea of being p
to a woman who had once been a burlesque actress. It began
there in Paris. She had every chance when she married me
a woman ever had — all that a man's whole thought and love
money could bring to her. And you know what she did.
after the divorce — and she was free to go where she ple
and to live as she pleased, and with whom she pleased,— I s
to my God that I would never see her nor her child again
loved the mother, and she deceived me and disgraced me and b
my heart, and I only wish she had killed me. Was I to love
worship and care for this child, and have her grow up wit
her mother's vanity and animal nature, and have her turn or
some day and show me that what is bred in the bone must
and that I was a fool again — a pitiful fond fool? I could
trust her; I can never trust any woman or child again, and
of all that woman's child. She is as dead to me as though
were buried with her mother, and it is nothing to me what
is or what her life is. I know in time what it will be. She
begun earlier than I had supposed, that is all; but she is nothin
me. Oh, I care too much. I cannot let her mean anythin
me; when I do care, it means so much more to me than to o
men. They may pretend to laugh and to forget and to outg
it, but it is not so with me. It means too much. Why, ma
loved that child's mother to the day of her death. I loved
woman then, and, God help me! I love that woman still."

He covered his face with his hands, and sat leaning forw
and breathing heavily as he rocked himself to and fro.
Bibber still stood looking gravely out at the lights that pick
the black surface of the city. He was, to all appearances
unmoved by the outburst of feeling into which the older
had been surprised, as though it had been something in a p
There was an unbroken silence for a moment, and then it
Van Bibber who was the first to speak.

"I came here as you say, on impulse; but I am glad I ca
for I have your decisive answer now about the child. I h
been thinking, since you have been speaking, and before, w
I saw her dancing in front of the footlights, when I did
know who she was, that I could give up a horse or two, if

sary, and support this child instead. Children are worth more an horses. As you say, it 's a good deal of an experiment, but think I 'll run the risk."

He walked quickly to the door and disappeared in the hall, d then came back, kicking the door open as he returned, and lding the child in his arms.

"This is she; this is your child. She will need to be fed a ; they did not treat her very well, I fancy. She is thin and aked and tired looking." He drew up the loose sleeve of her cket, and showed the bare forearm to the light. "It is very in, and under her eyes you can see how deep the lines are. is red spot on her cheek is where the chorus girls kissed her, t they will never kiss her again. She is going to grow up a eet, fine, beautiful woman — are you not? She does not look e her mother; she has her father's auburn hair and straight se and finer-cut lips and chin. She looks very much like her her. It seems a pity — she will grow up without knowing n, or who he is — or was, if he should die. She will never ak with him, or see him, or take his hand. She may pass him ne day on the street and she will not know him, and he will not ow her —"

The child in his arms stirred, shivered slightly, and awoke. ie two men watched her breathlessly, with silent intentness. e raised her head and stared around the unfamiliar room ubtfully, then turned to where her father stood, looking at him noment; and passed him by; and then looking up into Van Bib- 's face, recognized him, and gave a gentle, sleepy smile, and th a sigh of content and confidence, drew her arm up closer und his neck, and let her head fall back upon his breast.

The father sprang to his feet with a quick, jealous gasp of n. "Give her to me! She is mine; give her to me!"

Van Bibber closed the door gently behind him, and went nping down the winding stairs of the Berkeley, three steps at ime.

And an hour later, when the English servant came to his ster's door, he found him still awake and sitting in the dark the open window, holding something in his arms and look- out over the sleeping city. "James, you can make up a ce for me here on the lounge. Miss Caruthers, my daughter, l sleep in my room to-night."

— *Richard Harding Davis.*

## VIRGINIA

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet m
bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine;
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten b
sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten, Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance wi
fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed
sneer.

Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marc
steals.
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud:
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike you see;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sk
Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by,
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shar
or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze
man;

d up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song.
d Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
d loved her with the accurséd love of his accurséd race,
d all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
s vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

crossed the Forum, shining with stalls in alleys gay,
d just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
nen up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when, erewhile,
crouched behind his patron's heels, with the true client smile;
came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
d strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
rd strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
d at her scream, from right and left, the folks came running fast;
e money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
d Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
d the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
d Volero, the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
d, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
d the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
e caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
t glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
"he 's mine, and I will have her. I seek but for my own:
e is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
e year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
ait on Appius Claudius; I waited on his sire:
t him who works the client wrong, beware the patron's ire!"

spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
aightway Virginius led his child a little space aside,
where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide.
rd by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:

Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell
And in a hoarse changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet ch
Farewell!
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

"The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this w
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bere
Thy father has in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the sla
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one m
kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.
Then for a little moment all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech, and some ran to lift the slain;
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch t
wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed he shuddered and sa
down,
And hid his face some little space, with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nig
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on hig
"Oh, dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;

d even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
al you with Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
t first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
d writhed and groaned a fearful groan; and then with steadfast feet,
ode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.
ien up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
n thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
looked upon his clients, but none would work his will.
looked upon his lictors, but they trembled and stood still.
d as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
er the mighty multitude fell back to right and left,
d he hath passed in safety into his woeful home,
d there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

— *Lord Macaulay.*

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## CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle fash an' din.
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues;
Your father 's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak.
I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie, wi' the curly heid —
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks —
They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at once;
He 's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief 's in that Tam for tricks;
He 'd bother half the toon.
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that 's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

— *Alexander Anderson.*

## FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennacher in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against an host.

So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band."

"Have, then, thy wish!" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlieu,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;

From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if the infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,

In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up their warlike birth.

Fitz-James looked round — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear nought — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."

The chief in silence strode before,
And reached the torrent's sounding shore,
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said: —
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;

For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, Stranger, none!
And here — to fire thy flagging zeal —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"

"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read:
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff.
Thus fate hath solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye —
"Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
My clansman's blood demands revenge,—
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!

It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!"

Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again:
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,
Till at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand;
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
"Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."—

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
They tug, they strain! — down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

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## THE FLEET GOES BY

Poised like some watcher on a tower, Alida Cushing, kn to her public as Mademoiselle Alvidua, of the Milan Op stood at the prow of the liner, which was bringing her agai Malta, the scene of her first triumph.

Nine years before she had won it, she had left San Franci an adventuring girl of nineteen, in the company of her Spa grandmother, the *Señora* Alvidua. She had gone to Malta, unknown singer, and had there been given an eleventh-h chance, in the role of *Tosca*. She had scaled the heights in presence of the prince who was soon to be King of Engl Now, after five years of Continental successes had establis her position, she was going back to Malta to receive the dec tion that the governor of the island was to give her in toke his majesty's remembrance of the night when Fame had fo her.

One of the passengers, distinctively American, stood watching singer intently. At last he rose and went to where she stood ing out on the stone walls of the harbor into which the r was sliding. "Looks a little like our old San Francisco, sn't it, greaser?" he asked.

Alida Cushing flashed toward him, her eyes blazing rebuke he stranger's impertinence even before she realized the import is words. His white hat came off with a flourish as he faced in amused appraisal. "I am," he said, "at the service of demoiselle Alvidua, if Alida Cushing does n't remember her friends."

"Billy Corse!" she cried. "Where did you come from? at are you doing here? How did you know me? Oh, but n most happy to see you!"

"Not half so glad as I am to see you," he declared fervently. ve come from New York by way of Havre. You came ird at Tunis?"

"I sing at Malta tonight," she explained. "A command ormance. Can you stay over? Or are you on cruise?"

"I shall stay in Malta," said Billy Corse, "if all the fleets he world change course today. To hear you sing again I ld mutiny from heaven."

"What do you here?" Billy Corse laughed at the little ign idiom. "I do here begin to labor," he told her. "I am he wicked who never cease from troubling. I am a day rer for the United Press, and I've come to meet the fleet, hat part of it that passes here today. You see, we've a war tap with Mexico, and I've orders to swing in on the chance our ships will go right into the Gulf."

"With Mexico? Is it so?"

Billy Corse stared at her frowningly. "You're the first erican I've met since I left New York who was n't half-mad n excitement over the mere idea."

"They have n't lived over here long," she said.

"I know very little of America any more, I have n't been e in years."

"Are n't you ever going home again?"

"Our home is in Paris."

"Honestly?" Billy Corse shoved his hands into his pockets stood looking down at her. "I suppose," he said, "that

it 's all right, but, you see, I remember the Alida Cushing wl used to carry the flag up Nob Hill in front of a crowd of young ruffians. She was a girl who wanted to lead a raid Chinatown because it was a foreign menace."

"How very funny she must have been!"

"Do n't you want to see the landing?" he asked Alida. she turned to go with him the *señora* admonished her not to fo get that Sir William was to meet them at the dock.

"Who is Sir William?" Corse asked directly.

"Sir William Price-Cherrill," Alida told him. "He 's special commissioner of the British Government to Malta, ar he has brought the decoration that the girl who used to carry t flag up Nob Hill will be given tonight."

"I 've heard of him," said Billy Corse. "He 's a wonde ful chap they say; one of the fellows who look like Christm trees when they wear their service medals. Know him well?"

"Very well," Alida said. She was looking toward the lan ing-stage with the gaze of one who sees beyond the scene in great vistas, the look that Billy Corse had glimpsed while s stood at the prow.

He sighed suddenly. "I suppose," he said, "that life ov here has fascinations, especially for a woman with a gift li yours. And yet it hurts me a little that a real American gi turns her back on the stars and stripes. Out there on the coa we had to fight harder to *be* Americans than the folks back Ea did. Sometimes the mountains made it seem another countr But we proved up, did n't we? And now one of the girls v want to keep ours chooses to be an expatriate."

"You do n't understand," she told him. "I 'm not unp triotic, Billy, but I have no interests in America any more. A the beauty, all the opportunity, all the inspiration of my life ha come to me over here. And since father died I 've no tie to ta me back."

"It 's your country," said Billy Corse.

"You do not grow up, do you?" She smiled in deprecati of her words as she felt his rising irritation. Billy Corse h been one of her most joyous playmates in the days before *Do* Alvidua had found her granddaughter's gift. She was very gl to find Billy Corse so little changed. "You will come to t opera tonight?" she asked him.

"If I have to kill a king to get there," he promised.

Their handclasp made the promise binding, and Billy Corse, enough to know better, thrilled under it boyishly. But when saw her meeting the big Englishman, whose visible importance l brought him first over the gangplank, Billy Corse clenched fist.

At the landing and all about the hotel there was an atmos-re of excitement. So vividly alert were the officers whose liant uniforms blazed through the dining-hall that the singer nanded of Sir William: "What 's happening here? Or what bout to happen?"

"Oh, did n't you know?" he asked. "Your fleet comes here ay."

"The American fleet?"

"And is n't that yours?" he inquired.

"I have n't been in America for nearly fourteen years," she l.

"That 's of no consequence," he said lightly. "I was away m home for eleven years once. But England's England, no tter where I am. Your country 's born into you, you know, like r eyes, or your hair, or your voice."

Then he fell into talk of other things, but two hours later, r she had been able to retreat in preparation for her appear-e at the opera, Alida Cushing remembered Sir William's rds.

The beauty of Malta, the softened, dream-making loveliness the island, drew her from her room to the balcony from which might see afar across the city of Valetta to the open sea. oking upon it, Alida Cushing drew a sharp breath of triumph-appreciation that she, too, was a conqueror of Malta. Then, the tide turns back, her triumph went out in the thought that, e every other conqueror, she was alien to the land she had won. the men and women of the official world of the island, Malta s but a place of service, of exile. "England was England" them. The *señora* had carried Spain in her heart through ty years of life in another land. Billy Corse, scouting the rld, held his country as sword and shield. Only she, Alida shing, born in San Francisco and "one of the Massachusetts shings," was an expatriate.

Below her, past the grim walls of fortifications, beyond the

gay sails of polyglot craft near the shore, four battle-ships l at anchor. Something in their line, their color, brought to Ali Cushing the certainty that these were the ships that Billy Cor had come to meet, that these were the war-ships of the Americ fleet.

Into the picture there shifted poignant memories of her o home, and of that ship that had lain in San Francisco harb on the day when the boys of the First California had come hor from the Philippines. With the eyes of memory she look through the years to that most vivid scene of her last days her father's house. She was standing on its balcony, strainii her eyes as up Van Ness Avenue came the regiment, marchi slowly behind the long line of ambulances. No cheer greet them. For the watchers remembered how the boys of the Fi had gone out to the East, one thousand and six of them. A not five hundred had come back.

The gloom of that procession, wending its way toward t Presidio, had clutched at the heart of the watching girl till s felt that she must cry out a tocsin of courage, of gratitude, the men who had come back from the war. They had fough They had suffered. They had been ready to die as their comrad had died. Would no one tell them that they had not fought vain? Alida Cushing had reached above her, snatching down t flag that her father had raised that morning, and, waving it high, the girl had cried out in that glorious voice that was thrill kings and emperors in after years: "Well, anyhow, bo you won!" One white-faced boy in the ranks had shouted ba to her: "You bet we did win, kid!" And her father had caug her to him with such a look of pride and glory on his face she never saw before and never saw again. "Thank God," had said, "you're an American!"

Darkness came over the sea before Alida Cushing mov from the place of her vision. Then she took her way to t Royal Opera House.

When the curtain had gone down on the last act of *Loui* the governor of Malta, between the cheers of an audience th filled the building, gave to Alida Cushing, of the Milan ope the decoration sent to her by his Most Gracious Majesty, Geor the Fifth, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor India. Billy Corse, standing in the wings, saw the tears th filled the singer's eyes. The orchestra leader waited her fin

isance before he struck up the notes of "God Save the King." t Alida Cushing did not bow herself toward the wings, but hed her way through the masses of flowers till she stood at footlights.

Her gaze, intent and eager, went past the royal box and r the heads of the splendidly gowned women and the gor- usly red-coated men who had come to give her tribute. It nced in its way upon the white-uniformed officers of the Amer- n ships. It rose higher and higher till it found the blue-clad ors, the jackies of the fleet, sitting in the high tiers of the lery. And it was to them she spoke.

"Every one has always been good to me over here," she said, nd I can never say how wonderful tonight has been. I 'm teful, oh, so grateful, and I hope that all those who have n so good to me will understand why I must ask their patience just one favor more. I 'm an American, one of you. And I ow that our friends here would wish me to sing you an Amer- n song."

The orchestra leader raised his baton, looking upward in- ringly to catch her signal. But without orchestra she began:

*Oh, say, can you see—*

A shuffling surge, as when the sea strikes cliffs, swept through opera-house. White-uniformed officers, blue-uniformed men e to their feet, standing at attention, every man's face alight. eathless, red-coated men and the bejeweled women beside them tched the governor of Malta. A moment he frowned, as if zzled by the meaning of the song. Then he arose. And every l-coated man at the opera that night arose with him.

It was the jackies who joined in the last chorus. It was the kies who led the maddest cheers that had ever shaken Valetta's era-house. They were still cheering when Alida Cushing came k to the wings where Sir William Price-Cherrill stood beside ly Corse. The Englishman spoke to her first.

"We all hear the call," he said, "when our fleets go by, do not?"

"Yes," she said, "we hear it."

Then she turned to Billy Corse. "I 'm going home, Billy," said. "If you happen to be in New York, and there should n't a war in Mexico, will you come to hear me again?"

—*Mary Synon.*

## L' ALLEGRO

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,—
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,—
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come! and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free,—
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

—*John Milton.*

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## COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
  "Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

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## LORRAINE

Are you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
ou 're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
ou 're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
o keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorr
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for n
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorre
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons thre
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see?"

She mastered young Vindictive — oh! the gallant lass was she!-
And she kept him straight, and won the race, as near as nea
could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook — the brute! — for all the worl
to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

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## THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly, I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"— here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice,
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore,—
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door —
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art su
no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nigh
shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shor
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plain
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered — not a feather then
fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flow
before —
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of — Never — nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bus
and door.
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird o
yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

his I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
o the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core,
his and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
n the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
it whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press — ah! nevermore!

hen methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
wung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
Wretch," I cried, " thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
espite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
uaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, " Nevermore!"

Prophet!" said I, " thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
)esolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
)n this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
s there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, " Nevermore!"

Prophet!" said I, " thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
t shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, " Nevermore!"

' Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
' Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, " Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dream
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on
floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the fl
Shall be lifted — NEVERMORE!

— *Edgar Allan Poe.*

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## KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

### I

Tell you what I like the best —
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine — some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!

### II

Orchard 's where I 'd ruther be —
Need n't fence it in fer me! —
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole earth underneath —
Sort o' so 's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kind o' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they 's company!

### III

Jes' a sort o' lazin' there —
S' lazy 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above
Like a feller 'at 's in love,
And do n't know it, ner do n't keer!

Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest —
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveenently
Fer the boys 'at 's apt to be
Up some other apple-tree!
Watch the swallers skootin' past —
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
'Er the Bobwhite raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

IV

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;
Er a hawk away up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air! —
Hear the old hen squawk and squat,
Over every chick she 's got,
Suddent-like! — And she knows where
That air hawk is, well as you!
You jes' bet your life she do! —
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

V

Pee-wees' singin', to express
My opinion 's second class;
Yit you 'll hear 'em more er less;
Sapsucks gettin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them baseball clothes o' his,
Sportin' round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out there in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on your back, I guess,
In the shade 's where glory is!
That 's jes' what I 'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two!

VI

Plague if they ain't sompin' in
Work 'at kind o' goes agin
My convictions! —'long about
Here in June especially! —
Under some old apple-tree,
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do,
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gittin' there like me,
And June was eternity!

VII

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be!
Tumble round and souse your head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
And peak through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'at 's dead,
Maybe, smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue! —
Month a man kin railly love —
June, you know, I 'm talkin' of!

VIII

March ain't never nothin' new! —
Aprile 's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May — I jes'
'Bominate its promises,—
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land —
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout or two —
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and snows agin! —
But when June comes — Clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair

In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!—
June wants me, and I 'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I 'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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## RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Lord Tennyson.*

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## THE RESURRECTION

It was our Sabbath eve. By set of sun
Arimathean Joseph craved, and gained
The grace to lay Him in his sepulcher.
Then, while the first day of the week was dark,
Alone I wended to His sepulcher,
Bearing fair water, and the frankincense,
And linen, that my Lord's sweet body sleep
Well in the rock. And, while my woeful feet
Passed through the gate, and up the paved ascent
Along the Second Wall, over the Hill,
Into that Garden, hard by Golgotha,
The morning brightened over Moab's peaks,
Touched the great Temple's dome with crimson fires,
Lit Ophel and Moriah rosy-red,
Made Olivet all gold, and, in the pools
In Hinnom, laid a sudden lance of flame;
And from the thorn-trees, brake the waking songs
Of little birds; and every palm-tree's top
Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not
How Love was dead, and Life's dear glory gone,
And the World's hope lay in the tomb with Him;
Which now I spied — that hollow in the rock
Under the camphire leaves. Yet, no guards there
To help me roll the stone! Nay, and no stone!
It lay apart, leaving the door a-gape,
And through the door, as I might dimly see,

The scattered wrappings of the burial night,
Pale gleams amidst the gloom. Not waiting, then,
Deeming our treasure taken wickedly —
I sped; and came to Peter, and to John,
And cried: "Our Lord is stolen from His grave,
And none to tell where He is borne away!"
Thereat, they ran together, came, and saw;
And entered in; and found the linen cloths
Scattered; the rock-bed empty; and, amazed,
Back to their house they went. But I drew nigh
A second time, alone; heart-broken now,
The bright day seeming blackest night to me,
The small birds mockers, and the City's noise —
Waking within the walls — hateful and vain.
Why should Earth wake, the Son of Man asleep?
Or that great guilty City rise and live,
With this dear Lord, dead, in her stony skirts?
Fled, too, my last fond hope, to lay Him fair,
And kiss His wounded feet, and wash the blood
From the pierced palms, and comb His tangled hair
To comeliness, and leave Him — like a King —
To His forgetful angels. Weeping hard
With these thoughts, like to snake-fangs, stinging me,
My left hand on the stone I laid, and shut
The eager sunshine off with my right hand,
Kneeling, and looking in the sepulcher.
It was not dark within! I deemed at first
A lamp burned there, such radiance mild I saw
Lighting the hewn walls, and the linen bands;
And, in one corner, folded by itself,
The face-cloth. Coming closer, I espied
Two men who sate there — very watchfully —
One at the head, the other at the foot
Of that stone table where my Lord had lain.
Oh! I say "men" — I should have known no men
Had eyes like theirs, shapes so majestical,
Tongues tuned to such a music as the tone
Wherewith they questioned me: "Why weepest thou?"
"Ah, Sirs!" I said, "my Lord is ta'en away,
Nor wot we whither!" and thereat my tears

Blotted all seeing. So, I turned to wipe
The hot drops off; and, look! Another one
Standing behind me, and my foolish eyes
Hard gazing on Him, and not knowing Him!
Indeed, I deemed this was the Gardener
Keeping the trees and tomb, so was He flesh;
So living, natural, and made like man,
Albeit, if I had marked — if any ray
Of watchful hope had helped me — such a look,
Such Presence, beautiful and pure; such light
Of loveliest compassion in His face,
Had told my beating heart and blinded eyes
WHO this must be. But I — my brow i' the dust —
Heard Him say softly: "Wherefore weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou?" A little marveled I —
Still at his feet, too sorrowful to rise,—
He should ask this,— the void grave gaping near,
And He its watchman; yet His accents glad.
"Sir," said I, "if 't is thou hast borne Him hence,
Tell me where thou hast laid Him. Then will I
Bear Him away!"

Ah, friend, such answer came, that my sadness turned
Gladness, as suddenly as gray is gold
When the sun springs in glory! such a word
As made my mourning laugh itself to naught,
Like a cloud melting to the blue! Such word
As, with more music than Earth ever heard,
Set my swift-dancing veins full well aware
Why so the Day dawned, and the City stirred,
And the vast idle world went busy on,
And the birds caroled, and, in palm-tree tops,
The wise doves cooed of love! Oh, a dear word
Spoke first to me, and, after me, to all,
That all may always know He is the Lord,
And Death is dead, and new times come for men;
And Heaven's ways justified, and Christ alive,
Whom we saw die, nailed on the cruel Cross!
For, while I lay there, sobbing at His feet,

The word He spake: — My Lord! my King! my Christ! —
Was my name:
"MARY!"
No language had I then,
No language have I now! only I turned
My quick glance upward; saw Him; knew Him! sprang,
Crying: "Rabboni! Lord! my Lord! dear Lord!"
— *Edwin Arnold.*

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## FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

ross the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
rty singing seamen in an old black barque,
d we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
th his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
ce Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

re they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly shoulders
t beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,
l and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders
d the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below,
Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders?
were only simple seamen, so of course we did n't know,
were simple singing seamen, so of course we could n't know.

t we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain
t of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire;
d behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain
ere stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;
For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,
en with grog they well nigh drowned us, to the depth of our desire!
d 't was very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetf
We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town
Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish hal
gretful
As if we was n't good enough to take such vittles down,
When we saw a sudden figure,
Tall and black as any nigger,
Like the devil — only bigger — drawing near us with a frow
Like the devil — but much bigger — and he wore a golden cro

And "What 's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity
chaunted,
"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"
"What? Englishmen?" he cries. "Well, if ye do n't mind b
haunted,
Faith, you 're welcome to my palace; I 'm the famous Pre
John!
Will you walk into my palace?
I do n't bear 'ee any malice!
One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!'
So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John!

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hol
ruby —
Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!
And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby
And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a c
Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely
Just as if you did n't notice — so I could n't help but laugh!
For they both forgot their manners and the crew was bounc
laugh!

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I 'm a sin
We walked into an opal like a sunset-colored cloud —
"My dining-room" he says, and, quick as light we saw a din
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;
And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
"I look to-wards you, Prester John, you 've done us very proud
And we drank his health with honours, for he *done* us *very* pro

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon
Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!
"That 's the Phoenix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen
Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee!
When his hundred years expire
Then he 'll set hisself a-fire
And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"
With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

Then he says, "In yonder forest there 's a little silver river,
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!
The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever
With his music in the mountains, and his magic on the sky!
While *your* hearts are growing colder,
While your world is growing older,
There 's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky."
It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is dry!

So we thought we 'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us —
First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,
Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and eyed us,
While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!
We was trying to look thinner,
Which was hard, because our dinner
Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree!
Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menarjeree!

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows
Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark!
And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows,
And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!
And home again we plodded
While the Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark.
Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow through the dark!

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
If the visions that we saw was caused by — here again I pondered —
A tipple in a vision forty thousand years ago.
Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed
Make us *dream* of all that followed?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we did n't know!
We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could not kno
— *Alfred Noyes.*

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## LESSON SCENE

### (FROM L'AIGLON)

### Act II.

In the following scene, we find the Duke revealing to his tutors knowledge of his Father's greatness. As the scene opens, Sedlnizky, Austrian praefect of Police is on all fours under the table in the Duk room, piecing together some fragments of a letter which he has fou on the floor.

The Duke entering, and seeing him, says —

*The Duke* [*seeing* SEDLNIZKY'S *legs protruding from und the table; very simply*]: Why, how are *you,* Sedlnizky?

*Sedlnizky* [*emerging amazed on all fours*]: Highness!

*The Duke:* An accident. Excuse me.
'T was very kind of you to sort my papers.
You 're spoiling me. Indeed you are. You 've chosen
Even my lackeys from among your friends.

*Sedlnizky:* Your Highness does not think —

*The Duke* [*to* SEDLNIZKY, *taking a letter out of his pock and tossing it toward him*]: Dear Count, here is another you' not read.

[SEDLNIZKY *and the* DOCTOR *go out.*]

*Dietrichstein* [*who came in a moment ago*]: I think you tre him rather harshly, Highness.

*The Archduchess:* Is not the Duke at perfect liberty?

*Dietrichstein:* Of course the Duke is not a prisoner, but—

*The Duke:* I like that "but," I hope you feel its value!
Good Lord, I'm not a prisoner, "but"—that's all!
"But"—not a prisoner, "but"—that is the word,
The formula! A prisoner? Oh, not a moment!
"But" there are always people at my heels.
A prisoner? Not I! You know I'm not;
"But" if I risk a stroll across the park
A hidden eye blossoms behind each leaf.
Of course not prisoner, "but" let anyone
Seek private speech with me, beneath each hedge
Up springs the mushroom ear. I'm truly not
A prisoner, "but" when I ride, I feel
The delicate attention of an escort.
I'm not the least bit in the world a prisoner,
"But" I'm the second to unseal my letters.
Not at all prisoner, "but" at night they post
A lackey at my door—look! there he goes.
I, Duke of Reichstadt, prisoner? Never! never!
I, prisoner? No! I'm not a prisoner—"but"—

*Dietrichstein:* I love to see this mirth—so rare—

[OBENAUS *enters.*]

It is Obenaus.

*The Duke:* Ah! for my history lesson! Good-day, dear Baron.

*The Duke* [*sharpening a pencil*]: I'm all attention. Let me sharpen this
To note a date, or jot down an idea.

*Obenaus:* We'll take our work up where we last left off. Eighteen hundred and five, I think?

*The Duke* [*busy with his pencil*]: Exactly.

*Obenaus:* In eighteen hundred and six—

*The Duke:* Did no event make that year memorable?

*Obenaus:* Which, my Lord?

*The Duke* [*blowing the dust off the pencil*]: Why, eighteen hundred and five.

*Obenaus:* I beg your pardon.
I thought you meant—h'm—Destiny

Was cruel to the righteous cause. We 'll cast
Only a fleeting glance at hapless hours.
When the philospher with pensive gaze —

*The Duke:* And so in eighteen five, sir, nothing happened?

*Obenaus:* A great event, my Lord! I had forgotten.
The restoration of the Calendar.
A little later, having challenged England,
Spain —

*The Duke* [*demurely*]: And the Emperor?

*Obenaus:* Which Emp —

*The Duke:* My father.

*Obenaus:* He — he —

*The Duke:* Had he not left Boulogne?

*Obenaus:* Oh, yes.

*The Duke:* Where was he, then?

*Obenaus:* Well, as it happened, here.

*The Duke* [*with mock amazement*]: Indeed?

*Dietrichstein* [*hastily*]: He took great interest in Bavaria

*Obenaus:* Your father's wishes in the Pressburg Treaty,
As far as that went, chimed with those of Austria.

*The Duke:* What was the Pressburg Treaty?

*Obenaus:* The agreement which closed an era.

*The Duke:* There! I 've smashed my point!

*Obenaus:* In eighteen hundred and seven —

*The Duke:* So soon? How quick!
Strange epoch! Nothing happened in it!

*Obenaus:* Nothing of any consequence till eighteen-eight.
Yet let us note the Treaty of Tilsit.

*The Duke:* Was nothing done but making treaties?

*Obenaus:* Europe —

*The Duke:* I see. A general survey?

*Obenaus:* I 'll come to details when we 've —

*The Duke:* Did nothing happen?

*Obenaus:* Well —

*The Duke:* Well, what?

*Obenaus:* I —

*The Duke:* What? What happened? Won't you tell me?

*Obenaus:* Well — I hardly know — you 're in a mer
humor —

*The Duke:* You hardly know? Then, gentlemen, I'll tell
ou!
he sixth October, eighteen-five—
*Obenaus and Dietrichstein* [*leaping to their feet*]: Eh?
Vhat?
*The Duke:* When he was least expected, when Vienna,
Vatching the Eagle hover ere he swooped,
ighed with relief, The blow is aimed at London!
Iaving left Strassburg, crossed the Rhine at Kehl,
he Emperor—
*Obenaus:* Emperor!
*The Duke:* Yes! and you know which!
Iarches through Würtemberg, marches through Bäden—
*Dietrichstein:* Great Heavens!
*The Duke:* Gives Austria a morning song,
Vith drums by Soult, and trumpets by Murat!
t Wertingen and Augsburg leaves his Marshals
Vith here and there a victory to play with—
*Obenaus:* My Lord!
*The Duke:* Pursues with wonderful manoeuvres,
rrives at Ulm before he's changed his boots,
ids Ney take Elchingen, sits down and writes
joyous, terrible, and calm despatch,
repares the assault—the seventeenth October
es seven thousand Austrians disarmed,
nd eighteen generals at the hero's feet;
nd then he starts again!
*Dietrichstein:* My Lord!
*The Duke:* November finds him at Schönbrunn, sleeping in
y bedroom.
*Obenaus:* But—
*The Duke:* He pursues! his foes are in his hand!
ne night he says "To-morrow!" and to-morrow
ys, galloping along the bannered front—
spot of grey among his brilliant staff—
Soldiers, we'll finish with a thunderbolt!"
he army is an ocean. He awaits
he rising sun, and places with a smile
his risen sun athwart his history!

Terror and death! Two Emperors beaten by one!
And twenty thousand prisoners!

*Obenaus:* I beseech you! People might hear!

*The Duke:* When the campaign was over—
The corpse floating on the freezing lake—
My Grandsire seeks my Father in his camp!

*Obenaus:* My Lord!

*The Duke:* His *camp!*

*Obenaus:* Will nothing keep you quiet?

*The Duke:* And so my Father grants my Grandsire peace!

*Dietrichstein:* If any heard you!

*The Duke:* And the conquered banners distributed! Eig
to the town of Paris—

*The Duke:* The Senate fifty!
Fifty to Notre Dame!

*Obenaus:* Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

*The Duke:* And banners!
And banners! And still banners!

*Dietrichstein:* They heard it all!

*The Duke:* And banners!
Moreover, that 's as far as I have got in my history lesson
My dear Professor—

[*And overcome by a spell of coughing,* THE DUKE *drops in a chair, and the scene ends.*]

—*Edmond Rostand.*

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## MIRROR SCENE

### (FROM L'AIGLON)

The drama *L'Aiglon,* by Edmond Rostand, centers around the cha acter of the son of Napoleon. The time of the play is after the dea of Napoleon.

We find L'Aiglon, the young duke, in the Austrian Court, a you in whom the great spirit of Napoleon flames, but upon whose body co sumption has set its fatal seal.

Lest he might emulate his father, the Austrians keep him in ign rance of Napoleon's greatness, but through a little French dancing g who comes to the court, he learns the truth.

Flambeau, a French sergeant under Napoleon, disguised as a lacke has made his way also into the Austrian court. He succeeds in persua ing L'Aiglon, or the Duke of Reichstadt, as he is called, to flee Austri influence back to Paris, where the French, still loyal to the memory

apoleon, will crown him Emperor. This, the Duke has consented to
when the following scene takes place.

The scene is the famous Lacquered Chamber at Schönbrunn. On a
riting table rests one of Napoleon's famous little hats. In the right
nd corner stands a large swinging mirror. In the room we find Flam-
eau acting as guard to the Duke's apartments. Metternich, the Chan-
llor of Austria, a bitter enemy of Napoleon, enters the room. Flambeau
ips into the shadow, concealing himself from view, and Metternich
eaks.

## Act III.

*Metternich:* Yes, I will speak to-night. [*He sees that hat.*]
What's this? I never knew he had one like—
h! the Archduchess must have sent him this;
o there thou art, thou legendary hat!
o, from thy little sable pyramid
welve years of splendor gaze on me in vain.
do not fear thee now.
With thee he fanned himself after each victory;
hou couldst not fall from his unheeding fingers,
ut straight a king would stoop to pick thee up.
he famous little hat—
h, never think my hatred of thee slumbers!
hou vampire-bat of bloody battle-fields,
Iat that seemed fashioned out of raven's wings.
hated thee for pitilessly soaring
bove the fields which witnessed our defeats,
hated thee for the salutes I gave thee,
onqueror, new, acclaimed, I hate thee!
hate thee now, old, conquered and betrayed!
hate thee for thy haughty shadow, cast
orever on the wall of history;
hate thee for the pride of France, whose bounds
hou hast enlarged until she scorns the world;
hate thee, hate thee.
hate—but suddenly—how strange—the present
ometimes with impish glee will ape the past—
eeing thy well-known shape before me thus
arries my mind back to a distant day,
or it was here he always put thee down
When twenty years ago he sojourned here.

This room was then the ante-chamber.
'T was thus he placed thee, and here lay, as now,
Weapons and papers. One might say 't was he
Had tossed thee carelessly upon the map,
That this were still his home, this Bonaparte!
And that by turning on the threshold — there —
I should behold the Grenadier on —

[*He starts on seeing* FLAMBEAU *standing rigid before t.* DUKE'S *door; he rubs his eyes.*]

Ha!
No! no! I'm feverish; my *tête-à-tête*
With the old hat plays havoc with my nerves!

[*He looks and draws near.* FLAMBEAU *does not move.*]

Or have the moonbeams conjured up a spectre?
What is it, then? Let 's see — let 's see — let 's see!

[*He strides furiously toward* FLAMBEAU.]

Who are you, fellow?

*Flambeau:* Who goes there? [*Presenting his bayonet.*]

*Metternich* [*recoiling*]: The devil!

*Flambeau* [*coldly*]: Pass, devil.

*Metternich* [*with a forced laugh, coming toward him again*]
Yes — a very clever jest,
but —

*Flambeau:* Move and you are dead.

*Metternich:* Let me pass!

*Flambeau:* The Emperor sleeps!

*Metternich:* What!

*Flambeau:* Silence!

*Metternich:* I 'm the Austrian Chancellor!
I am all-powerful! I 'm —

*Flambeau:* Shut your mouth!

*Metternich:* I want to see the Duke of Reichstadt!

*Flambeau:* What 's Reichstadt? Never heard of Reichstad
There 's been no victory there.

*Metternich:* But, we 're at Schönbrunn!

*Flambeau:* I should rather think so!
Thanks to our new success we 're quartered here;
And here we 're getting ready at our leisure
To give the world another drubbing! See?

*Metternich:* What's that you say? A new success?
This is July the ninth in Eighteen—
*Flambeau:* Nine!
*Metternich:* Can I be mad? I come here—
*Flambeau:* So the palace is an inn?
*Metternich:* I'm going—
*Flambeau:* Ah! don't stir! You'll wake him!
He's sleeping on his little bed of laurels.
*Metternich* [*falling into an armchair*]: Was never such a dream! 'T will make an epic!
*Flambeau:* Hold your tongue. [*Listening.*] The Emperor stirred.
*Metternich:* The Emperor?
*Flambeau:* Now you turn whiter than a bugler's horse!
*Metternich:* It is the Duke of Reichstadt! I'm not scared! It is the Duke! I'm sure of it!
*Flambeau:* The Emperor!
[*The* DUKE *enters, with the reading lamp in his hand.*]
*Metternich:* Aha! 'T is you! 'T is you! It is your Highness!
Ah, but how glad I am!
*The Duke* [*puzzled*]: Why are you glad?
*Metternich:* The joke was played so well, I really thought another might come out!
*The Duke* [*to* FLAMBEAU]: What's this?
*Flambeau:* My little joke.
[FLAMBEAU *goes out by the window.*]
*The Duke:* And not a word of this to the police!
*Metternich:* I never raise a laugh against myself.
What's the importance of a veteran's joke?
You're not Napoleon?
*The Duke:* Who has settled that?
*Metternich:* You have his hat, perhaps, but not his head!
*The Duke:* Ah, yes, an epigram to damp my ardor.
It is not the pin-prick this time, 't is the lash
That drives me headlong toward the wildest dreams.
I've not the head, you say? How do you know?
*Metternich* [*takes the candelabrum in his hand and leads the* DUKE *to the cheval glass.*]

How do I know? Just glance into this mirror.
Look at the sullen sadness of your face,
The grim betrayal of your fair complexion,
This crushing golden hair — I bid you look!
*The Duke* [*struggling to get out of his grasp*]:
No! no!
*Metternich:* Though you know it not, 't is Germany,
'T is Spain, for ages dormant in your blood,
Make you so haughty, sorrowful, and charming.
*The Duke:* No! no!
*Metternich:* Bethink you of your self-distrust!
You — reign? Come, come! You would be pale and wan;
One of those timid, introspective kings
Who are imprisoned lest they abdicate.
*The Duke:* No! no!
*Metternich:* Not yours the energetic brow!
Yours is the brow of languor and of yearning.
*The Duke* [*shaking, passes his left hand across his brow*]:
My — brow?
*Metternich:* And drearily your Highness passes
Over an Austrian brow a Spanish hand!
*The Duke:* My — hand?
*Metternich:* And those eyes through which your ancestors
Look forth!
*The Duke:* The eyes?
*Metternich:* Ay, note them well!
Dare you, whose conscience is so sensitive,
Ascend the throne of France with eyes like those?
*The Duke:* Ah! but my Father!
*Metternich:* Naught of him is in you!
Search! Search again! Come closer to the light!
He stole our ancient blood to mix with his,
That his might grow more ancient. But he stole
Only the racial melancholy, and
The feebleness, and —
*The Duke:* I beseech you!
*Metternich:* Look!
Look in the mirror! You turn pale?
*The Duke:* Enough!

*Metternich:* And on your lips you recognize the pout
s of a doll, of Marie Antoinette,
er whom your France beheaded; for your Father
hile stealing glory, stole mishap as well!
ay! raise the candelabrum!
[*He forces the candelabrum into the* DUKE'S *right hand, and*
*lds him by that wrist.*]
ou cannot gaze into this glass at night,
ut all your race will gibber at your back!
ook — in the gloom — that shade is Mad Johanna,
nd yonder Thing, that moves so deathly slow,
the pale sovereign in his crystal coffin.
*The Duke:* No! 'T is the radiant pallor of my Father!
*Metternich:* Yonder, recoiling, Rudolph and his lions!
*The Duke:* The clash of steeds and weapons! 'T is the
onsul!
*Metternich:* Aha! Here's Charles the Fifth, with hair cropped
ose,
ying for having sought self-burial!
*The Duke:* Roll, drums of Arcol, and drown his voice!
*Metternich:* The mirror's teeming!
*The Duke* [*twisting his wrist loose, but still holding the*
*ndelabrum*]: I will shatter it!
*Metternich:* Others, and others yet, arrive!
*The Duke:* [*hurling the candelabrum into the mirror*]: 'T is
attered!
ot one remains! Not one!
*Metternich* [*pointing at the* DUKE *with a terrible gesture*]:
es! — One!

— *Edmond Rostand.*

## RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY

'T was a Duke's fair orphan girl, and her uncle's ward, the Ea
Who betrothed her, twelve years old, for the sake of dowry go
To his son, Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of womanhood
Unto both those lords of Leigh spake she out right sovranly,
"My will runneth as my blood,

"And while this same blood makes red this same right hanc
veins," she said,
"'T is my will as lady free, not to wed a Lord of Leigh,
But Sir Guy of Linteged."

The old Earl he smiled smooth, then he sighed for willful youth -
"Good my niece, that hand withal looketh somewhat soft ar
small
For so large a will in sooth."

She, too, smiled by that same sign, but her smile was cold ar
fine;
"Little hand clasps muckle gold, or it were not worth the hol
Of thy son, good uncle mine!"

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly in h
teeth,
"He would wed his own betrothed, an she loved him an sh
loathed,
Let the life come or the death."

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as her father's child might rise,
"Thy hound's blood, my lord of Leigh, stains thy knightly heel,
quoth she,
"And he moans not where he lies.

"But a woman's will dies hard, in the hall or on the sward!
By that grave, my lords, which made me orphaned girl an
dowered lady,
I deny you wife and ward."

Jnto each she bowed her head, and swept past with lofty tread.
:re the midnight bell had ceased, in the chapel had the priest
Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

'ast and fain the bridal train along the night-storm rode amain;
Iard the steeds of lord and serf struck their hoofs out on the turf,
In the pauses of the rain.

'ast and fain the kinsman's train along the storm pursued amain —
teed on steed-track, dashing off, thickening, doubling, hoof on hoof,
In the pauses of the rain.

\nd the bridegroom led the flight on his red-roan steed of might,
\nd the bride lay on his arm, still, as if she feared no harm,
Smiling out into the night.

Dost thou fear?" he said at last. "Nay," she answered him in haste;
Not such death as we could find, only life with one behind —
Ride on fast as fear — ride fast!"

Jp the mountain wheeled the steed — girth to ground, and fetlocks spread —
Ieadlong bounds, and rocking flanks — down he staggered, down the banks,
To the towers of Linteged.

Iigh and low the serfs looked out, red the flambeaus tossed about;
n the courtyard rose the cry, "Live the Duchess and Sir Guy!"
But she never heard them shout.

)n the steed she dropt her cheek, kissed his mane and kissed his neck —
'I had happier died by thee, than lived on a Lady Leigh,"
Were the first words she did speak.

3ut a three months' joyance lay 'twixt that moment and to-day,
Vhen five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle wall,
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with the red sun at its back;
And a fortnight's siege is done, and, except the Duchess, none
Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

* * *

"One last boon, young Ralph and Clare! faithful hearts to do and dare!
Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before you all!
Guide him up the turret stair.

"Ye shall harness him aright, and lead upward to this height!
Once in love and twice in war hath he borne me strong and far,
He shall bear me far tonight."

* * *

They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did wear;
Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of the floors;
But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower-chambère did the Duchess May repair.
"Tell me, now, what is your need," said the lady, "of this steed
That ye goad him up the stair?"

Calm she stood! unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to her shoe,
And the smile upon her face, ere she left the tiring-glass,
Had not time enough to go.

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! hope is gone like yesterday —
One-half hour completes the breach, and thy lord grows wild of speech;
Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray!"

"In the east tower, high'st of all, loud he cries for steed from stall.
He would ride as far," quoth he, "as for love and victory,
Though he ride the castle wall."

And we fetch the steed from stall, up where never a hoof did fall.
Wifely prayer meets deathly need! may the sweet heavens hear thee plead,
If he rides the castle wall."

ow she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on the floor,
nd tear after tear you heard fall distinct as any word
Which you might be listening for.

Get thee in, thou soft ladie! here is never a place for thee!
raid thy hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty in its moan
May find grace with Leigh of Leigh."

ıe stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet steady face,
ke a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering seems to look
Right against the thunder-place.

nd her foot trod in, with pride, her own tears i' the stone beside —
Go to, faithful friends, go to! Judge no more what ladies do,
No, nor how their lords may ride!"

hen the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kiss and stroke;
ft he neighed to answer her, and then followed up the stair,
For the love of her sweet look.

h, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around —
h, and closely, closely speeding, step by step beside her treading,
Did he follow, meek as hound.

n the east tower, high'st of all, there, where never a hoof did fall —
ut they swept, a vision steady — noble steed and lovely lady,
Calm as if in bower or stall!

own she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up silently;
nd he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her eyes
Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, "Get thee from this strife — and the sweet saints bl
thy life!
In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed —
But no more of my noble wife."

Quoth she, "Meekly have I done all thy bidding under sun;
But by all my womanhood, which is proved so true and good,
I will never do this one.

"Now by womanhood's degree and by wifehood's verity,
In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble red-roan steed,
Thou hast also need of me.

"By this golden ring ye see on this lifted hand pardiè,
If this hour on castle wall can be room for steed from stall,
Shall be also room for me.

"So the sweet saints with me be" (did she utter solemnly),
"If a man this eventide, on this castle wall will ride,
He shall ride the same with me."

Oh, he sprang up in the selle, and he laughed out bitter-well,
"Wouldst thou ride among the leaves, as we used on other eve
To hear chime a vesper bell?"

She clang closer to his knee. "Ay, beneath the cypress tree!
Mock me not, for otherwhere than along the greenwood fair
Have I ridden fast with thee!

"Fast I rode with new-made vows, from my angry kinsman
house!
What! and would you men should reck that I dared more fo
love's sake
As a bride than as a spouse?

"What, and would you it should fall, as a proverb before al
That a bride may keep your side while through castle-gate yo
ride,
Yet eschew the castle-wall?"

o! the breach yawns into ruin, and roars up against her suing —
/ith the inarticulate din, and the dreadful falling in —
Shrieks of doing and undoing!

wice he wrung her hands in twain, but the small hands closed again.
ack he reined the steed — back, back! but she trailed along his track
With a frantic clasp and strain!

vermore the foemen pour through the crash of window and door;
nd the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of "Kill!" and "Flee!"
Strike up clear amid the roar.

hrice he wrung her hands in twain, but they closed and clung again;
Vild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the rood,
In a spasm of deathly pain.

he clung wild and she clung mute, with her shuddering lips half-shut,
Ier head fallen as half in swound, hair and knee swept on the ground,
She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

ack he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping-stone,
ack the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind,
Whence a hundred feet went down.

nd his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank bestrode,
Friends and brothers, save my wife! Pardon, sweet, in change for life,—
But I ride alone to God."

traight, as if the holy name had upbreathed her like a flame,
he upsprang, she rose upright, in his selle she sate in sight;
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest,
"Ring," she cried, "O vesper bell, in the beechwoods old chapel
But the passing bell rings best."

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose, in vain,—
For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in a
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between, and his nostrils curdle in,—
And he shivers head and hoof, and the flakes of foam fall off;
And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony
Of the headlong death below.

And "Ring, ring! thou passing bell!" still she cried, "i' the o chapelle!"
Then back-toppling, crashing back — a dead weight flung out wrack,
Horse and riders overfell!

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

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